A NEW WAY OUT OF PROHIBITION

By **ALFRED E. SMITH**

WEEK
ENDING
JAN. 23, 1932

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

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THERE ARE two ways to save money on gasoline.

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Now you can escape COLDS

■

Research shows that Listerine twice-a-day gargle reduces colds 50%

29
diseases may
enter the body
through the
MOUTH
■
Keep it clean!

NOW research has revealed a way which, while not infallible, reduces the risk of sore throat and the common cold 50% or more.

Systematically followed, it will bring better health to traveling men and women, office and factory workers, in fact to all, who by reason of exposure to sudden changes of temperature are the most frequent victims of colds.

The treatment is simple—also pleasant. You merely make a habit of gargling twice a day with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Thus you cope with germs in the mouth. Thus you strengthen the mouth's resistance to germs.

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Now, note these amazing results:

Those who did not gargle, contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled Listerine twice a day. The colds were four times as severe and lasted three times as long.

Three times as many colds

Those who did not gargle Listerine had three times as many colds as those who gargled five times a day. The colds were four times as severe and lasted four times as long.

Why does Listerine accomplish such amazing results when ordinary mouth washes fail?

First: Because Listerine kills germs in the mouth in record time. Used as a gargle it reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mouth 98%; maintains substantial reduction for hours afterward.

Second: Listerine is safe. Contrast its health-giving, healing effect with that of mouth washes that frequently, even in dilution, inflame the membrane and thus allow germs easier entrance.

For your own protection when gargling, use full strength Listerine. By so doing, you are certain of positive germ-killing action, and at the same time a healing effect. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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JAN. 23, 1932

Liberty

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

APPALLING IGNORANCE OF FOOD VALUES

There is everywhere a lack of intelligent understanding of the dietetic values of many of our most wholesome foods.

For generations we have guided our eating habits by appetites that are in many instances made abnormal by overfeeding and other dietetic errors.

Our sole guide is: Does it taste good? And such a guide is entirely dependable when natural foods only are used—foods that are not disguised by condiments or by unwholesome combinations or harmful preparation.

It is said that there are thousands of people in various cities in actual need of nourishment. Occasionally we hear of individuals starving to death. They are too proud to beg, and when dire necessity drives them to this emergency it is too late to save them.

We are so accustomed to eating a variety of foods at one meal that we fail to realize that some foods which thoroughly nourish the body will supply all the necessary food values. Of course, if one is supplied with a large variety of wholesome food, and can make a selection of those that most appeal to his appetite, he will be more satisfactorily nourished.

But in really serious emergencies, when only whole grain or other valuable foods are available, one can usually be well nourished for an indefinite period, if such rigid economy is necessary.

Take wheat, for example, our staple article of food. One can live on wheat indefinitely in serious emergencies if the whole grain is used. It nourishes the body throughout its every part. Any of the whole-wheat products that are sold in the market under various brands will be found satisfactory for this purpose, or if these prepared foods are not available the grain can be taken just as it is, and by soaking it overnight in water and boiling it two or three hours the next day a very palatable food is obtained. If milk, cream, sweet fruit, honey, or sugar is added it is very delicious.

Now, practically the same thing can be said of numerous other whole grains. Rye, oats, barley, corn—any one of these grains contains all the elements needed to nourish the body thoroughly, and they can be purchased under many brands in various stages of preparation, or they can be cooked whole, as stated above, or if no better means are at hand they can be ground in a coffee mill into a coarse meal and then a few minutes will suffice to prepare them for a delicious repast.

The writer has known many people who have lived on these grain foods for an indefinite period. He was acquainted with a man and wife who on one occasion lived on rolled oats alone for more than a month, and they maintained that they were in good physical condition during this entire period. Their financial status improved slightly, and they added raisins to their diet and increased several pounds in weight.

Many people literally starve to death trying to live on foods that do not completely nourish the body. But if they would take natural strength-building foods just as nature provides them in various brands on sale everywhere, in nearly every instance they can be completely nourished.

In our pioneer days the diet of our ancestors was simple. Corn, wild game, vegetables when they were obtainable, to a large extent furnished the food upon which they were compelled to subsist. And they grew into powerful, sturdy specimens of physical health.

At the present time the writer is associated with an enterprise in New York that is called the "One Cent Restaurant." No serving costs more than one cent. Appetizing, nourishing soups made from peas and beans are served, although the staple dish is stewed cracked wheat. For five cents, soup, bread, butter, stewed wheat, raisins or prunes or raisin coffee can be had—sufficient food to furnish a hearty meal for the average hungry man.

This enterprise is, of course, a part of the unemployment relief activities, and is not expected to make a profit; but it gives a clear idea of how economically one can be fed if he possesses a sufficient knowledge of the nourishing value of foods.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

ARE *Domestic Hands* A BADGE OF MARRIAGE ?

1932 ☾ JANUARY ○ 1932

WINTRY WINDS

January winds are hard on skins, but neither raw weather nor hardest housework need mar the appearance of your hands if you protect them with Hinds.

This smooth and delightful lotion will keep your hands always soft and lovely—and so comfortable too

A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

Her poor bewildered husband simply can't understand the change that has come over Helen since her marriage last June.

She used to love to go to parties and to give them. But now she never wants to go anywhere and she hates to have people come into their home.

When old friends drop in unexpectedly she is so queer and so self-conscious. It was actually embarrassing the other night when Tom brought Ted Graham home for dinner without warning. And after he had gone there was another of those awful weepy scenes.

The real trouble with Helen of course is a bad case of Domestic Hands.

Unaccustomed to housework before her marriage, she simply has not learned that it is easily possible to have lovely, soft white hands and still get along without a maid.

A Soothing Pure-as-Milk Lotion that Keeps Hands Young

You can easily avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands and the inferiority complex that goes with them. All you need do is smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. Within a few days' time even hands pitifully roughened by neglect grow softer, whiter and more attractive.

Don't Take Chances with Questionable Lotions

The delightful caressing texture of Hinds comes from the mildest and finest skin-softening emollients—a special secret of its half-century tested formula. Avoid imitations, many of which simulate Hinds cream-like texture by the addition of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Don't take chances. Insist upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Get Hinds from your druggist today. We'll gladly send a generous sample, free, if you will write the A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-26, Bloomfield, N. J.

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Does your face, too, tell of *Domestic Cares?*

TRY THESE NEW HINDS BEAUTY AIDS

Because days crowded with household cares so often leave signs of tiredness and neglect, Hinds decided to do for faces what they've always done for hands . . . make them smooth as velvet, lovely and youthful. Try this simple, amazingly inexpensive treatment:

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM—This cool, fragrant cream liquefies 2 to 7 times faster than ordinary creams, floating out dirt without stretching pores. 40c and 65c a jar.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER—This stimulating new cleanser dissolves pore residue, so pores shrink back to normal size. 65c a bottle.

HINDS TEXTURE CREAM—A *greaseless* softening cream to make the skin satin-smooth. 40c a jar.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write to A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-26, Bloomfield, N. J.

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CREAM

HINDS
honey and almond
CREAM

A New Way Out

Go Back to the Constitution; Take America's Most Vexing Problem Away from the Politicians and Give It to the People to Settle through This Common-Sense Yet Brand-New Approach

Says **ALFRED E. SMITH**

Former Governor of New York

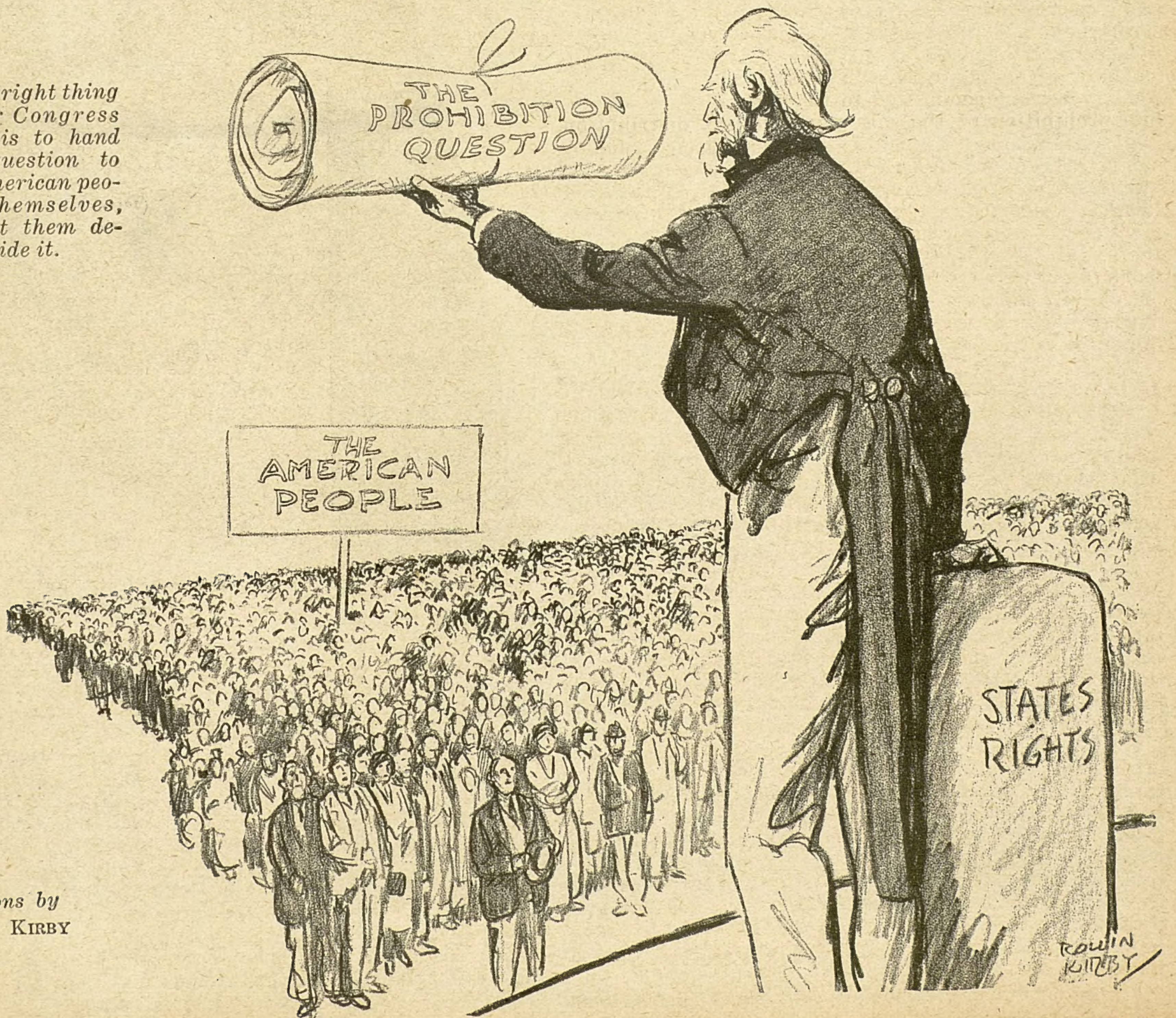
(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

AS we face the next national conventions of the two great political parties, discussion is proceeding in many parts of the country as to the paramount issues for which one or the other party, or perhaps both, will declare. One thing seems certain. We are going to face squarely, in the next six months, the prohibition issue.

There is not much doubt as to where I stand on the general principle of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and its enabling legislation, the Volstead Act. Nothing in my public utterances has ever made a secret of my position. So far as the basic, fundamental principle is concerned, I have always opposed it; but there have been opportunities for study and development of programs to replace the law should it be amended or repealed.

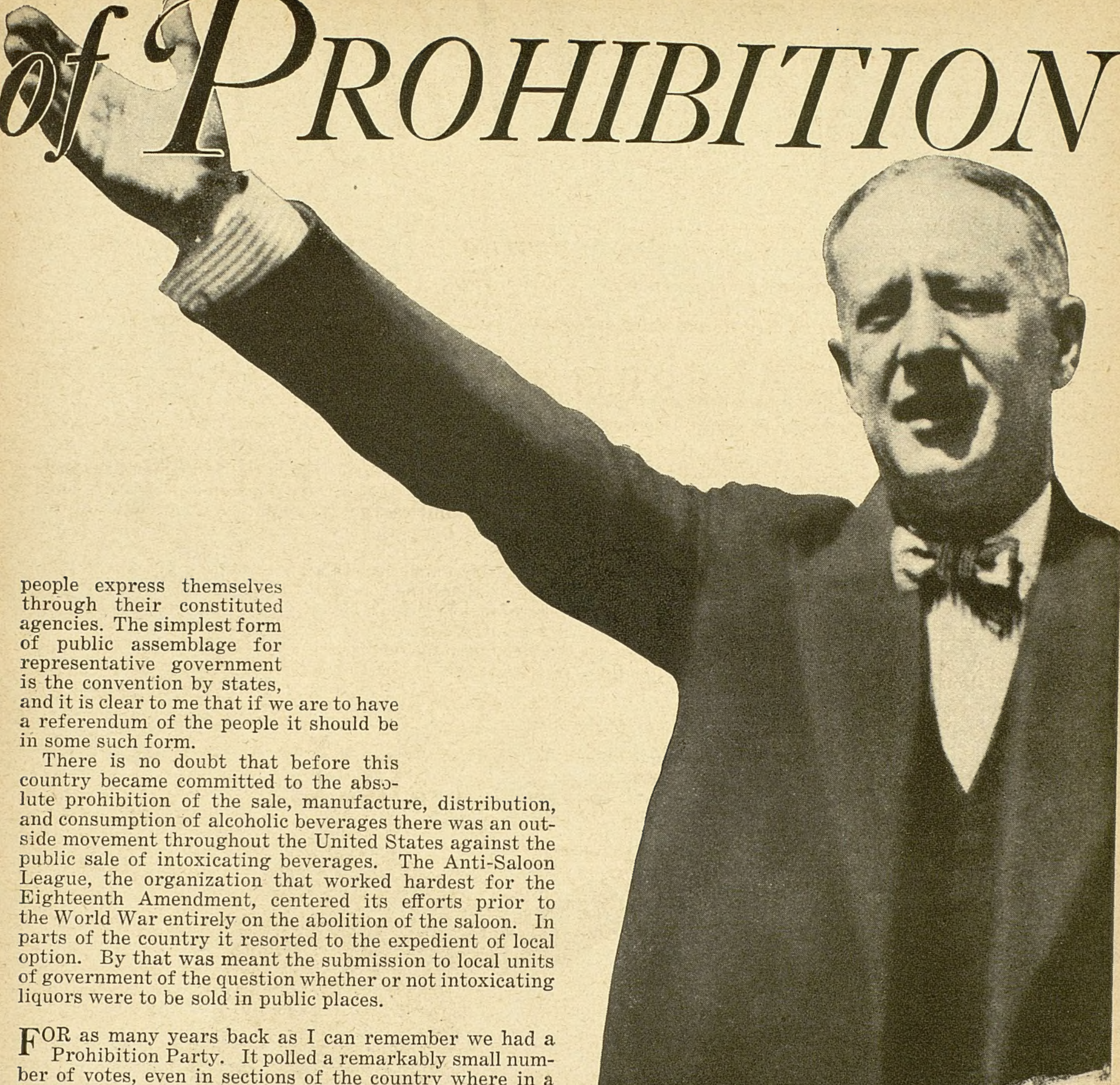
It is easy enough to talk about state rights in the abstract or about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. There must be a more definite program than that before the country, and I have reached some conclusions which are prompted by the logical development of events. They lead me to the feeling that we cannot do better than let the

THE right thing for Congress to do is to hand this question to the American people themselves, and let them decide it.



Cartoons by ROLLIN KIRBY

# of PROHIBITION



International photo

"IF there is a cure for democracy it is more democracy!" says Al Smith.

people express themselves through their constituted agencies. The simplest form of public assemblage for representative government is the convention by states, and it is clear to me that if we are to have a referendum of the people it should be in some such form.

There is no doubt that before this country became committed to the absolute prohibition of the sale, manufacture, distribution, and consumption of alcoholic beverages there was an outside movement throughout the United States against the public sale of intoxicating beverages. The Anti-Saloon League, the organization that worked hardest for the Eighteenth Amendment, centered its efforts prior to the World War entirely on the abolition of the saloon. In parts of the country it resorted to the expedient of local option. By that was meant the submission to local units of government of the question whether or not intoxicating liquors were to be sold in public places.

FOR as many years back as I can remember we had a Prohibition Party. It polled a remarkably small number of votes, even in sections of the country where in a local-option election the majority expressed themselves as willing to put the ban on the saloon. But it must be borne in mind that at no time in the life of the Anti-Saloon League, up to the days of the World War, did it ever recommend legislation preventing home consumption.

There is a vast difference between local option and prohibition. Local option applied only to public sale for consumption on the premises. Prohibition seeks to interfere even with alcoholic beverages prescribed for medicinal purposes. The growth of the local-option movement throughout the country was fairly uniform. It started first in villages, the smallest unit. Then it spread to towns and finally to cities of small population.

During the World War and for a short period thereafter, we must confess that the Eighteenth Amendment, carrying full prohibition, achieved a degree of popularity. During the war, the people, by executive order, were used to having their ordinary manner of living interfered with. In a spirit of patriotism, they were willing to forego some of their pleasures and luxuries in order to back up the armed forces, and that subserviency led thinking people to believe that in time of peace prohibition could be brought about by law. Today, thinking people are in the main agreed that that is not possible.

I think that the political attitude toward prohibition, more than anything else, tends to show its unpopularity after twelve years of experiment. Taking the State of New York as a fair example, the major political parties in their platforms of 1918, while the Eighteenth Amendment was pending for ratification by the state, took entirely different attitudes. The Democratic Party suggested a referendum by law, asking the electorate the question: "Should the State of New York ratify the Eighteenth Amendment?" The Republican Party, on the other hand, studiously and carefully refrained from making any mention of it in their platform. However, at the legislative session following the 1918 election the Republican members of the Legislature, without mandate from the party convention, without the pressure of a platform plank, went into caucus and declared for the

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A NEW WAY OUT OF PROHIBITION
Continued from page seven

ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Twelve years later both parties in their platforms declared for outright repeal.

The recent national elections indicate that this complete change is not confined to the State of New York but is widespread and takes in many sections of the country hitherto considered dry. The recent report of the Wickersham Commission puts that commission unanimously in a position to make a statement that the amendment is impossible of enforcement. Any statute impossible of enforcement has as one of its direct results a tendency to make worse the condition that it seeks to remedy.

No one will gainsay the fact that there are today in the United States more illicit stills distilling liquor than there were at the time when its distillation, sale, and consumption were legal but regulated by law. Under the Pure Food and Drugs Act the brewing of beer was supervised by the government itself.

Today, home brewing and illicit brewing of all kinds go on without supervision even with respect to the public health.

Any law that does not meet with public favor so far as its enforcement is concerned will always be a temptation on the part of the enforcing authority to submit to bribery or corruption. No stronger language could be used than that used by the Wickersham Commission in its report: " The present régime of corruption in connection with the liquor traffic is operating in a new and larger field and is more extensive."

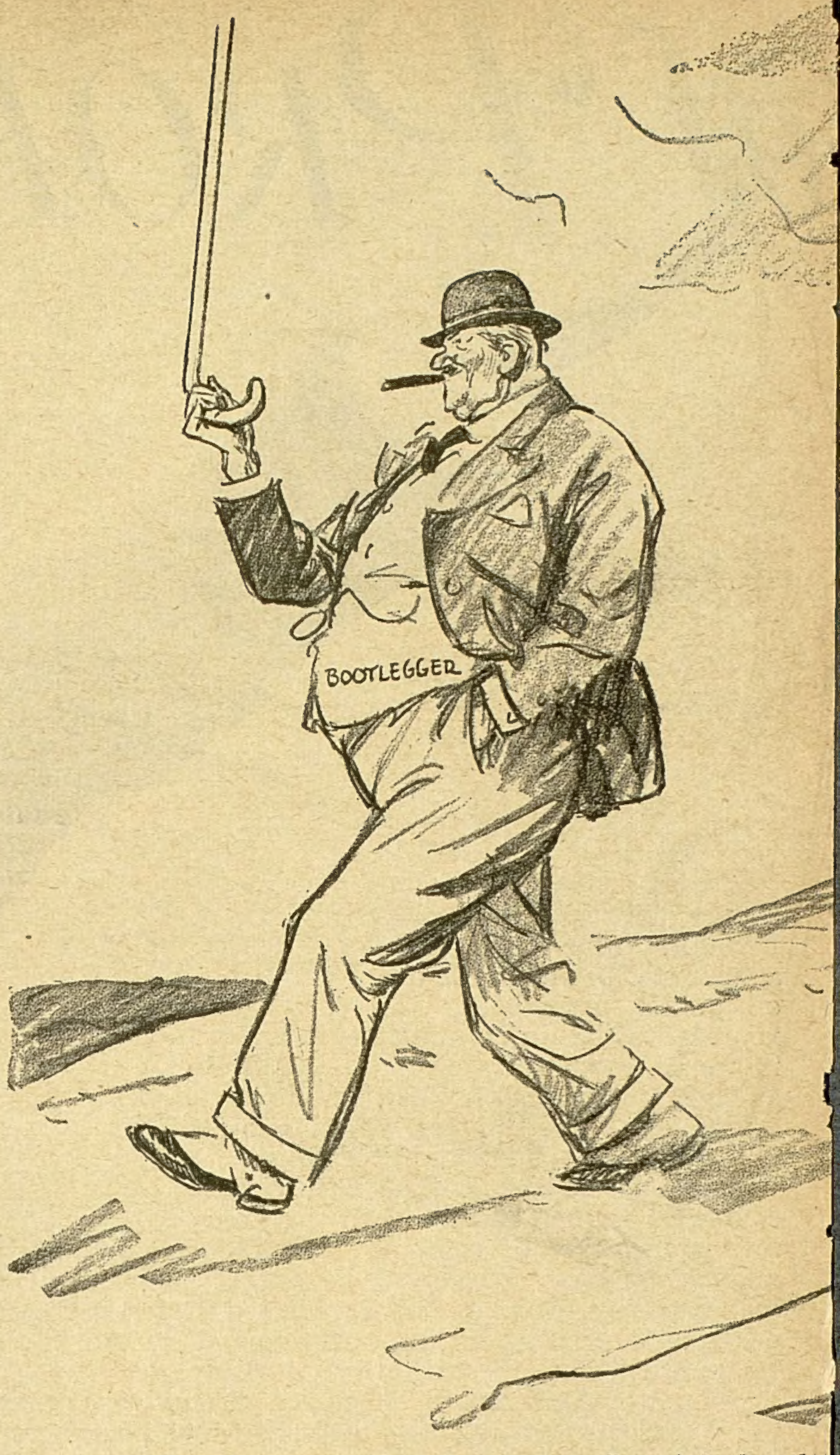
ONE of the original purposes of the Anti-Saloon League was the protection of children and young people. Absolute prohibition certainly has not promoted that laudable purpose. It was possible to keep children out of the saloon, but now the saloon has been moved into the home, and a former administrator of the prohibition law, in a letter to the chairman of the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, asked the direct question: " Are you content to have almost every home . . . turned into a veritable saloon by the attitude of our administration toward home distillation, home brew, and grape concentrate? "

One of the worst things that happened upon the adoption of absolute prohibition was the immediate let-down on the part of all agencies who before prohibition had by educational means advocated temperance. It is quite evident that they seemed to think that there was no need for further advocating temperance, upon the theory in their minds that prohibition made it unnecessary. The fact of the matter is that it has been attested to by men and women who are in a position to know that there is more hard liquor consumed by young people today than at any time before prohibition.

Open violation of the prohibitory laws tends to bring all regulatory statutes into disrepute. Countless hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the length and breadth of this land, who would be amazed and shocked if they were accused of violating the Constitution, think nothing of disregarding the Eighteenth Amendment, and there is no telling what will be the effect in later years upon children who may be led by their example to disregard any law with which they are out of sympathy.

I do not make the statement that violation of the liquor law leads to disregard for all law upon my own authority. Leaders of thought—doctors, educators, and people in the first rank of all our professions—agree with that statement. Dr. Esther Loring Richards, psychiatrist of Johns Hopkins University, puts it in a few words better than I could do it myself: " To the lawlessness and unrest everywhere admittedly apparent in the country today, the prohibition law unquestionably has been a heavily contributing factor."

Like every great public question, prohibition has its extremists on both sides. There are those among the wets who are not open to the reasoning that the saloon dedicated solely to the purpose of distributing intoxicating liquor is a defunct institution in this country. On the other hand, the extreme drys are not only intolerant of any suggestion whatever looking to improvement, but do not tell the truth with respect to the attempted enforcement of prohibition.

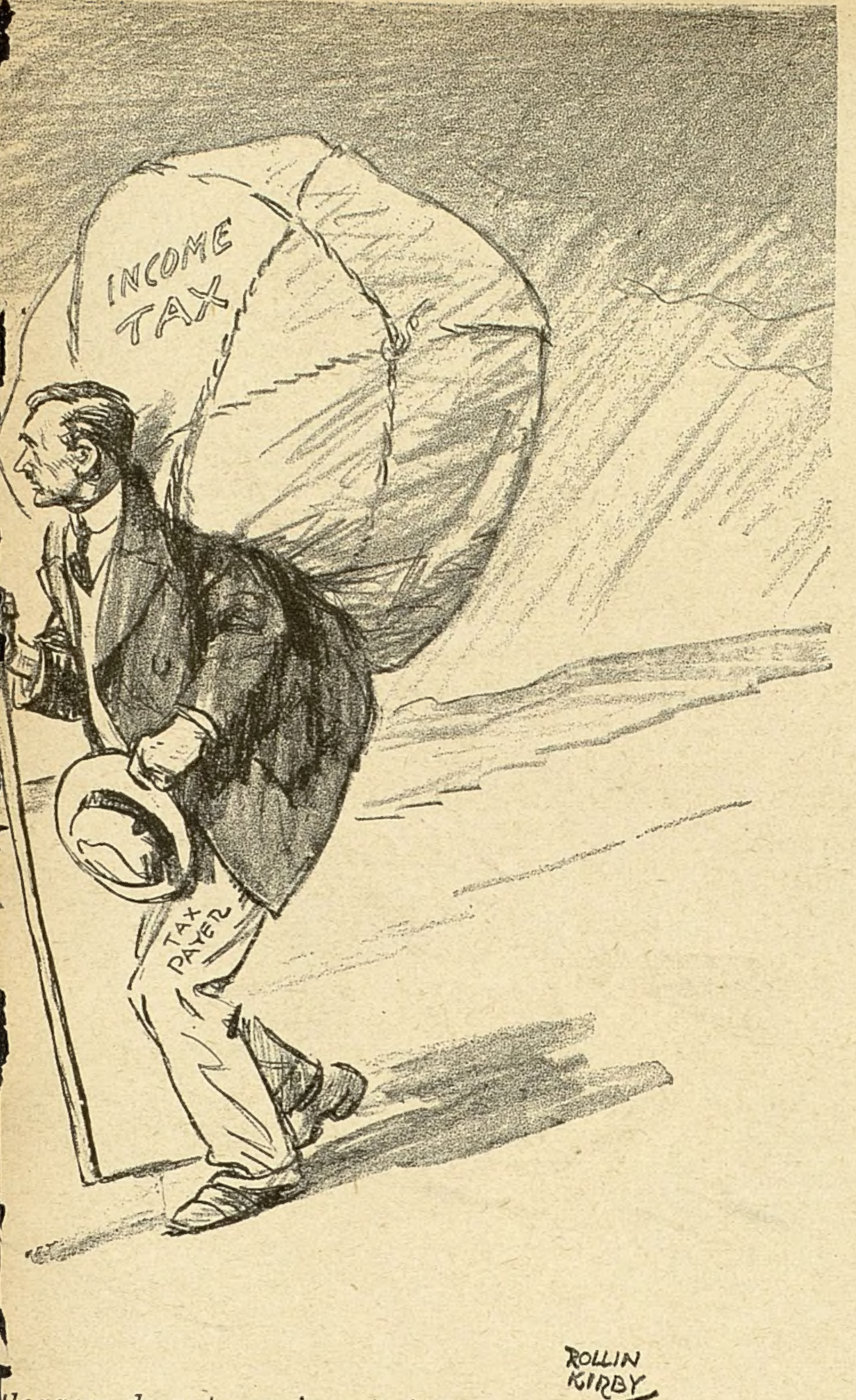


One business that has not suffered is bootle

A very intelligent woman for whom I have the highest respect, making a plea for the dry side, made this statement: " Let the difficulties in executing the prohibition law be whatever they may, they will be no greater than those in enforcement of any other law." It is difficult for me to bring myself to the belief that the woman who said that could really mean it. If she did, then we are forced to the conclusion that she has no knowledge with respect to what is going on in the failure to enforce prohibition.

THERE are, however, between these extreme thoughts and notions, the ideas of the overpowering majority of the rank and file of our people. Unquestionably it is their opinion of prohibition and their attitude toward it that prompted the findings of the Wickersham Commission, wherein we read that nine of the eleven commissioners were dissatisfied with the present prohibition laws to the point where they wanted something done at once. Only two of the eleven favored further trial of them.

Let us view it for a moment from the economic aspect. One of the few lines of business throughout the country that has not suffered from the depression is the business of bootlegging liquor. While the income of individuals has been so disturbed as to reduce the tax on incomes materially, one of the surviving industries that has suffered little does not make up for the loss, because bootleggers do not pay income tax. Aside from the income



tleggers do not pay income tax.

tax, the abolition of all excise taxes on intoxicating liquors, upon the theory that we haven't the liquors any more, has made a substantial reduction in the government's income from internal revenue levied on the liquor traffic. That amount has been estimated as being a billion dollars a year. From the economic standpoint we find ourselves in the ridiculous position of consuming more liquor than we did before prohibition and losing an income which, if paid to the government, would come close to wiping out the present federal deficit and might conceivably take care of it all.

According to a survey made in all sections of the United States by Bradstreet, and published in November, 1931, more than two-thirds of the business leaders of the country believe that economic recovery would definitely be aided by repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or revision of the Volstead Act. The argument in favor of change most frequently used by the business men questioned was the greater revenue the government would gain. In other words, the revenue situation, stated in terms of the present, means that law-abiding citizens are paying out in various forms of taxation, old and new, at least a billion dollars needed for the operation of our government, and permitting those engaged in traffic now illegal to grow rich on the burdens we must assume for them.

Where prohibition meets most favor is in the agricultural districts. This may well merit consideration by these very interests. They have suffered in income by the loss of the sale of their grains grown for brewing and distilling. The brewing of beer alone, which when compared with hard liquors is comparatively harmless, would provide employment, down through the various stages of business necessary to carry it on, for thousands of men. It would stimulate the wheels of industry along a dozen different lines. All of which goes to make the situation even more ridiculous.

We are denying employment in an industry that we are supposed to have prohibited, although its illegal operation is disclosed by the recent conviction of the most notorious bootlegger in Chicago.

Statistics show that he illegally brewed and distributed probably more beer than would come from five breweries legitimately operating prior to the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In short, we are losing the revenue in both income tax and excise tax. We have made it possible to distribute, sell, and consume inferior grades of beverages which often endanger the lives of our people. We have more illicit stills in the country than ever before. More liquor is being imported into the country. There are more speakeasies than there ever were saloons. More drinking on the part of young people and women is going on. And there is more corruption among enforcement agencies than ever before. And all in the name of a great experiment called prohibition.

Inasmuch as the forces opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment grew gradually, it was difficult in the past to put forward a definite plan because the opposition divided itself into so many groups. There were those who favored outright repeal and did not look further. There were others who favored the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment with a modification. In order to find an effective cure, I am convinced that we must go back to the fundamental, basic theory of state rights. It was never the intention of the framers of our government that the United States was to exercise any police power with regard to the personal conduct of her people. Until the Eighteenth Amendment was passed it had never been exercised, except in the use of the mail, and in treason, counterfeiting, and other criminal offenses against the union of states.

All regulatory statutes fall within the province of the states, and only by returning that power to them can we bring our government back to the fundamentals on which it was organized and on which it has prospered and flourished for so many years.

History gives us the reason for this. In the formation of our Union our forefathers in their wisdom understood that with our vast area and its heterogeneous population, with their varying local interests, what may be sound local policy in one community may be entirely inappropriate to the needs of another. To any student of our government it must be apparent that one of the great elements in the strength of our democracy is the supremacy of the federal government in its own sphere and the sovereignty of the several states in theirs.

Federal limitation upon the rights of the states with respect to the conduct of their people brings about a situation wherein the sovereignty of New York may be entirely pleased with what is done by the sovereignty of Arkansas. Arkansas, on the other hand, may be dissatisfied with New York, and insist that New York live its life as Arkansas lives. It will be urged in answer to this that three-quarters of the states ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. The answer to that is that that was done by legislatures and was strictly a political issue.

There is a great cross current of opinion as to what should be done to take the place of the Eighteenth Amendment and its sustaining legislation commonly referred to as the Volstead Act. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, recently urged upon the Republican Party suggestions for their next national platform. Among them was prompt and unconditional repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Dr. Butler puts it on the ground that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was an invasion of the rights of the states. With that I agree, and I go a step further to say that the framers of our Constitution, which was to give life and

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vigor to the Declaration of Independence, never thought for a single instant that the whole country should exercise any power or restriction upon the personal liberty of our citizens.

The trouble with the suggestion for outright and unconditional repeal, to my way of thinking, is that it seems to me to be not possible. To bring it about, three-quarters of the states would have to ratify it, and a strong argument could be made that in a great many states there would be no state provision for the control and regulation of the liquor traffic, it having been repealed during the last twelve years because of the national prohibition statutes. No amendment to the Constitution has ever been repealed.

When the Constitution was originally framed, Article I, Section 3, provided that "the Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislatures thereof, for six years." When we desired to give to the people themselves instead of to their representatives the power to choose senators, we did not repeal Section 3, but we wrote into the Constitution Article XVII as an entirely new article in the Constitution, and we substituted for the Legislatures the voting power of the people themselves.

It is possible under our form of government for one state more than one-quarter of the states to exercise veto power over repeal, although these states may represent a small minority of all the people in the United States. For example, should New York vote for repeal, New York would be expressing the majority wishes of over twelve million people. But New York's vote for repeal can be negatived by Nevada's vote representing a population of only ninety-one thousand. It is possible that veto power of repeal may be lodged in the twelve states smallest in point of population.

Various suggestions have from time to time been made with respect to amendments to the Volstead Act. While it may be desirable to give a better definition of intoxicating liquor than the mere statement of one-half of one per cent of alcohol, that alone would not ever cure the principle involved in saddling upon the people of the country the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Prizes have been offered in the past for the best solution. The plan that won one prize proposed amendment to the Volstead Act, defining the words "intoxicating liquors" as "all alcoholic products of distillation." That, it seems to me, would be quibbling, because light wines and beer are liquors. Funk and Wagnalls' dictionary gives the definition of liquor as "any alcoholic or intoxicating liquid." Four-per-cent lager beer may not be intoxicating, but no person can successfully claim that with four per cent of alcohol it is not an alcoholic liquid and must not therefore be known as liquor.

> THE extreme drys are not only intolerant of any suggestion looking to improvement, but do not tell the truth with respect to the attempted enforcement of prohibition.
>
> ALFRED E. SMITH

UNDER the old excise law in the State of New York the license to sell liquor was referred to by law as a "liquor tax certificate," and it was necessary to have one, even if a man sold only light wines and beer. Entirely aside from all expedients offered with respect to amendment to the Volstead Act, the cold fact still remains that the only solution of the liquor problem in the country is for the federal government to turn it back to the states, where it was since the beginning of our government. This is upon the undisputed theory that the federal government cannot enforce such laws. No law is enforceable in any section of the country where the overpowering opinion is against it.

Some of the members of the Wickersham Commission asked that prohibition be given a further trial. Their report was issued January 20, 1931. That is just about a year ago. Is there anybody in the United States, who knows anything at all of what is going on, prepared to make the statement that we are having any better enforcement today than we had last January, when the Wickersham Commission said that there was not sufficient public opinion behind the prohibition laws or sufficient appropriation or personnel for their enforcement?

The commission suggested in its report that "there is as yet no adequate observance or enforcement," and "is of the opinion that the present organization for enforcement is inadequate." Is anybody prepared to say that in the year just past there has been any improvement along that line?

When ratification took place, a considerable portion of the population was away in active military or other service connected with the conduct of the war. Since last January the American Legion in national convention has denounced the Eighteenth Amendment and has called for its repeal. The American Federation of Labor has done likewise. Added to these two groups are the American Bar Association, and medical men as represented by the national organization, the American Medical Association. Does anybody in the United States think that the American Bar Association believes, as the Wickersham Commission pretended to, that public opinion could be put behind prohibition? Does anybody believe that the American Legion, the Federation of Labor, or the doctors of the country have not thought out whether it is possible to marshal public opinion for enforcement?

WHEN all is said and done, commissions can write all the reports they like. They can spend all the money in research that they desire, and at the end of it all the cold, hard, indisputable fact stands out that the great body of American public opinion is against the prohibition amendment and has realized after twelve years that it was literally promoted by the hysteria of wartime.

Large numbers of people who twelve years ago believed it was possible to enforce it are rapidly coming to the opinion that they were mistaken. I have myself conversed with a great many who honestly and actually believed that all that was necessary to get hard liquor out of this country was to declare against it by law. The same people today, even if they still have that desire, have found out that the experiment of prohibition by law has been a dismal failure; and they do not have to look further for statistics than to government reports, Senate hearings, and tabulations of illicit stills operating in states that before prohibition were supposed to be dry by state law.

The right thing for Congress to do is to hand this question to the American people themselves for determination, and stop talking about whether the Democratic Party is wet or dry or whether the Republican Party is wet or dry. The right thing for Congress to do is to take the prohibition question away from political parties and away from the politicians and hand it to the American people and let them decide it. If there is any cure for democracy it is more democracy. Let the American people be heard. They are the ones affected by this law. They have lost billions of dollars by revenue. They have spent countless millions of dollars in enforcement. They face the deficit represented by over two billion dollars. All for no purpose except politics.

Any individual or group of individuals who stand in opposition to allowing the American people to settle their own problems, whether Democrats or Republicans, are in my opinion not very good Americans, and have not very much faith in the wisdom or the judgment of the American people. Let us see how we can accomplish a nonpolitical decision of the question.

It is true that we have no federal statutes, nor can we enact one, in my opinion, that would let us have a direct referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment. So the question naturally arises as to how we can pass this subject to the rank and file of our people. The Constitution of the United States provides two ways of getting the expression of the states with respect to future amendments. These will be found in Article V: "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several states or by conventions in three-fourths thereof. . . ."

What does that mean? That means that there are two ways of amending the Constitution, after two-thirds of the members of both Houses of Congress have proposed it. One way is ratification by the legislatures of the several states. The other is by conventions in the various states, called for the purpose of passing upon the proposed amendment. Citizens of the various states would be represented in such conventions, and in the election of delegates to them the question would arise in the form of a platform plank. The people of the states electing their representatives to such conventions would determine the question for themselves.

> THE only solution of the liquor problem is for the federal government to turn it back to the states, where it was since the beginning of government.
>
> ALFRED E. SMITH

Legislative enactments read: "The people of the state, represented in Senate or Assembly, do enact as follows. . . ." So that, in the last analysis, the people make their own law, but make it through representatives. In the same way the future of the Eighteenth Amendment can be determined.

It will be urged that no amendments to the Constitution have ever been passed on by the several states in convention. It is also true, however, that the original Constitution was adopted in convention, and it is for Congress to determine how the states are either to give or to withhold their indorsement of a proposed amendment. In Article XVIII of the Constitution, which deals with the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, there are three sections, and the third section reads: "This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution *by the Legislatures of the several states* . . ." Congress could just as well have said: ". . . *in conventions of the people of the several states.*" By using the convention method, therefore, the people themselves, rather than the legislatures, will have an opportunity to pass upon this question.

NO person with any knowledge of what was going on in this country at the time that the Eighteenth Amendment was pending will deny that the legislatures of the various states were dragooned, bullied, and bluffed into the ratification of this amendment by the same power and the same forces that drove it through Congress. President Hoover's Commission on Law Enforcement said the ratification of the amendment was given by legislatures which were not in general elected with any reference to the subject. In many instances, as a result of the old system of apportionment, these legislative bodies were not regarded as representative of all elements of the community.

The chairman of the Democratic National Committee, at a meeting of that committee held on the 5th of March last, in the course of his address on various important public subjects, suggested a plan to take the liquor question out of politics and refer it to the people. It is very simple and readily understood. He proposed that the Eighteenth Amendment be not repealed, but that a new amendment be submitted to conventions of the people which would in effect provide that nothing in the Eighteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution shall apply to any state after a majority of the people in that state in a popular referendum have given personal approval to a state plan for the manufacture, sale, possession, and transportation of intoxicating liquors.

This means that if a majority of the people of the State of New York of their own free will declare in the voting booth that they favor the plan submitted by their own legislature, that state automatically moves out from the Eighteenth Amendment, and nothing in the federal Constitution or in the federal statutes regulating the control or content or manufacture of liquor shall apply to that state; thus leaving to the government only its inherent powers of internal revenue.

And I would add to the suggestion that at any time that the people become dissatisfied, they can again by popular referendum put themselves back under the Eighteenth Amendment.

Under such an amendment to the Constitution, Arkansas, Kansas, or any dry state can have the full protection of the Eighteenth Amendment by simply refraining from voting in favor of any plan for liquor control by their states. That would mean that a large part of the money appropriated for enforcement which is now unquestionably being wasted could be used to protect the dry state's borders.

THIS plan, therefore, is neither a wet nor a dry plan. It is a home-rule plan. It will probably be urged against this plan that it will be difficult for a state to maintain its dry status when it borders upon a state that is wet. The answer to that is that after twelve years there is not a single dry state in this Union. Government statistics prove it. It will be urged by the radical drys that this will bring back the saloon. I think the answer to that is that no state in this Union by a majority vote will ever approve or ratify any plan that brings back the saloon as we understood it to exist prior to the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

I am unable to understand by what process of reasoning any member of Congress calling himself a Democrat can be opposed to this proposal. Should his state be a dry state, he might, on the theory that the majority of its people are not in favor of repeal, have difficulty in explaining to them why he voted for direct repeal. But certainly, if the Eighteenth Amendment is left in the Constitution for the protection of his state, he can very well explain why the question should be put to the people themselves. No member of the Democratic Party nor any man professing the faith of democracy can turn his back upon the party that has been the exponent of self-government through our whole national life.

Questions relating to the personal and intimate affairs of the people of the individual states when our republic was set up were appropriately left to the people and the states to determine. Following that out, the states themselves have followed the broad policy of leaving to the people, and to the counties, townships, and cities, control of affairs of their own local concerns.

When the legislatures of three-quarters of the states ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, they brushed aside that liberal policy of the Democratic Party and deprived the states of the right which they had had from the beginning of our government.

This proposal simply means to hand it back to the people of such states as desire it.

This prohibition question will never settle itself. But every believer in democratic government will be entirely satisfied after they have heard the expression of the people, and not until they do. And, on the other hand, you can expect no improvement in present conditions until such opportunity has been offered to them.

You can ask up hill and down dale, you can read countless volumes of testimony, and when you get all finished it all boils down to one thing:

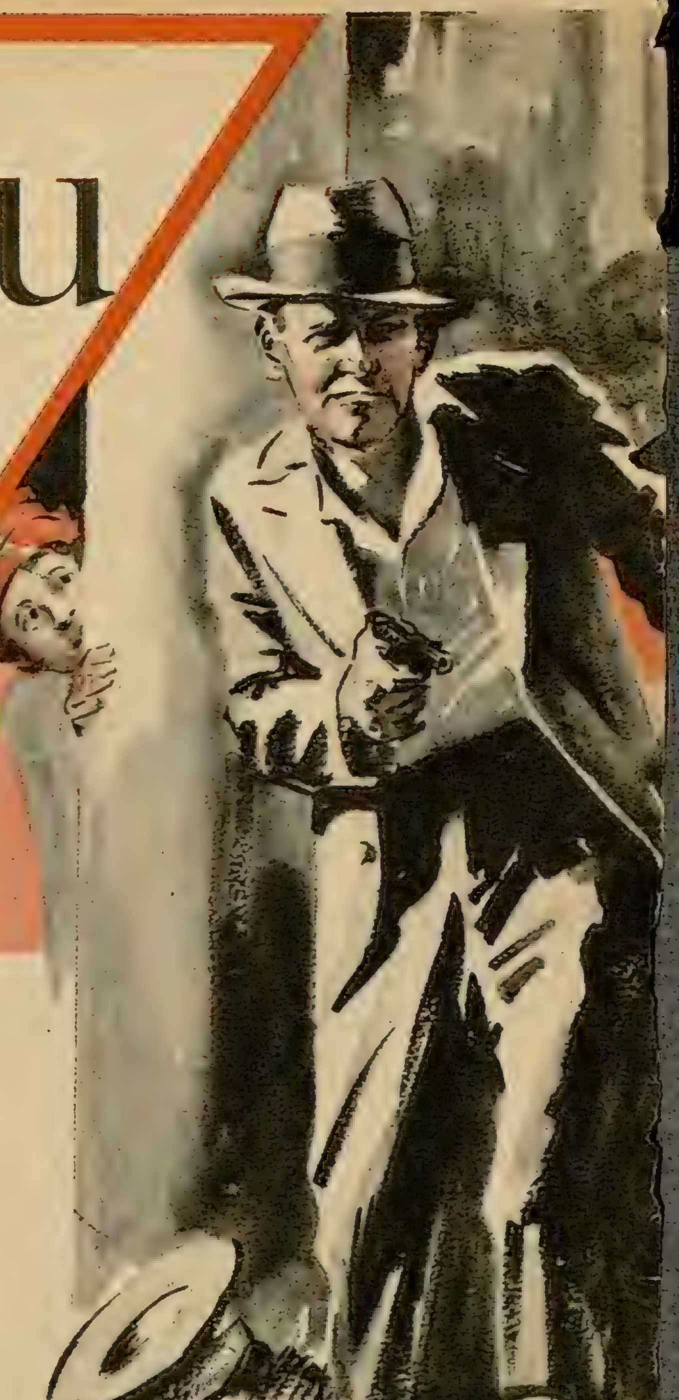
The manufacture, sale, distribution, and consumption of intoxicating liquor is a state matter that falls within the province of the sovereign states, and an experiment which the federal government should never have undertaken if for no other reason than that the arguments against it admit of no denial.

THE END

Take Thou *THIS* NOSE

The Story of Sockeye Samson, the Sizzling Sissy

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE



By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

(Reading time: 32 minutes.)

IF you live near a busy corner in a good live city, you soon learn to tell the difference between the backfire of passing trucks and machine-gun fire.

Dr. Wickham Potts Munns had his offices at the intersection of three noisy streets. He occupied a four-story building, formerly a brownstone front, that had been reveneered into a classical whitestone façade. If you have plenty of money and want to be prettier than you are, you ring the bell beside the bronze door. Dr. Munns is a face specialist—what they call a plastic surgeon.

It was around dusk, and the grist of the day was out of the operating room, and Dr. Munns and his white-frocked secretary were in the office, counting up. And then they heard the uproar outside.

Neither of them was fooled for an instant. They knew it wasn't any truck. As previously indicated, there's a difference between the bark of an automotive truck and an automatic Roscoe.

Dr. Munns winced a little when he heard the metal splattering across his new whitestone house front, as though a crew of wreckers had fallen to with pickaxes; but he didn't jump up or run to the window or do anything foolish.

He just looked across at the nurse. "It sounds to me," he said, "as if somebody has got the bump."

And then they heard the vestibule door creak and slam shut again, and a quick, catlike footstep sounded in the reception room. The inner knob rattled and a man's face looked in at them.

And what a face!

Dr. Munns, who has handled and salvaged more human countenances than there are shipwrecks—even Dr. Wickham Potts Munns sat up and stared.

"It's all right," the newcomer reassured them. "It's only me. It's Sockeye Samson."

The intruder was a little man—maybe five feet six, maybe not. His hair appeared to be a kind of chow-dog red. The nurse had reached toward the patients' card-index cabinet before she remembered that this probably was not a professional case—more was the pity! But had she known the history of that face and filed it on one of the blanks, the report would have read thus:

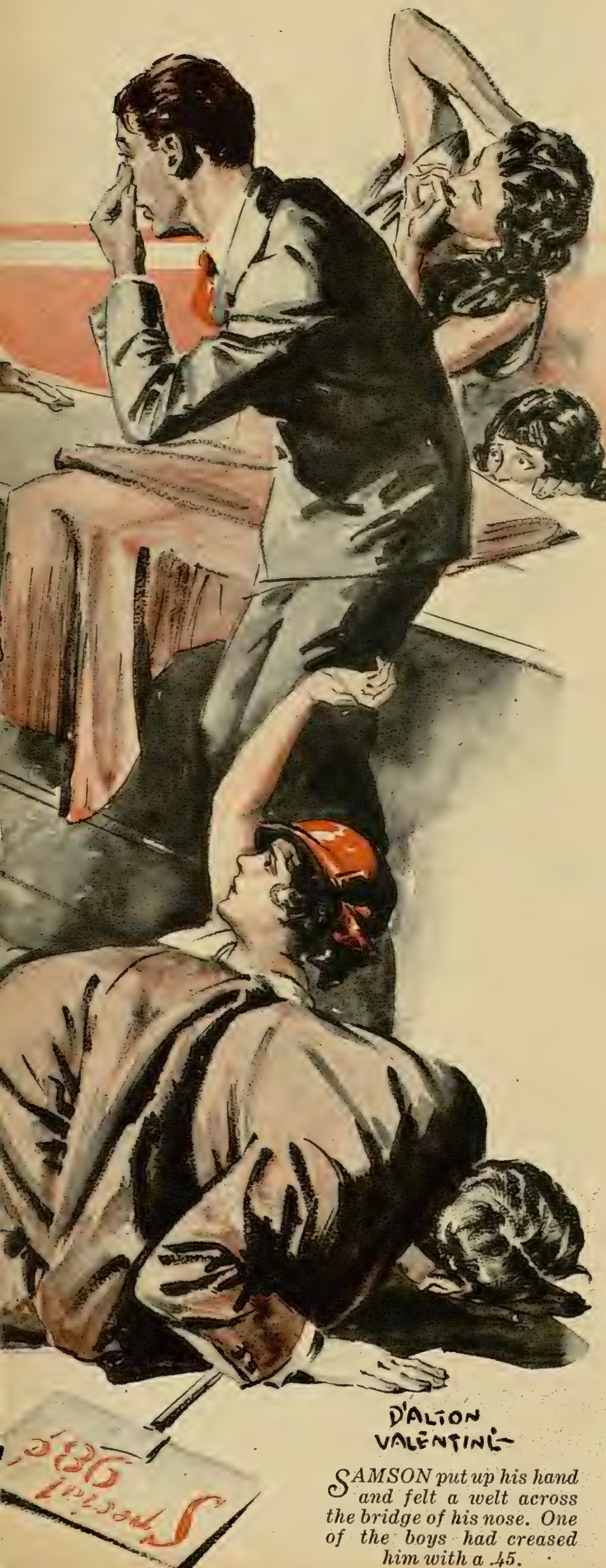
Nose, mashed flat by Beany Coakey with a paving block, June, 1922; right ear, cauliflowered by Roupie the Rounder and some of his men friends at a Hallowe'en party in a creep joint; left ear, partly chewed off by Gentleman Gyp; underlip, permanently split from laughing at Torpedo Tabasco, and five teeth kicked out; other cicatricial lesions, due to bullets, knives, and blunt instruments. The subject also is a congenital cockeye.

"Four mugs in a touring car," the stranger said, "cracked down on me just now out there."

"Machine gun?" inquired Dr. Munns.

"Oakie Beaumont and Monk the Grind Organ and a couple o' punks from the typewriter college. They think I crossed 'em up on a job last week, and they don't like me any more. Just some pals!"

His eyes looked as though they had short-circuited where they crossed. They were spitting fire. He was



SAMSON put up his hand and felt a welt across the bridge of his nose. One of the boys had creased him with a .45.

mad all right. But he was casual about it, too. Sockeye Samson had lived long enough to know that things would be like that.

"This was the handiest doorway," he said, "an' when these here cowboys burned in on me I just eased my way back for cover."

"What'll happen now?" asked Dr. Munns anxiously.

"Nothin'll happen. They'll just keep drifting around and around until I come out again. Well, I don't come out!"

Samson caught the surgeon's startled expression. "Listen!" he said. "I don't cadge my way, mister. If a few coarse Gs is any recommendation, I got 'em."

He shoved down into his trousers pocket.

Dr. Munns glanced across the table; and then, for the next minute, he sat very still and quite forgot to breathe. A "coarse G" evidently meant, not one trifling grand, but ten grand—a ten-thousand-dollar bill. And there were quite a few of them, loosely wrapped around whatever other denominations there might be in the core of Sockeye Samson's bale of scratch.

Dr. Munns looked at his nurse and his nurse looked at him.

Presently the surgeon cleared his throat and spoke suavely and softly. "Did you," he asked, "ever give a thought to your nose?"

Samson put a guilty hand over what was left in the way of a proboscis. "Huh?" he ejaculated.

The surgeon smiled at his nurse. "Do you remember the noseless case we had a year ago this spring? What's-his-name? His nose had been bitten off by—er—a—was it a crocodile, Miss Smith?"

"It could have been," said the girl. "Easily."

"Look him up, please," said the doctor. "Give us the dope on him."

THE nurse walked to a big cabinet, rummaged a minute or two, and cried out triumphantly: "Here he is! Name's Wriggs. We got pictures 'n' everything!"

Dr. Munns accepted two photos from her. One was a rather appalling likeness of a man who, distinctly and flatly, had no nose at all. The second showed the same man with a fine and symmetrical Grecian beezer.

"Before!" said Dr. Munns, and placed the noseless photo in Samson's left hand. "*After!*" he declared jubilantly, and thrust the other into Samson's right hand.

"After what?"

"After the restoration, of course."

Samson changed the photos, holding the one with a nose in his left hand. "This before and this after the crocodile."

"You're wrong." Dr. Munns bent severely over his visitor and switched the pictures back the way they were in the first place. "This is after the crocodile, and this is after that."

"O. K.," Sockeye yessed him. "You win."

"But you don't understand. He had no nose when he came to me, and I put a nose on the gentleman."

"Sure—*uh-uh!*" scoffed Samson. "An' I put an eye on a guy once."

"No, no, *no!*" cried the doctor. "I'm not joking. I'm Dr. Wickham Potts Munns, the plastic surgeon. I built this gentleman a nose. I could build you a nose."

"Yeah? What out of?"

"Well, sir, I use living cartilage that I obtain—" Dr. Munns caught himself. "The point I'm getting at is, if you wanted a nose you could have it."

"A beak like that?"

"Or any other kind. Whatever you picked out. We could aquiline it or Roman it up, or—a simple little rhinoplastic. And, furthermore—"

The surgeon stepped back and appraised the face before him with one eyelid half down. "Furthermore," he said, "I could reshape the ears so you couldn't tell 'em from ears. A strabismus, and the eyes would see straight. A flap with a pedicle would do for the underlip. You wouldn't know yourself."

Samson squinted moodily at the surgeon. "You mean, if I let you loose on me, nobody'd know me afterwards?"

"How could they?" asked the nurse.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TAKE THOU THIS NOSE
Continued from page thirteen

Sockeye gave her an impatient glance. "You mean I could walk right up to Monk the Grind Organ an' say, 'Gimme a match, bo,' an' he wouldn't tumble it was me till after he got clipped?"

"What you—ah—do after you—uh—leave here," said the doctor, "wouldn't be any of my affair—uh—would it?"

Samson sat down on a chair. And then he threw up his head and grinned. "Oboyoboyoboyoboy!" he exulted.

Dr. Munns smiled sympathetically as he gently touched the healed welts and scars on Samson's face and chin. "We can eradicate these. A simple skin graft."

"The graft part is all right with me, doc," said Sockeye. "Every man his own racket, is my motto."

"But really, sir, I merely mean by skin grafting—"

"Forget it!" Sockeye waved a magnanimous hand. "Take me over the jumps, doc, an' see if I squawk. I'm goin' for the works."

And that was how Sockeye Samson came to indulge in a new face.

For weeks and weeks they kept him around like a silkworm's cocoon, and when they finally started to unwrap him they did it in relays. The mouth was unbandaged first. That gave the dentist his chance, and he put in a high-class job of store teeth.

A tailor appeared next and measured the patient for several suits of clothes. This was done while Sockeye was still blindfolded. Dr. Munns, whose ideas in such matters were cautious and refined, picked out the fabrics and the styles. He ordered shoes and socks and shirts and ties and hats to match, and had them all packed carefully in Sockeye's new wardrobe trunk.

FINALLY arrived the great day when the nose was uncast. That afternoon a barber came in to give the new face a shave. Sockeye thought he would like a mustache, so they left one on him—a ruddy wisp of a mustache with pointed ends. And then they helped him dress and stood him before a mirror.

They shouldn't have allowed him to burst upon himself like that. He was a little weak anyhow, from being in bed so long. For a second or two they thought he was going to fold up. But he got a grip and braced himself, and gaped into the tall pier glass. He didn't say anything. He couldn't. Presently he stole a wondering glance behind him to see if it wasn't somebody else. But it wasn't. It was none other than Sockeye Samson.

What they had done to him was everything there is. The ears were neat—no other word for it: they were just neat. His eyes no longer had that quarter-sawed look. Whatever they seemed to see they saw. The old facial scars were gone and his lip had been fixed. As for the—well, Dr. Munns certainly knew his noses. Not merely something to sneeze through; it was an embellishment as well.

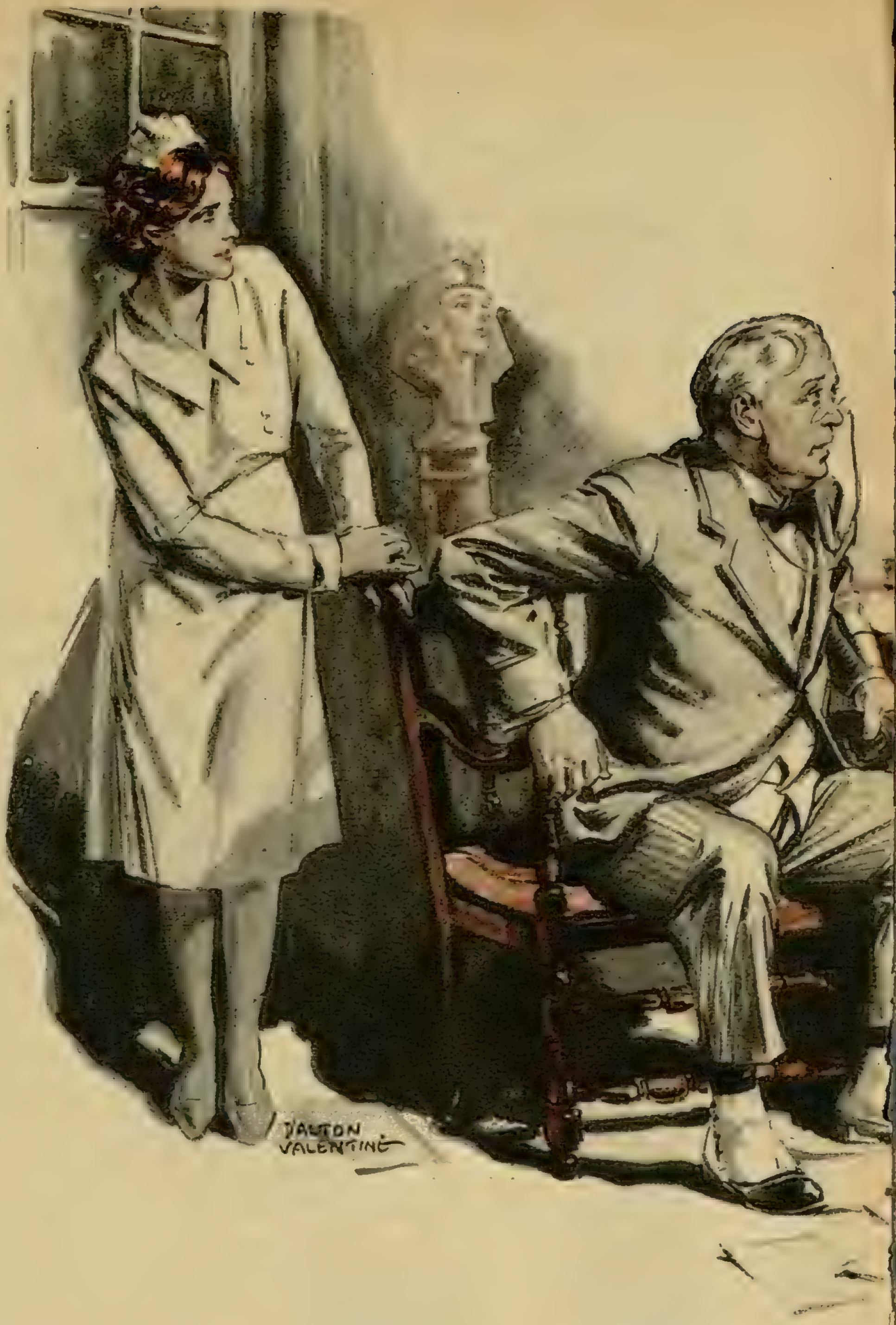
Sockeye stood in front of the mirror like a man in a coma. After a while he tried out his face. He contorted his mouth and twitched his nose and opened and shut his eyes. Everything worked! He would have stayed there practicing, but they finally dragged him away because it was lunch time.

Later that day the doctor restored the bank roll. It had been well nicked. But, even so, there were still a few coarse Gs left, and Samson wouldn't have hollered if they had taken him clean.

They had had some visiting cards engraved—"Sanders Samson." It wasn't his name, but it sounded swell, and the double Ss made it easy to remember. He put the cards in his wallet and reclaimed his guns—the .45 that went into the shoulder holster under his arm, and the little heater that he could keep in his pocket or slip up his sleeve. Then he strolled forth in the warming sunshine to look for Monk the Grind Organ.

Sanders Samson knew of a hotel across town where some pretty bad jobos hung out. He decided to put up there and see who came in. It was such a nice day that he didn't bother to hail a taxicab.

That was a mistake. Every few steps along the streets he came to a gum machine or a shop window with a



mirror in it, and he really couldn't get past a mirror.

It was nearly evening when he finally reached this hotel. There was a big husky coming out through the revolving doors. The man noticed how little Samson was, and gave him a push. That was how it had always been. Strangers thought they could shove him with impunity until after they had tried it once. The shovee started to bounce back as he used to do, and then, just in time, he remembered about himself. You don't take a shiny new automobile into traffic and deliberately mix it up with a taxicab. That was precisely the case with Samson and his nose. He wasn't going to have it socked its first day out.

He backed away toward the traffic policeman on the corner. Half of the coppers in town used to be unfavorably acquainted with Sockeye Samson, but this one looked at him without batting an eye.

"Do you know of a good safe place where a man can get a room?" he asked.

The officer smiled a little, and yet he was perfectly respectful. "Why not try the Y. M. C. A., sir?"

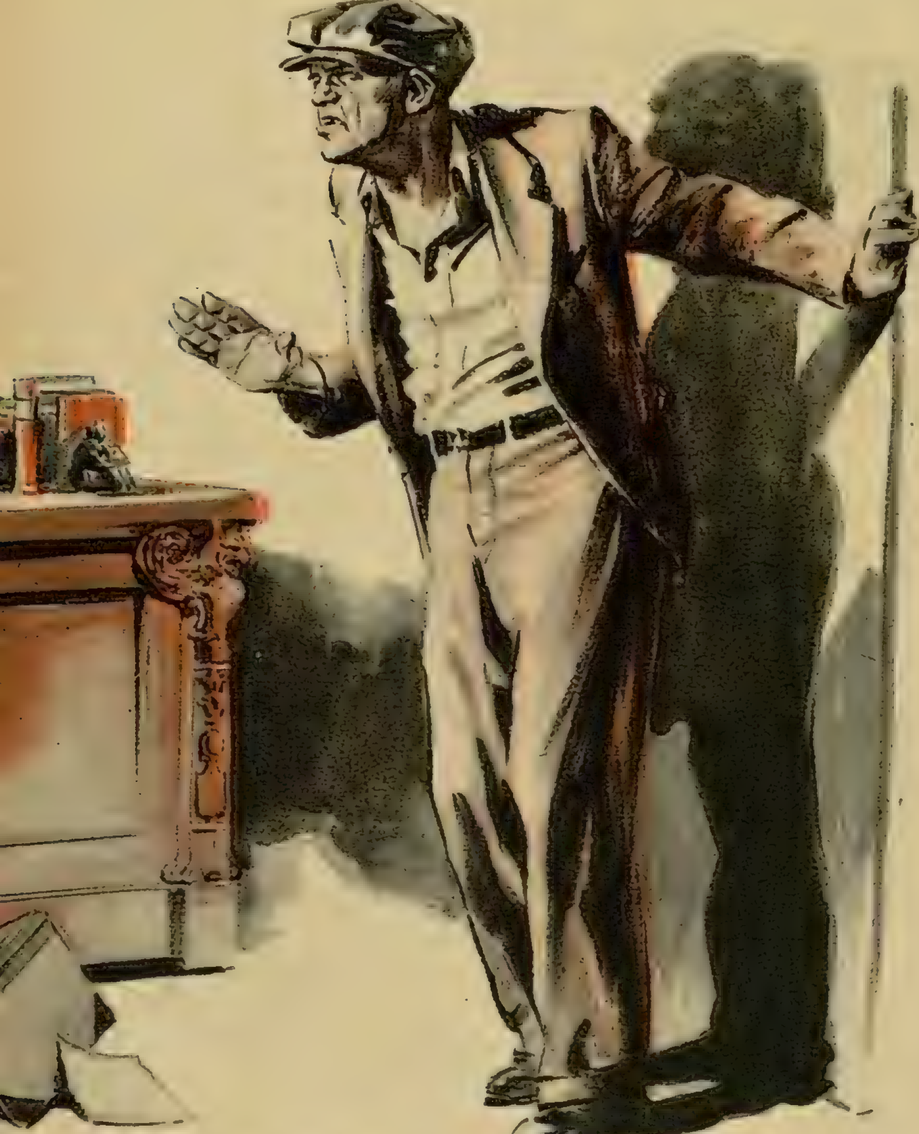
Samson caught his breath. The big bum had called him "sir"! He stuck out his chest a little farther and twisted the end of his mustache. "Where's that?" he asked.

"The yellow building two blocks down. You can't miss it."

Samson followed directions and rented himself a fine, clean room, and had his trunk sent over. This Y. M. C. A. was a good dump. There was a tall mirror in the lobby with a bench in front of it where he could sit and listen to the radio. It was so nice here he figured that he'd let Monk the Grind Organ go until tomorrow.

When the morrow came he started out again. Almost the first thing he saw as he crossed the avenue was a man dressed up slick like he was and swinging a cane. A quick-witted boy, Samson got the idea at once. So he went into a near-by department store to buy himself a cane.

"It's all right," the newcomer reassured them. "It's only me. It's Sockeye Samson."



He was passing down the aisle between neckties and socks, and ribbons and silks, when he discovered a mirror on the haberdashery side. Well, it wouldn't do any harm to give himself the double O just for once.

There was a girl behind the men's neckwear counter, but he didn't notice her. Ever since he was but a little Sockeye growing up on the city streets, women had either sneered or guffawed at him or sheered off at the sight of him. So he had developed a defense psychosis that made it a sexless world as far as he was concerned.

As he edged over toward the mirror, this girl looked at him and gave him a little sidewise smile. Samson's feet got in each other's way as he started to hurry on.

"Lookin' for somethin'?" asked the girl.

HER voice was gentle and friendly, and the bright blue eyes appeared to be the gladdest things alive. It was the first time a girl's smile had ever come Samson's direction, and it certainly tangled him for a minute.

She wasn't any cluck, either. A girl about as tall as Samson, or a little taller. And not one of those skinny ones that went around feeding on bird seed. She was filled out and rounded and she had black hair and a complexion as full-blooded and warmly colored as sun-ripe grapes.

Samson paused warily. It gave him a queer feeling to find a girl who wasn't shocked or anything when she saw him. "Uh-uh," he contrived to say. "I was lookin' for—"

There were a lot of neckties hanging on little clotheshorses along the counter. What he had on was a drab four-in-hand that Dr. Munns had picked out.

"I want to get me a few dozen neckties," said Samson.

"*How* many?" The girl leaned her plump elbows on the show case, and her lips curved deliciously, showing two rows of the evenest, whitest teeth.

Samson now had some teeth of his own, and he gave her the flash. The old inhibitions made him a little timid among women, so he was afraid to say much at first.

"Hello, baby," was all he said. And then he added gracefully, "Some wren!"

"How do you get that way?" she demanded primly.

He was dragging neckties off the racks, and the girl started to help him with a few choices of her own. After a while he unfastened the plain brown tie and dropped it on the floor. He picked up one from the growing pile on the counter, a pleasing thing of purple and greenish cross stripes. When he got the tie halfway knotted the girl reached out and pushed his hands away.

"Who taught you to tie a necktie?" she asked. "Here—gimme!"

She jerked the tie free, unrumpled it, and rove it under Samson's collar again. Then she evened the ends and looped them over with little tugs and nudges and ticklings. Her hands were soft and warm and congenial under Samson's chin, like a pair of tame chipmunks prowling over his neck.

IN the course of his life Samson had gone through many affairs that made the old pump palpitate. He had heisted furs and silks out of loft buildings, with coppers waiting under the fire escapes. He had a burglar-proof safe job or two on his escutcheon. He had shot it out with hijackers. But until this moment he never knew what it was to have hot and cold flutters up and down his spine. This was the most exciting adventure that ever came his way.

The girl finished the knot with a deft hitch and a pat and stepped away, her eyes daring and her head on one side. "Do you know somethin'?" she asked. "If you stood half a foot taller an' crooned in a band, where would Rudy Vallée be? The way that tie sets you off." She laughed and reached for the pile of neckwear. "Who do I send these to?"

"Sock—" He covered his mouth and pulled out a card. "Read it for yourself. Send 'em to the Y. M. C. A. C. O. D.," he said.

"But listen," he went on. "I don't have nothin' sent to me unless I know who sends 'em."

"Oh, you don't?" she said.

"No, I don't."

"Well," she said—"just so the delivery man won't be scared to deliver 'em—it's Dorothy Swisher."

"There's a name I wouldn't forget in a minute," said Samson. "What're you doin' tonight, Dolly?"

He didn't find out what she was doing, because just then a man came along and leaned familiarly against the show case. This party was a big galoof with a wrestler's shoulders and a thick red neck and a pair of gimlet eyes that squinted all the time as though something suspicious were going on. He was bareheaded, and by the way he seemed to know his way around the store he apparently belonged here.

"Hello, Dolly," he said. "Did you know that the silk clerk was only just this minute fired?"

Dorothy looked around sharply. "What was he fired for?"

"For hanging around the gents' haberdashery too much and often," said the man.

Dorothy gave him a withering look. "So you told on him, huh?"

"It's part of my job to keep these clerks in their cages." The stranger grinned ingratiatingly. "What are you doing tonight, Dolly?"

"I got a date," the girl told him.

"You got a date, huh? Who you got a date with?"

"You're such a good dick," said Dorothy, "you could shadow me an' find out."

With that she turned and started to make out a slip for seven dozen neckties.

The man stared at the back of her fair neck for a minute, and then, with a mean slant to his jaw, he swung around on his heel and swaggered away.

"Who's the grappler?" asked Samson.

"That's Kelsey, the store detective."

"Do you like him?"

"He's too fresh," said Dorothy. And then she added

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TAKE THOU THIS NOSE
Continued from page fifteen

meticulously: "But he's so big and strong, and he's not afraid of anything!"

"So's Brooklyn Bridge," Samson told her.

"Yes," Dorothy came back. "But nobody ever walks across this fellow."

Samson stood for a minute, pulling at his little new mustache. Once or twice he cast a meditative glance at the silk counter across the way. And then he drew a long breath and straightened his back. "I'll go after that job," he announced. "I guess I will sell silks here."

"What?" The girl dropped her pencil and blinked up in his face.

Sanders Samson looked straight back at her. "I've always been nuts," he said, "to work in silks—just across from neckties."

"You don't say so," Dolly retorted. "Well," she said, "if you're that nuts, an' you went up the stairs on to the mezzanine an' turned left an' followed your face till you come to a door that says 'manager's office' an' he would give you a job, it wouldn't be any of my business, would it?"

So Samson went off and found the store manager. And he talked so glibly about silks it didn't take him five minutes to land the job. The funny part of it was, Samson did know silks. He could shoulder a roll of goods at midnight in the hushed darkness of a ten-story loft, and by the sense of touch alone he could tell within a dime what a fence would pay for the bolt.

He came downstairs again, and the floorwalker put him to work and helped him get started, and all that day he slung out taffetas and flat crêpes and shantungs and figured chiffons, and he got away with it.

He had never held down a job before. Nobody would have him around. He had started out an ugly little lug, and early in life his boy friends had begun putting on unimprovements. By the time he was twelve years old he was so tough-looking that only the toughest of hoods would look at him. He could hardly be blamed for drifting in with the only kind of people who would let him in.

Today things were different. Right from the start he was a success with the female customers. He was so clean and trim, with such manly, aquiline features, and was so eager to please, and handled the silks with such a loving deftness, and his conversations were so entertaining and quaint. Nobody had ever let him be friendly before, and he found that he had a lot of bottled-up sociality that he had never known anything about.

DOLLY SWISHER refused point-blank to go out with him that night, so when they went out he was well behaved. He had never worked on the janes any, but he had seen his pals at work and at least he had the theory. He decided, however, that he'd better go slow. So he didn't try to kiss Dolly Swisher until after they were in the taxi.

It was the first time in his life that a girl ever slapped him. And did he love it? "Oboyoboyoboy!"

He and Dorothy had such a good time, eating at the ritziest spot in town and going to a show, he never once thought about Oakie Beaumont and Monk the Grind Organ—not until after he had dropped Dot at her home and was back in his room.

These boys, he knew, never bought their silks in department stores; so the next day he took a chance and parked his guns under the counter, where they were not very handy to get at. And the following day his brain must have gone A. W. O. L., because he left both of his rods at the Y. M. C. A.

Dolly Swisher was the slickest kid anybody could hope to drag around places. She was a breeze in her going-out clothes, and full of laughs, and she kept herself just hard enough to get to make the evening stimulating.

On their third night away from the store Dolly decided that he was spending too much money. That was a funny one to Samson. Not in any boastful spirit, but just to make her feel better, he hauled out his bundle.

She could hardly believe it when she saw the wrappers. "You must be a bandit," she gasped—"or a hijacker!"

"Yeh," he said; "I am."

"You're a scream!" She was so amused at what Samson said that he had to laugh too.

"You're a panic," she said, and then grew serious. "Is there any more where that money came from?"

He looked at her steadily for a minute. "I don't know," he said. "But maybe there ain't."

"Well, then," she informed him, "don't you be throwin' away what you got on me."

"What would I do with it?" he asked.

"Maybe some day," said Dolly, "you'll meet a girl who'll know what to do with it—such as payin' for a load of furniture."

"I already met a girl," Samson informed her with a blissful grin. "An' I'll take a load of what you said any time."

Dolly looked at him with her eyes as innocently round as a couple of cobalt-blue apple-sauce dishes.

"The way to do," she said, "is to buy your fun in installments and pay for your furniture in cash."

SO Dorothy took charge that evening and led him to a place where a dollar cover charge includes a big free dinner. Then they went to another place where you drop ten cents into a turnstile and try and dance. Afterward they rode around in the moonlight on top of a bus. Samson was as happy as if he were being gypped at a hotsy-totsy club.

The only one who didn't seem to be so happy these days was Kelsey, the department-store detective. It didn't take him long to find out how things were.

One morning Samson was over in the haberdashery, helping Dolly sharpen her pencil, when Kelsey came prowling past. It was Saturday and pay day, and Samson and Dolly were framing up a big party for that night.

The detective stopped with a bad look in his eye. "If you don't get back in silks," he said, "I'll knock you over there so hard they'll have to rebuild that end of the store."

"Who will?" asked Samson.

"I don't want you to get me mad," said Kelsey, "because I go crazy when I'm mad."

Samson's primal instincts urged him to climb aboard this big wet smack and navigate him clear down to the bargain basement. But in the last few days he had developed some entirely new instincts. If he mixed it with anybody who looked as rugged as Kelsey, as likely as not he would have an eye gouged out or get his face busted in by one of the iron-legged stools.

So he had the will power to say pacifically: "There's a customer over there I gotta go wait on."

It made him feel virtuous, and at the same time very miserable, to deny himself the fun he could have had out of this big piece of scrapple. And after a while he went over to the necktie department again to be consoled by Dorothy Swisher.

"What time you goin' to meet me tonight?" he asked her.

"Who's goin' to meet who?" asked Dorothy.

"You're a great little kidder, ain't you?" said Samson, and laughed.

She didn't laugh back. "I don't go out places," she said, "with a sissy."

He still thought she was fooling. "If I ever caught you at it," he said, "I'd put you in a bag and drownd you."

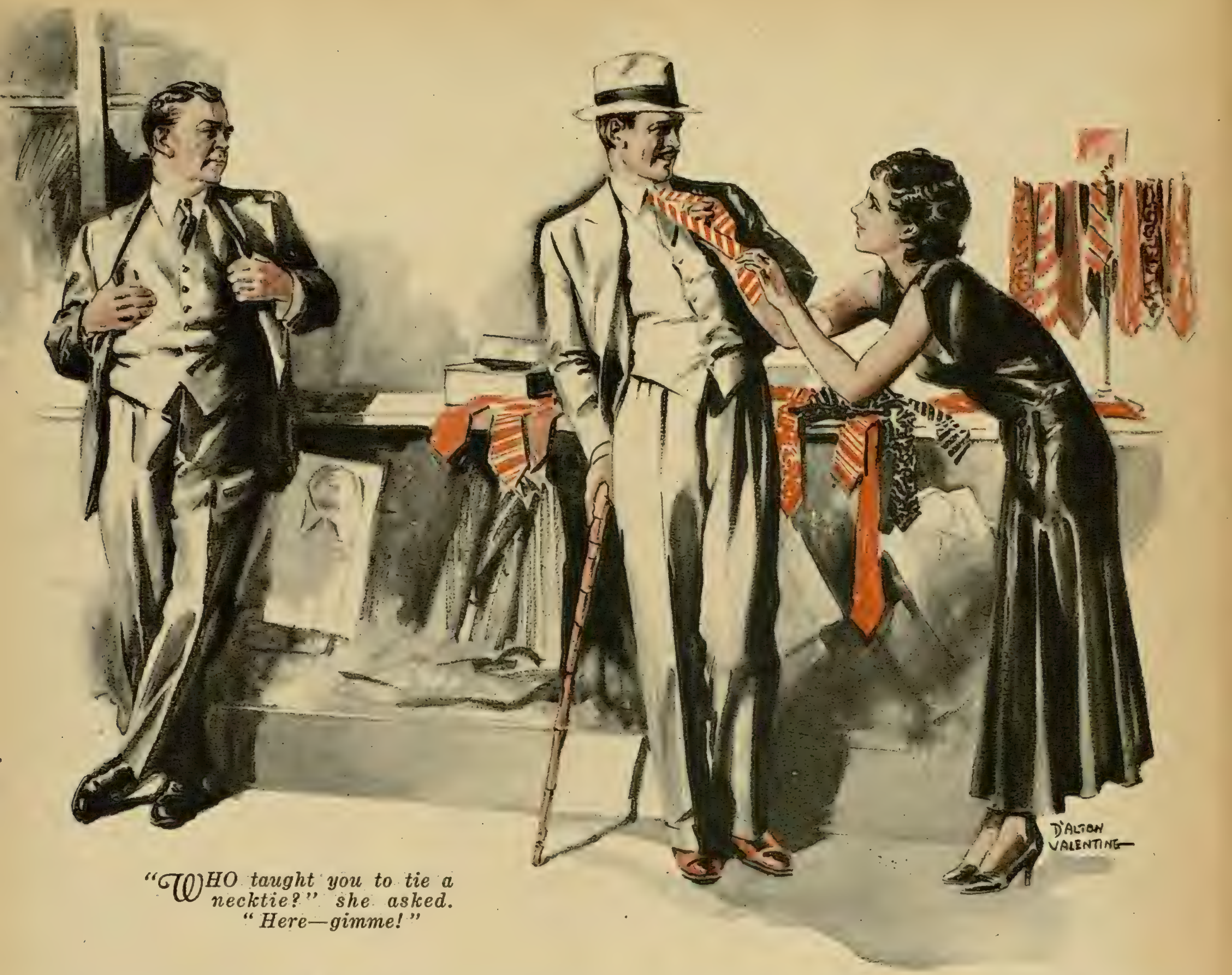
"He's bigger than you are, maybe," said Dorothy, "but that don't make you have to run away from him."

Samson stared in amazement. "Who I was runnin' away from," he stated concisely, "was me—before I started somethin'."

Dolly sniffed disdainfully. "I knew you looked like one, an' now I found out you are one." She hissed the word at him. "Sissy!"

Samson saw then that she meant it. And he didn't try to argue or say another word. He was so dazed by what she had called him, it was a wonder he ever found his way back to the silk counter.

But while he was figuring what he would do a lady



“WHO taught you to tie a necktie?” she asked. “Here—gimme!”

came in to look for some beige taffeta. And then there was quite a flock of others wanting pongees and georgettes, and then twelve o'clock came around.

As he was getting ready to go out for lunch, he happened to look across the store—and whom did he see standing there in the open and the broad daylight? If it wasn't Oakie Beaumont, then Samson was a Chinese barber.

Not only it was Oakie, but a couple of the other boys. Nick the Slug and Peter Rabbit were there too. A sale of bathing suits and beach accessories was coming off near the side door, and these three were looking at price tags. Samson knew then that something was phony, because there was nothing these three rods needed less than sun-back pyjamas and some inflated rubber ducks.

JUST then the big side door started going around and around, and in came a man sagged down at the shoulders by the weight of two valises he was carrying. Behind the first one followed a couple of others, each with a hand in his coat pocket.

Peter Rabbit, who was built like a penthouse, stepped across the aisle with a pair of brass knucks on his fist—and almost everybody in the store heard that crack behind the ear. The man with the two valises went down with everything he had.

What was about to be staged, Samson saw then, was a bold daylight pay-roll robbery.

The two trailers started in to do something about it; but one of them got walloped by the butt end of Oakie's gat, and he took the count standing up. There was left only the last of the three newcomers, who dived behind the toilet-goods counter, and hauled out his rod and began shooting even while he was in the air.

From then on everything seemed to happen at once. Peter Rabbit had the two bags and was making for the doorway, while Oakie and Nick the Slug each had a heater going. From bath salts on one side and scented soaps on the other, these two were trying to smoke the pay-roll guard, who had dug in under perfumes.

It was the biggest two minutes the big store ever had had. Customers and clerks were throwing away pieces of merchandise and screaming and running all directions and trying to crawl under things. Chunks of lead were in the air, and flying bits of perfumery bottles, and the place began to whiff like somewhere in France—not so much on account of the gun fumes as the smells from the different broken bottles.

Sanders Samson had found a seat on the silk counter. He was watching what was going on in the spirit of a president emeritus at a faculty meeting, knowing what it was all about, but not doing anything.

And then something banged him on the nose so hard that his eyes smarted. He put up his hand and felt a welt across the bridge of his nose, and his fingers turned sticky and red.

One of the boys had creased him with a .45. Maybe it was only an accident and maybe it wasn't—and what of it?

He remembered suddenly that his week's pay was in one of the satchels that Peter Rabbit was heisting out the side door. He remembered that this was the same mob that had cracked down on him a couple of months ago. And now they had ruined his lovely nose!

So this was Sockeye Samson! As in the days of old.

Oakie Beaumont saw him coming—just a little chap

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TAKE THOU THIS NOSE
Continued from page seventeen

with a wisp of a mustache and a pink necktie and creases down his pants. Apparently Oakie didn't recognize who it was coming at him, leaping from counter to counter. Because he turned carelessly and contemptuously and plugged one at random as it were. And missed his arm by a couple of inches.

That was the last chance Oakie Beaumont ever had to put the slug on Sockeye Samson. For at the next instant an immaculate, red-haired little clerk left the counter like a flying squirrel, and straddled the big bandit's neck with all four arms and legs.

Oakie fell backward against the corner of a show case so hard that it knocked him cuckoo. Just for luck, Samson stood up and kicked his old pal behind the ear often enough to make his toes numb.

In the meanwhile Nick the Slug had shot Samson through the shoulder. But, when he was fully aroused, hunks of lead to Sockeye were just like so many quinine capsules—they only made his head ring a little. He went for Oakie's gun, and Nick the Slug tried to beat him to it. But the boy got the gat.

It may be the Slug was afraid that Peter Rabbit was doing a run-out on him with the pay-roll bags. He started for the revolving door, but before his feet could get going Samson drilled him clean.

That left Peter Rabbit stuck in the whirling door with a stout lady who picked this of all hours to come shopping at the big store. Samson hit the glass compartment just behind the frantic Rabbit, and the three of them made the complete circuit once before Pete spurted out across the sidewalk, and lost the bags and tripped over them, and plunged headlong into a fire plug at the curb.

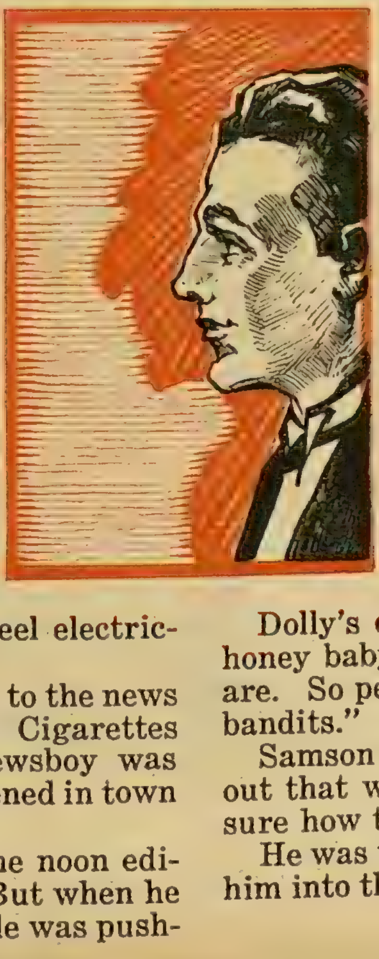
This was about the time that Sanders Samson would have been coming out to lunch, anyhow. The pay-roll satchels were on the sidewalk, and a crowd was gathering. Peter Rabbit was there too, looking as though he wouldn't get well soon.

Samson wasn't hurt enough to stop him if he wanted to go on and eat. Or he could have gone back for his hat if he had wanted to.

But just then he saw a long brown sedan with plenty of chromium trimmings parked by the sidewalk, with its engine running. This would be the get-away car. He looked to see who was driving. And it was Monk the Grind Organ.

It made Samson feel very sentimental to see his old-time playmate.

An expert at knowing when the time was ripe to hop off a job, Monk now was racing the engine and letting in the clutch. It was too late for Samson to jump the running board. He caught the spare tire instead, and climbed up on the trunk rack. Then he put the butt of Oakie's gun between his teeth, and hoisted himself up over the hind end of the tonneau. The next thing he knew, he was lying flat on the roof of the car.



THIS make of automobile was guaranteed to accelerate from zero to seventy before the passengers could sit down. They were burning up the tires on the avenue, with horns squawking all around them, and pedestrians functioning as usual, and cops blowing whistles while ducking for the sidewalks.

Samson hitched himself forward on his stomach until he guessed he was over the driver's seat. Then he began shooting down through the roof.

At the third shot the sedan veered out from under him and wrapped itself around the steel electric-light pillar on the corner.

Samson himself kept on going until he came to the news stand in front of the Universal Candy and Cigarettes Stores Building, where a large-mouthed newsboy was shouting about the stale crimes that had happened in town fully an hour ago.

How long Samson lay there in bed with the noon editions of the tabloids, he couldn't have said. But when he finally opened his eyes a solid phalanx of people was pushing around him and talking. He heard one man say that Monk the Grind Organ had been identified as Monk the Grind Organ, the orneriest bozo in the village.

"A bullet took off his thumb and he lost the wheel," said someone else. "They don't know if he's dead, and what does it matter?—except that it'll be one fewer."

And then the crowd was shoved aside, and Samson saw a girl coming to him—a fine, plump girl in a sleeveless dress, with her black hair blowing and her beautiful eyes full of tears.

She sat right down on the sidewalk and put his head in her lap and crooned and cried over him.

"Oh, honey, you're hurt!" she sobbed. "They shot you!"

Samson was still conscious enough to know that it was Dorothy Swisher. "Who?" he asked loftily. "Those guys? They hardly shot me at all!"

"And to think what I called you!" moaned Dorothy. "I'm so ashamed and miserable and proud!"

JUST then a stout, baldish little man elbowed his way across the curb—the department-store manager.

Samson made Dorothy let go of him, because the front office was very particular about the way their clerks acted.

But the manager only shook Samson's hand. "It isn't so much the pay roll that you saved as our prestige," he said warmly. "My boy—the big store never forgets!"

Dorothy Swisher had got Samson back in her arms again. "And I called him a sissy!" she whimpered.

"That's all right, baby," said Samson. "I'm scared of this Kelsey, if that's what you mean."

"Kelsey is no more," declared the manager.

Samson looked up, aghast. "Dead?"

"Fired!"

"The big false alarm bruised up a couple of ladies gettin' in with 'em under the hosiery counter," said Dorothy, sniffling.

The manager was still wringing Samson's hand. "You come back to us as soon as you're able," he said. "And you won't always be selling silks for the big store. The first thing you know you'll be *buying* them."

Samson nodded sagely. "That," he said, "in the long run, is the safest way to get your silks."

At that moment he noticed a piece of the rear-view mirror from the wrecked automobile lying on the sidewalk. So he got it and looked at his nose. And his nose looked terrible.

Just then a copper pushed up. "The ambulance is here!" he cried. "Listen, friend. We want to rush you to the hospital!"

Samson pushed him away. "I don't wanta go to no hospital," he moaned. "I wanta go to Doc Munns."

"Who? You mean Doc Wickham Potts Munns?" The policeman sneered. "Why, he's nothin' but a beauty doctor."

Samson stood up, wavering a little, but still on his two feet. "Don't I remember you from somewhere?" he demanded. "Ain't you the man who loafs on our street corners, gettin' in the way of horses?"

The cop evidently thought the little chap had been knocked silly. "That couldn't have been me," he humored him. "That must have been some officers."

"No beauty doctor's goin' to touch my boy," stated Dorothy Swisher. "You're beautiful enough already."

"But my nose!" grieved Samson as he tried to hail a cab that was drifting past.

Dolly's capacious arms tightened about him. "Now, honey baby!" she told him. "I want you just like you are. So people'll always know that you cleaned up a lotta bandits."

Samson didn't know what to do then. He only found out that women are funny. How was a man ever to be sure how they would like him to look?

He was too dizzy to figure it out. So he let Dorothy put him into the ambulance and ride with him to the hospital.

THE END

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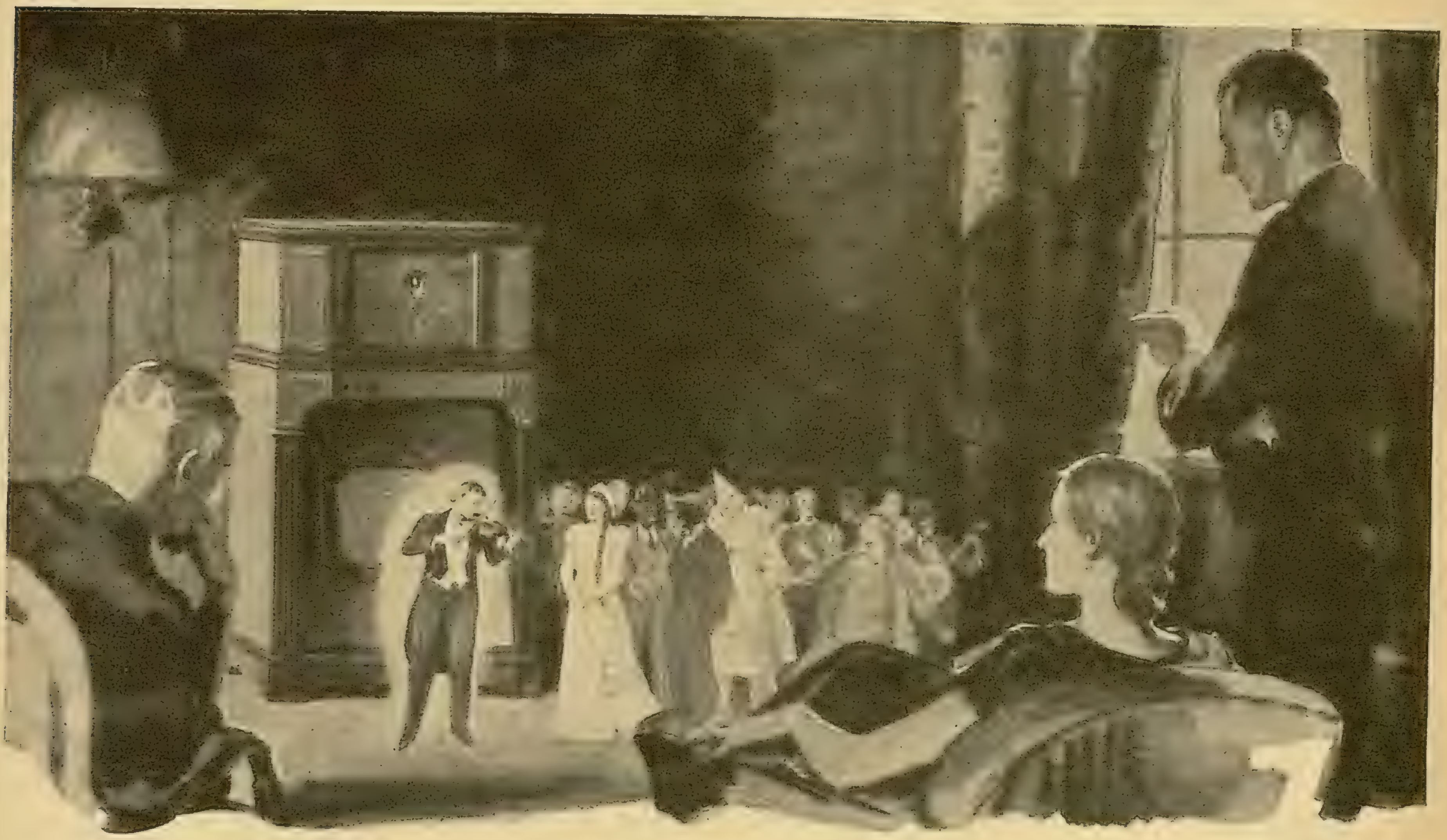

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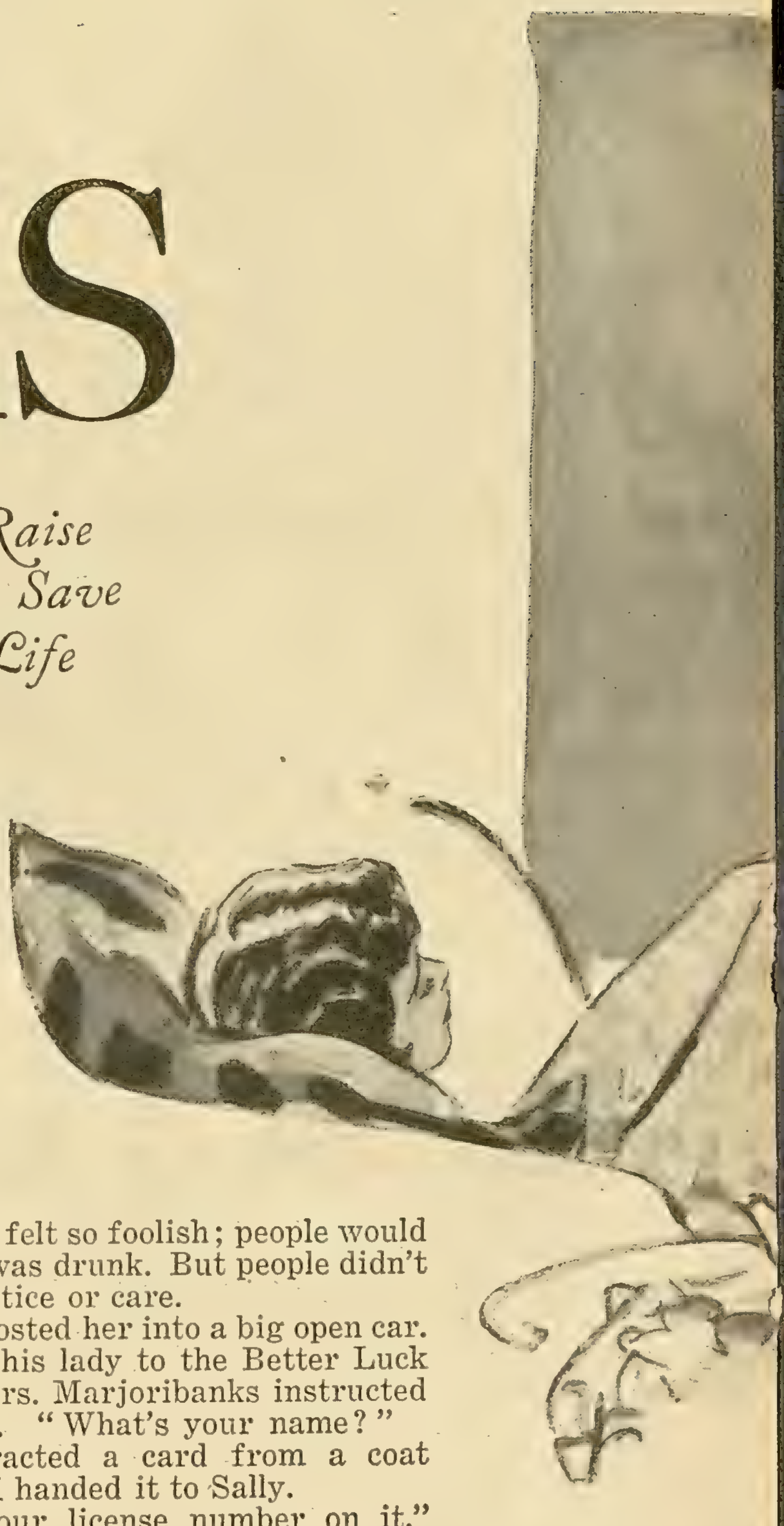
SIX WEEKS

A Bewildered Little Wife—How to Raise Five Million Dollars—Sally Fights to Save Ogden—Eve Gets the Shock of Her Life



(Reading time: 34 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is a story of hungry hearts in Reno. Eve McIntyre Ogden, calling herself Mrs. McIntyre, arrived at Better Luck Ranch, outside of Reno, to divorce Russell Ogden. There she formed a quick intimacy with Sally Marjoribanks, her cabin-mate, and made a discovery. Sally was about to divorce her husband and marry Russell! Later, overhearing Sally telephone from a speakeasy, Eve learned that Russell was Sally's banker, and about to fail. Eve fainted, regained consciousness, and resolved to tell a lie.

PART THREE—THE MAKING OF A PRUDE

"I'M all right," Eve gasped. "The altitude . . . my heart . . . Close in here. Outside . . . be all right!"

She tried to get up.

"Here!" Sally thrust her glass into Eve's hand.

Eve took the brandy in two gulps, coughed into her handkerchief. "That wasn't a small one." She tried to make light of it.

"Yours got knocked over," Sally said. "Better have another. Two large Hennessy," she instructed the disturbed waiter. His green-edged face and apron vanished.

"I'll get squiffy," Eve protested weakly.

"Nonsense. And it isn't stuffy in here. Put your head down between your knees a minute, close your eyes, and breathe."

Eve obeyed. In a whirling, uncertain universe she would have obeyed anyone so positive. She felt better in a minute, straightened up.

"Did I faint?" she asked weakly. "I hadn't done that in months."

"Not for long."

"I began feeling this way before we got to Cheyenne, coming out. I don't know why."

That was true enough. Her heart had been fast and irregular at times for three days.

The waiter plumped down two large brandies. "Take it right down, lady," he suggested. She took it right down. Things had lost their iridescent edges.

"So silly!" she rebuked herself, smiling wanly. "I'll run along to the lawyer's in a minute."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Sally. "I won't let you wander around Reno alone, and I can't go with you. I'm going to call a car and send you back to the ranch, and you're to go to bed and stay there until tomorrow."

"I'm perfectly all right," Eve protested. To prove it, she stood up, holding on to the table and the back of the chair. Her knees weren't perfectly all right. She sat down.

"Call a car," Sally instructed the waiter.

"There's a taxi stand right outside," he volunteered. He came around and got hold of Eve's other arm, and between him and Sally she marched, willy-nilly, to the door. She felt so foolish; people would think she was drunk. But people didn't seem to notice or care.

They boosted her into a big open car.

"Take this lady to the Better Luck Ranch," Mrs. Marjoribanks instructed the driver. "What's your name?"

He extracted a card from a coat pocket and handed it to Sally.

"Put your license number on it," she said crisply. He penciled it on.

"Now don't drive too fast," she said. "This lady is not feeling well, but she's not intoxicated, and you're to take her straight home. Understand?"

"Sure, lady."

"You're so kind," said Eve, dabbing at her eyes. She hated to lose sight of this sturdy, slim bark anchored so solidly in a tossing sea of uncertainty. It had been all she could do not to blurt out in the speakeasy: "I'm his wife. . . . I'm Russell Ogden's wife." What would have happened if she had? She shivered.

The driver took his instructions so literally that, by the time they were clear of the outskirts of Reno, Eve was ready to jump out of the car and run.

"WILL you go faster?" she pleaded, leaning forward. "I want to get home." A minute later she wished she hadn't said it.

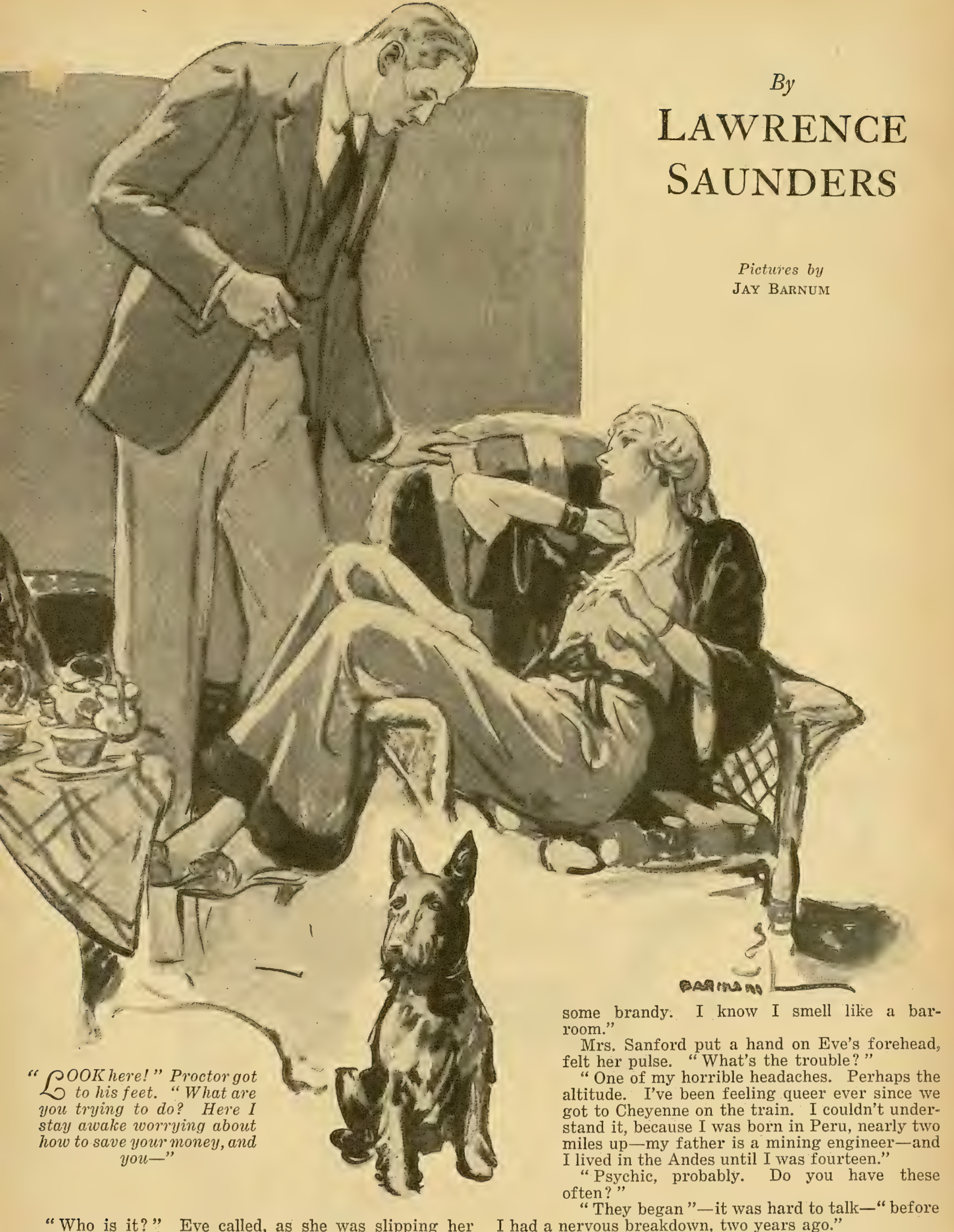
Alighting at Cabin Number Nine, she hoped no one would see her being helped in; they would think she was drunk. She handed the driver a five-dollar bill and a fifty-cent tip without asking his rate.

Inside, she walked uncertainly to the push button and rang for the house boy, sank into an armchair, and took off her hat. Her head was throbbing cruelly; there seemed to be a tight ring of hot iron around the back of her skull. She told Long to make up her bed, and then sent him to fill her ice bag. Two minutes after she had dismissed him finally, someone knocked.

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by
JAY BARNUM



"LOOK here!" Proctor got to his feet. "What are you trying to do? Here I stay awake worrying about how to save your money, and you—"

"Who is it?" Eve called, as she was slipping her nightgown over her head.

"Mrs. Sanford. May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Eve, and got into bed.

Mrs. Sanford's fine face was troubled.

"I'm not drunk," said Eve. It took an effort to smile. "I fainted in Reno, and Mrs. Marjoribanks gave me some brandy. I know I smell like a barroom."

Mrs. Sanford put a hand on Eve's forehead, felt her pulse. "What's the trouble?"

"One of my horrible headaches. Perhaps the altitude. I've been feeling queer ever since we got to Cheyenne on the train. I couldn't understand it, because I was born in Peru, nearly two miles up—my father is a mining engineer—and I lived in the Andes until I was fourteen."

"Psychic, probably. Do you have these often?"

"They began"—it was hard to talk—"before I had a nervous breakdown, two years ago."

The plump Mrs. Sanford sat on the edge of the armchair nearest the bed. "You don't look like a neurotic woman," she protested.

"I was never ill in my life until then."

"What caused it?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

"Why, I left my husband. We'd only been married a year, but— Then I had this breakdown—"

"And you have these headaches every time you get upset," Mrs. Sanford supplied.

"How did you know?"

"I was a trained nurse before I married 'Than. That was how I married him: he had a nervous breakdown and came to Dr. Haig. I was his special nurse. Now, my dear, I know what's the matter with you. Practically every woman of any sensibility who comes to this ranch has a collapse after she's been here a short time; it's the let-down after the strain of making up your mind to burn your bridges and get a divorce after all the hell you've been through."

"I have been through hell," said Eve weakly; "but I believe a lot of it was my own fault."

MRS. SANFORD was moving from window to window, pulling down the dark shades to exclude the glare; she left the window behind Eve's head open from the top. "Of course it was—it always is. You're just more honest than most women are with themselves. I'm going to give you a harmless bromide that will put you to sleep; and when you wake up, which oughtn't to be before tomorrow morning, you send for me and we'll talk this thing out and you'll feel better. Then I want you to get interested in the things that are going on all the time on the ranch. Do you ride?"

"Not since I was a child," said Eve.

"Well, you must. We send women, and men too, home stronger and saner than they've ever been in their lives. I'll speak to Joe Williams about your riding lessons. . . . Now you try to relax until I get back."

She returned, not too hurriedly, gave Eve a glass of bromide, bound her throbbing head with a wide bandage, adjusted the ice cap, leaned over and kissed her on one hot cheek.

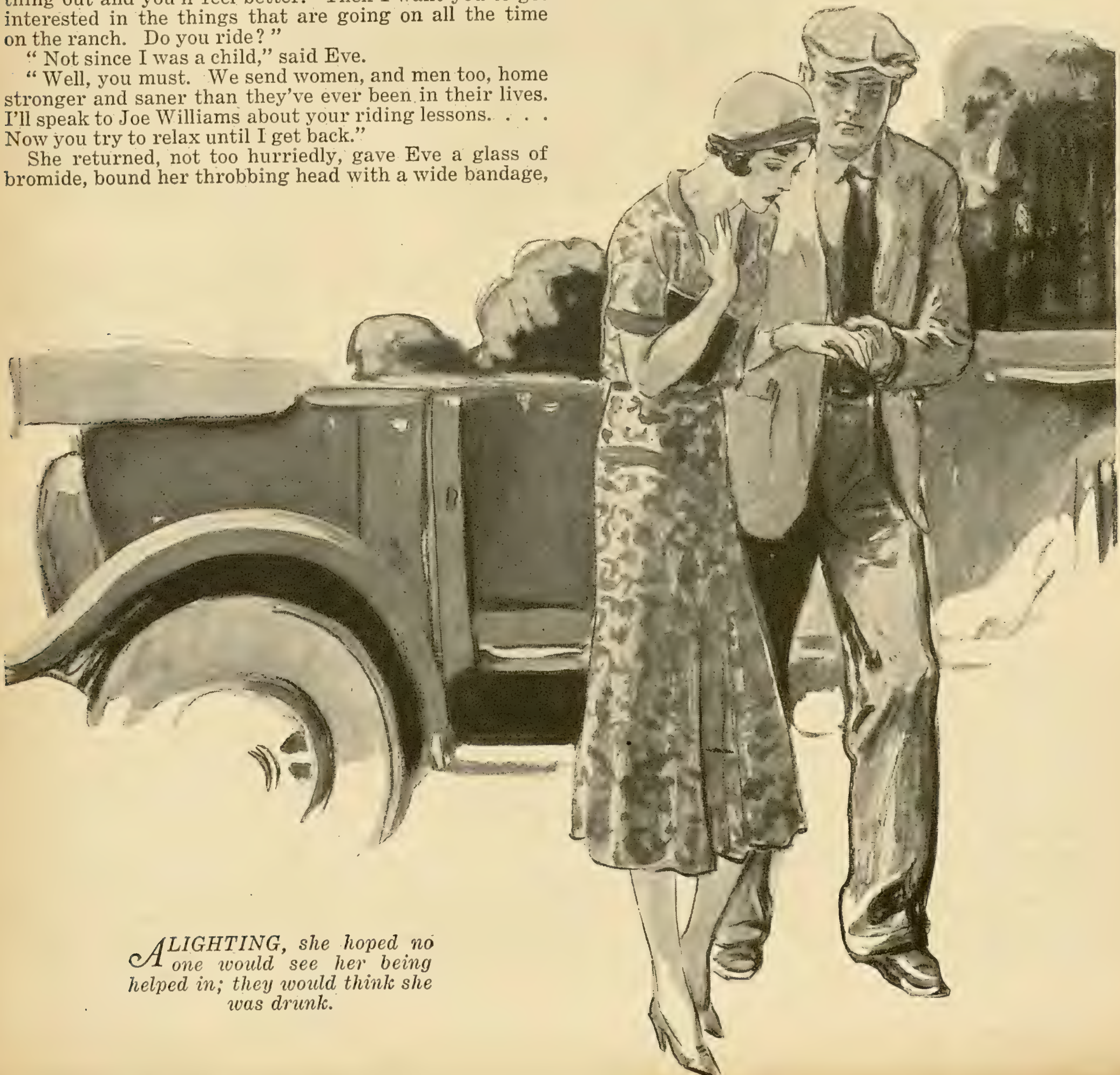
"I'll put Mrs. Marjoribanks in my room for the night, and I'll sleep in 'Than's," she said. "Your job now is to go to sleep and stay there."

The next Eve knew, the electric clock on the table read 7:15, and the sun was on the east side of the little house. Her head was muzzy, but the pain was gone. There was a pungent smell of wood smoke in the air. How clean and Western it smelled. She dozed off again. At five minutes after eleven she awoke again. She was hungry.

She rang for the house boy. Mrs. Sanford came with him, trim in dark blue georgette with white collars and cuffs, her silky white hair framing her handsome face. 'Than—her nickname for Jonathan Sanford—was certainly a fortunate man, Eve thought. Twenty-two years— Why must she always be torturing herself with comparisons of her own unhappy marriage?

"Now you pop in and wash your face and then get back into bed. Long will bring you a coddled egg, toast and butter, and some grand blueberry jam. He'll bring the tray in ten minutes and wait on you until I get back. I have to go inspect the meat that just came in; we raise our own sheep, but we buy beef from Kansas City."

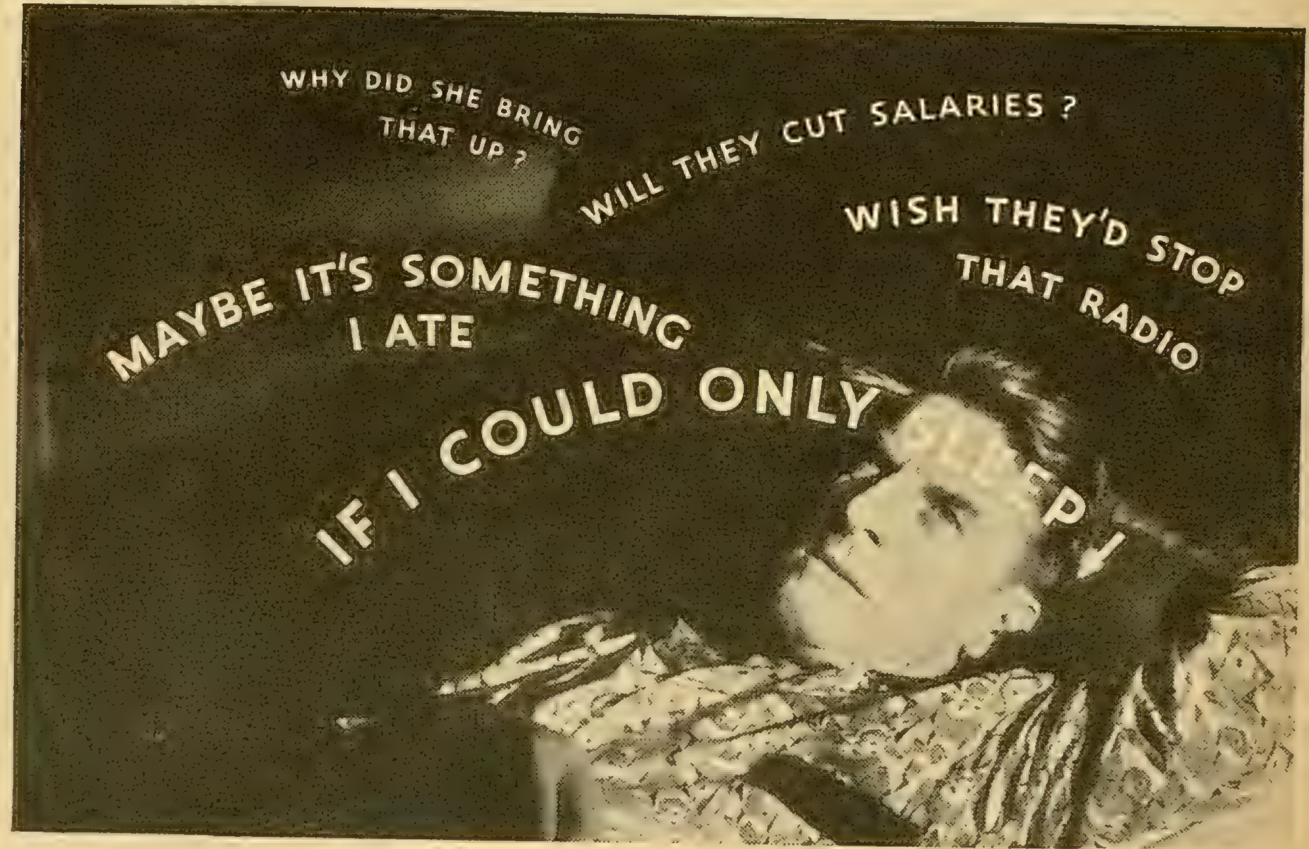
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



ALIGHTING, she hoped no one would see her being helped in; they would think she was drunk.

SOUND SLEEP

Instantly Tonight, Without Drugs


WHY DID SHE BRING THAT UP?
WILL THEY CUT SALARIES?
WISH THEY'D STOP THAT RADIO
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING I ATE
IF I COULD ONLY SLEEP!

STOP TOSSING AND LYING AWAKE LIKE THIS

Feel Like A New Person Tomorrow

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing! Those exaggerated worries that loom like mountains when you cannot get to sleep. How they sap your strength—unstring your nerves—and unfit you for your work.

Why suffer them any longer? Why endure the physical and mental handicaps they inevitably bring?

For 20,000 doctors will tell you that sleeplessness is needless folly now. Will tell you there is now a drugless way that brings you sleep—naturally, quickly.

It is a delicious food-drink that you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you give your child.

You fall asleep almost as soon as you touch the pillow. And you get 8 hours of sound, natural sleep.

Next morning you notice the difference the instant you arise from bed. You feel refreshed—rejuvenated. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far. No longer a prey to the worries that always seem so mountainous when your system is starved for sleep.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your nerves, your body, your tissues—during the hours you sleep.

Millions are now using this remarkable discovery. Millions are turning to it largely on doctors' advice. In fairness to yourself, your health, your nerves—try it without fail. See how quickly you fall asleep—how vastly refreshed you feel next morning.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. For, in addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains (in concentrated form) a natural vital property called "lecithin" which is an important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild worn-out nerve, brain and body cells as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—and helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight!

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries . . . *Try it and see for yourself.*

FALL ASLEEP AS SOON AS YOU GO TO BED

So start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

873-RA

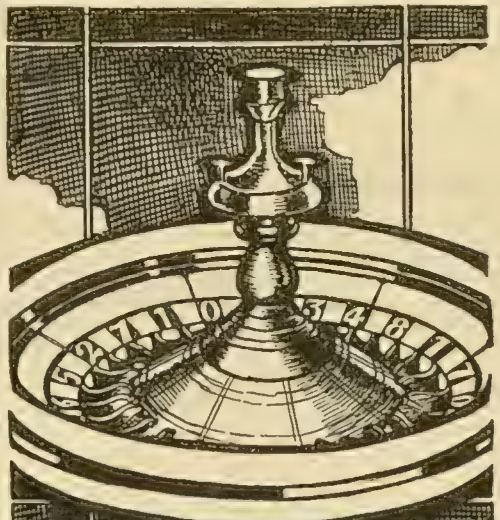
OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Eve amused herself with the idea of bringing meat from halfway across the continent to a place she had imagined beforehand as one vast cattle ranch. She had seen a lot of sheep on those gray-green hillsides, but very few cattle, on the ride to Reno yesterday. The thought of that ride brought back the worry that she had been pushing out of her conscious mind.

What had Sally done about her money? What was going to happen to Russell? She was torn between a desire to see Sally Marjoribanks and a shrinking from the ordeal of keeping up the lie she had been living for two days.

She set her little teeth firmly into the crisp toast; she must stop that worry before it got a strong hold this morning. After that first bite it was not hard to go on eating, until the last blueberry was gone from the crystal jam jar. Long converted the divan into a day bed again, and opened the hand trunk so that Eve could get out the new shantung dress and the tan suède sandals she had succumbed to on Fifth Avenue.



When Mrs. Sanford returned, at a quarter to twelve, Eve was propped up among the pillows on the divan, polishing her nails. It was something to do.

“I’ve got three-quarters of an hour before the lunch gong rings,” the hostess announced, settling herself in the armchair. “Now, youngster, tell me what’s on your mind.”

“Well, it’s pretty complicated,” Eve began, still polishing.

“Start at the beginning. You were born in the Andes, you lived there until you were fourteen, you came to the States to school. Did your mother come with you?”

“My mother died when my little brother was born. I was three. So did the baby, later.”

“What a pity! Did your father come back to the States with you?”

“He did, but he had to go right back. I’ve seen him only for a few weeks at a time in the last ten years. He’s grand, but he’s always so far away. He’s in Manchuria now. I worry about him a lot, but he seems to have a charmed life. He gets along well with the natives, wherever he is.”

“That speaks well for him. You speak well for him, too. I suppose he put you into boarding school.”

“Yes. My father’s aunts—my great-aunts—took charge of me and they picked the school. It was a good school, but not very practical for this age.”

“You are a quaint child, in some ways. You belong back in Robert Browning’s day. But I shouldn’t feel apologetic about that. It’s coming back into vogue.”

“It made a failure of my marriage,” Eve said bitterly.

“NOW let’s not get ahead of our story. Vacations, I suppose, you spent with your aunts. Where do they live? In Lancaster?”

“Yes. Mrs. Sanford—will you please not mention Lancaster when you’re talking about me to anyone, particularly to Mrs. Marjoribanks?”

“Of course I won’t; but why?”

“I’ll get to that later,” said Eve, laying down the buffer. “I went to a small denominational college my aunts picked out. It wasn’t coeducational.”

“I’m not sure that coeducation is the wisest thing, always,” said Mrs. Sanford. “But that’s neither here nor there.”

“It would have done me good, I think. I never had a beau until I was twenty and met Ruddy. Boys weren’t allowed to call at college, except by your parents’ written invitation.”

“That’s hard to believe,” Mrs. Sanford protested. “I should have thought the boys would have worn out your front stoop at home, anyway.”

“You don’t know my aunts,” said Eve eloquently. “Why, Aunt Lissie wouldn’t even let me room with another girl. She said: ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’”

“You can justify anything by misapplying St. Paul!”

“Aunt Lissie would have been a bigot if she had been brought up an infidel,” said Eve. “Anyway, I was in my junior year, at Easter holidays in 1928, and for once they let me come home alone. Aunt Edna was ill and Aunt Lissie couldn’t get away to fetch me. I missed a train in Philadelphia and stayed overnight with a girl in Germantown, and met Ruddy. I suppose you’d call it love at first sight. We ran away to get married in June—the week before commencement. He had come to see me at school three times; he had to pretend to be the cousin of the girl in Germantown—she was his brother Elliott’s sweetheart.” She halted stricken with a thought: Sally knew Marge Ogden, Ruddy’s sister-in-law, well, she had said. Marjory must have talked to her about Eve.

“Go on, dear,” Mrs. Sanford prompted. “Tell me about Mr. McIntyre.”

“His name isn’t McIntyre,” Eve stammered. “McIntyre’s my own name. His name is Russell Ogden. Please, Mrs. Sanford, you won’t tell anyone until I’ve been here six weeks and my suit is filed?”

“CERTAINLY not, if you ask it. But why?”

“I don’t want publicity. The papers would make a lot out of it. You see, Ruddy is a member of the firm of—his people have been private bankers in Philadelphia for three generations. And he was a pretty wild young man. I really didn’t believe that when I eloped with him, although Marjory warned me. Anyway, the papers called him a ‘Millionaire Playboy’ when we eloped. Aunt Lissie nearly died of shame, though they never did connect me with Lancaster, because I gave Pico de Plata, Peru, as my home address when we were married in Maryland; one of the cheap papers even called me a Peruvian heiress.

“Well, we went to Quebec and Montreal, and when we came back to Philadelphia I didn’t know a thing about keeping house, because the old servants at Lancaster wouldn’t let me lift a hand at practical things when I was home from school. So we lived in an apartment hotel.”

“Your aunts appear to have spent a lot of thought on preparing you to be unhappy,” said Mrs. Sanford dryly. “I should say you were a born housewife—and I think that’s a woman’s highest calling, when it includes having children.”

“I haven’t any children,” said Eve.

“You’ve lots of time. Weren’t you and Ruddy happy at first?”

“I was, in most ways, and I think he was—except—”

Could she put it into bald words?

“Except— Well, I don’t suppose,” said Eve slowly, avoiding Mrs. Sanford’s eyes, “that a girl ever went into marriage with less preparation; you’d never believe how ignorant I was of—things that children are told about from their cradles these days.”

Mrs. Sanford shook her head. “It hardly seems credible in the third decade of the twentieth century, but you’d be amazed how often I meet women like that. There must be hundreds of thousands. About one out of five who talk to me out here admit it. But it is rare to find it in a girl under thirty. You were born when?”

“October, 1907.”

“You came to the States in 1921. The facts of life had been discovered before that, certainly. How did you get your early schooling? Perhaps that would account for it—being in South America.”

“There was always a school for the white children in camp. When we were at Pico de Plata—that was the last four years I was down there—the wife of the stamp-mill superintendent had been a school-teacher, and she was really good. I got a fine groundwork from her.”

“Which didn’t include any instruction in sex matters?”

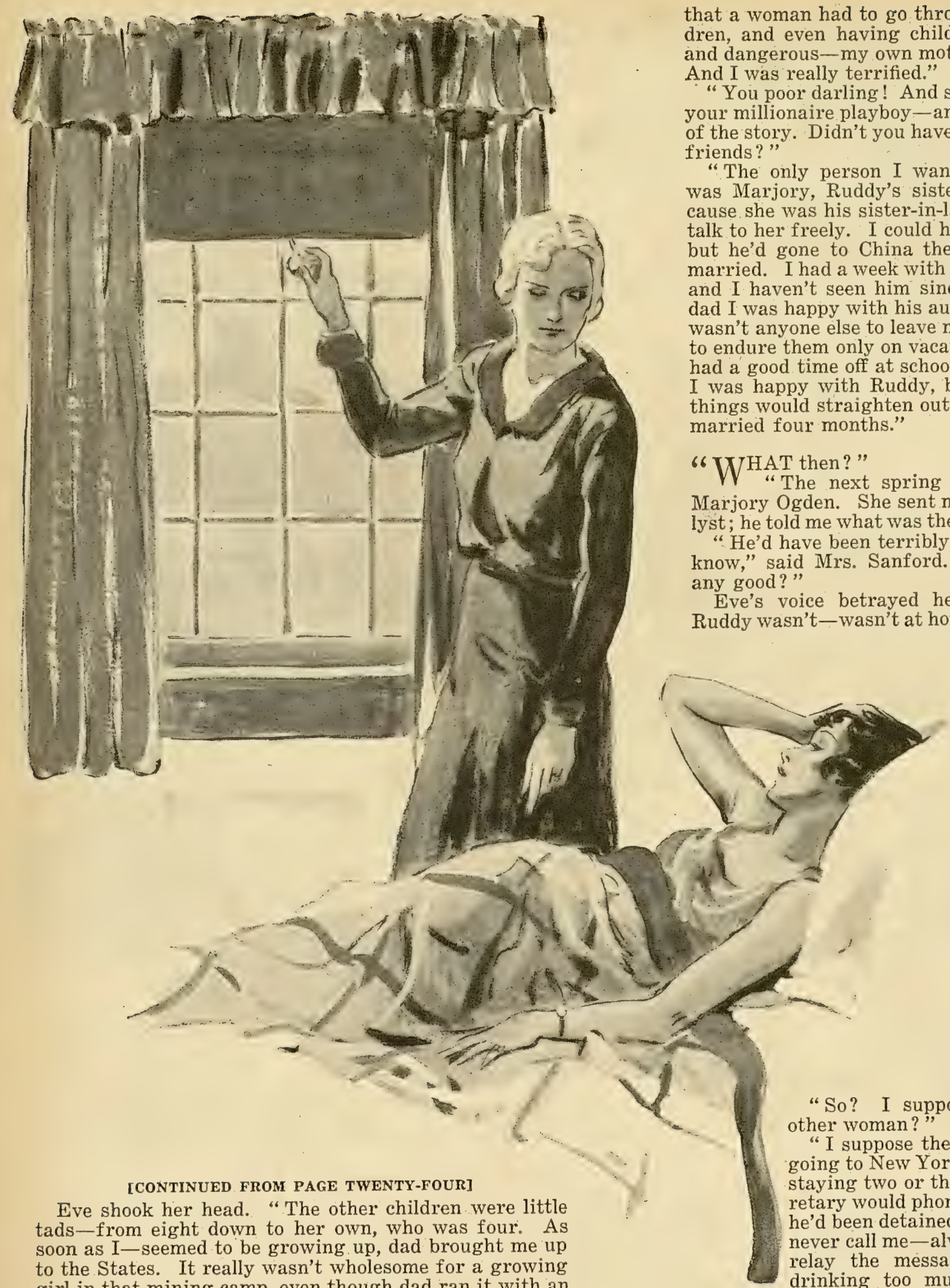
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Keep an eye on your wife

SOMETIMES appearance is deceiving. That's why we suggest that you keep an eye on your wife. Possibly she isn't as happy as she seems. Sometime you may catch her when she's off guard and surprise a little wistful look on her face. Is she worrying about you? After all, most wives are loyal and proud, and rather reluctant to speak up. This may be miles from the fact—but there's a chance she's distressed because you aren't as careful about shaving as you were in times past. Of course this suggestion is selfish on our part, but nevertheless a valuable hint. We urge you to be particular in the blade you choose and the way you use it. Today Gillette is offering a far superior razor blade. It makes frequent, close shaving comfortable and reasonably pleasant. Try it on our guarantee. Buy a package and use two blades. If you don't agree every shave is free from harshness and irritation—however tender your skin—return the package to your dealer and get your money back.

Gillette

RAZORS Gillette BLADES



"I HAVE been through hell," said Eve weakly; "but I believe a lot of it was my own fault."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Eve shook her head. "The other children were little tads—from eight down to her own, who was four. As soon as I—seemed to be growing up, dad brought me up to the States. It really wasn't wholesome for a growing girl in that mining camp, even though dad ran it with an iron hand. He let me stay a year after he decided it was time for me to go to school in the States, because we were so fond of each other. Dad's grand."

"I SHOULD think he would have seen to your instruction in such an important thing," Mrs. Sanford reflected aloud; "a man with a scientific mind—"

"He expected the aunts to take care of that. But Aunt Lissie is so inhibited, so prudish—"

"But surely, in a boarding school and a girls' college—you must have learned something."

"I did, but they were the wrong things. Girls who giggled in corners and had crushes on movie actors just disgusted me. Aunt Lissie did lecture me on sex, every summer, but she made it out to be an unpleasant business that a woman had to go through to have children, and even having children was terrible and dangerous—my own mother, for example. And I was really terrified."

"You poor darling! And so you eloped with your millionaire playboy—and I know the rest of the story. Didn't you have any older women friends?"

"The only person I wanted to confide in was Marjory, Ruddy's sister-in-law, but because she was his sister-in-law I just couldn't talk to her freely. I could have talked to dad, but he'd gone to China the fall after I was married. I had a week with him in New York, and I haven't seen him since. I always told dad I was happy with his aunts, because there wasn't anyone else to leave me with, and I had to endure them only on vacations, and I really had a good time off at school. And I told him I was happy with Ruddy, because I thought things would straighten out. We hadn't been married four months."

"WHAT then?"

"The next spring I broke down to Marjory Ogden. She sent me to a psychoanalyst; he told me what was the matter with me."

"He'd have been terribly dense if he didn't know," said Mrs. Sanford. "Did it do you any good?"

Eve's voice betrayed her misery. "No. Ruddy wasn't—wasn't at home much by then."

"So? I suppose there was another woman?"

"I suppose there was. He began going to New York unexpectedly and staying two or three days. His secretary would phone me next day that he'd been detained on business. He'd never call me—always her, and she'd relay the message. And he was drinking too much. Then he got into the habit of going away weekends; entertaining customers, he said. Finally he didn't even bother to explain. He kept a bag packed at the office, so I couldn't do even that for him. I was perfectly useless to him, except when he wanted to establish his respectability with conventional business men and their wives."

"It's too bad you didn't have a baby."

"I wanted one, but Ruddy didn't."

"It is too bad you didn't have something to interest—"

"Finally I went back to the psychoanalyst—he'd studied in Vienna and was supposed to be very good; at least, he had a lot of wealthy women clients. He said I ought to have experience with a different type of man, who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

At these smoke peaks

...MORE SPUDS MEAN MOUTH-HAPPINESS

Bridge Table . . . Concentration . . . silence . . . serious smoking . . . lots of cigarettes! There's another smoke peak where you need cool, clean taste . . . Spud's mouth-happiness.

Tense Session . . . When excitement crowds fast . . . cigarettes crowd too! A real heavy spot. You'll need the moist-cool, clean taste of Spud's lusty tobacco flavor.

Lively Party . . . One o'clock in the morning! What wouldn't you give for a cool, clean mouth! It's yours, if you smoke Spud, the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) · THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page twenty-six

would teach me—" She halted, laughed unsteadily.

"And he offered himself as the teacher?" Mrs. Sanford prompted grimly. "I know 'em."

Eve nodded. "So that was out. And then Ruddy went away and forgot our first wedding anniversary, and it just crystallized the hopelessness of the situation for me, and I went back to Lancaster. I meant to stay only until he came for me." Her voice dwindled away again.

"And didn't he?"

"He did, as soon as he found my note, but I'd gone on Thursday and he didn't come home and find it until Tuesday. He drove right over, but by that time I was—I had a complete nervous breakdown. Aunt Lissie had badgered me so, day and night, for marrying this 'drunken wastrel,' as she called him, that I—I suppose I was ready to blow up, anyway. I just went all to pieces. I—they thought I'd lost my mind for a while. They didn't even tell me Ruddy had come. I got it out of Aunt Edna months later, in Bermuda. Aunt Lissie had the doctor forbid him to see me; they told him it might be fatal if I were excited, and perhaps they were right. I was certainly a wreck—I got down to ninety-eight pounds. They sent me to Bermuda in September; Aunt Edna went with me. We stayed until the next May, and I got well. Bermuda's just heaven. I visited around last summer and fall in Washington and out in Pennsylvania. But it got terribly boresome. I hope I never have to play another game of bridge in my life." She halted, making a rueful face.

"Where are you going after you get your decree?"

"I thought I might go on to San Francisco and take a boat to Hawaii and Japan and China. Dad won't let me come up where he is, but he'll come down to the coast and meet me."

"That's something to look forward to. What decided you to come to Reno finally?"

"My husband asked me to."

"What grounds are you giving?"

"I was on my way to see Judge Obee yesterday—my attorney in Lancaster recommended him and wrote to him. As soon as he replied I went to New York and shopped two days and took the train. If Ruddy wanted a divorce, I couldn't wait to give it to him."

"DID your husband say why he wanted a divorce?"

"He wanted a chance to try over. He wants to marry—" She halted.

"You don't know whom?"

Eve hesitated. She couldn't make herself tell that. She avoided a direct lie. "I don't really care much," she said defiantly.

"In two years of traveling around, it seems to me you might have met a man—"

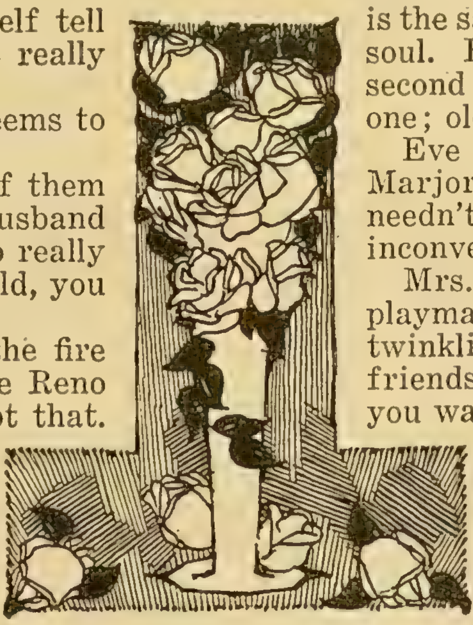
"There were plenty of men, but most of them thought that a woman who had left her husband was easy game. If I had found a man who really interested me that way—but the burnt child, you know."

"The burnt child often jumps out of the fire into the frying pan, darling. Look at the Reno divorce and marriage records, if you doubt that. About one in five is married before he or she leaves Reno, or is going straight home to a new one."

"Perhaps I ought to look around," said Eve, trying to make light of it, not very successfully.

"Why don't you hold Rush Taylor to his offer?" asked Mrs. Sanford, teasing. She was getting up to go. Not a word said yet about the problem of sharing this cabin for six weeks with your husband's betrothed. Nothing about Ruddy's financial crisis.

Eve wondered why she should take that so to heart. She hadn't accepted a penny of his money since she had left him; why should she worry about his fortune? Perhaps it was because she couldn't imagine his getting along without a lot of money. It meant so much to him! It meant very little to her; she got along nicely on the five hundred dollars her father's bank credited to her each month; saved some.



"What does a divorce cost in Reno?" she asked suddenly, reminded that she hadn't discussed fees with the Reno lawyer, being so eager to get her divorce under way.

"Whatever your lawyer thinks the bank roll will bear. The filing fee is only thirty dollars for an uncontested divorce, and not long ago one of the newspapers said the average cost was only one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but I think that's propaganda. I've heard of at least one man who paid two hundred thousand dollars for his, just to the lawyers."

"Merciful heavens!"

"Oh, well, he was rich and anxious. One of my waitresses got her decree, lawyer's fee and all, for eighty dollars she saved working for me. Isn't your husband going to pay for yours?"

"I'd rather he didn't. I don't want a penny from him; I failed at my job; why should I be rewarded for it?"

"Well, I am glad to hear at least one woman agree with me about alimony. If you knew what I know about some of these cheating, scheming, mercenary little wretches—"

"My father taught me to pay for my own mistakes."

"I'd like to know your father. Well, child, I think you're feeling better—"

"Oh, much!" said Eve.

"I MUST go see that my children put on their bibs and eat their spinach. They're a temperamental twenty-four."

Eve pulled down the silver head and kissed one pink, dimpled cheek. "You're a darling," she said unsteadily.

"Ever read murder mysteries?" Mrs. Sanford asked briskly.

"Oh, yes! Sherlock Holmes and Mary Roberts Rinehart and Poe."

"I'll send you a grand new one. Part of my prescription for this afternoon. And if you're a good girl and don't think about your troubles, at four o'clock I'll bring company to tea."

"Oh, who?"

"Two gentlemen who have been plaguing me for hourly bulletins about you. Mr. Proctor and Mr. Taylor. You've been here two days and you have two conquests already. But you don't care for men?"

"Oh, but I didn't say that," Eve protested, confused.

Mrs. Sanford pinched her cheek. "Of course you didn't," she rallied. "Never fib to Ma Sanford; she knows better. If those two were courting me I shouldn't know which to take. Mr. Proctor's young and stunning, but I don't know much about him yet. Mr. Taylor is the salt of the earth—an acid tongue but a sweet soul. He has lots of money, if you want a wealthy second husband. I really think he'd make a grand one; old bachelors so often do."

Eve chose to change the subject. "Tell Mrs. Marjoribanks, will you, that I'm all right. She needn't have stayed away last night; I'm sorry I inconvenienced her."

Mrs. Sanford turned in the doorway. "Your playmate didn't come home last night," she said, twinkling. "Mr. Proctor said she was out with friends, and not to worry. I'll be back at four; if you want me before, just phone the office."

Eve, lying on the divan, propped up so that she could look out at the low mountains, gray green against the hazy turquoise sky, tried to reconcile her emotions with logic. Did she want Ruddy Ogden back? Poor or rich, it didn't make much difference—if she did. He seemed to have a grip on her deep down inside; her instinctive reactions, such as that one in the speakeasy when Sally divulged that the Ogden bank might fail, were all for protecting him, mothering him, fighting for him. But did she want to be his wife again?

If she didn't want him back, why should she be resenting Sally's presence here, Sally's nonchalance about Ruddy? Perhaps it was pride. It was pretty hard to hear a woman say that she might pick up the husband you couldn't hold, if she made up her mind she wanted him.

Long brought the book, a thermos jug of hot chicken bouillon, and a sealed tin of English biscuit. "For if get hongry before tea," he explained. Halfway through the book, she tested the bouillon and sipped two cups of it; fell asleep. At five minutes past four, voices and laughter outside, a timid rap, roused her.

"Come back in ten minutes," she called out.

She hurried into her dressing room, flung off the shantung dress, and donned her best pyjamas, flattering as she knew they were—black-eyed Susans scattered over pale yellow crêpe. A hasty brush made her hair shine, her cheeks were flushed with rest and sleep, her eyes were big and clear. She was back on the divan, looking very fresh and dewy, when the knock came again.

The two men came in, looking rather glum. Behind them marched the perennially grinning Long, a florist's box under each arm.

Rush Taylor made a grave gesture toward the China boy. "The wise man of the East, bearing gifts," he said.

"Oh, open them!" Eve sat up.

In each box were two dozen Talisman roses. Eve gathered the whole forty-eight, damp as they were, into her arms.

"There was a fire sale on pinto roses in Reno," said Thurston acidly.

Eve giggled, laughed aloud. Men were such babies! Why should either of them resent it because the other had brought the same flowers?

"I never had enough Talismans before," she protested. "How could both of you know that they were my positively favorite rose?"

"I asked the florist for flowers suitable for a sweet lady who would faint in a speakeasy," said Taylor grumpily.

PROCTOR grinned. "I got the last he had—and it was the same florist. I didn't know what Talisman roses were, but they sounded swell over the phone."

"Sit down, you lambs," said Eve. "You're both trying to make me believe you never sent flowers to a girl before."

They sat down in the two easy-chairs.

"This reminds me of the ash-tray story," said Taylor gloomily. "I was always complaining to my second wife that there weren't enough ash trays in the house. The first birthday I had after we were married, she told a few friends to send me ash trays. I got one hundred and forty-six, most of them from the ten-cent store, and one hand-painted cuspidor."

"That's ample grounds for divorce," Proctor said, grinning.

"Oh, she died, like the first one. It's the third I'm divorcing now."

Proctor's expression was so blank that Eve laughed.

"He's never had a wife in his life," she scoffed.

"I've had dozens of them," Taylor protested, getting up to admit Long, puffing under a tray. "Ah, the little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now correct this mistake before it's too late

MON.
TUES.
WED.

Dingy Yellow Teeth are NOT Natural as You'll Discover in 3 days!

BELIEVE in what you see. But don't for a moment think that you must go through life with yellow, offensive looking teeth simply because faithful care has failed to make them white and attractive. That's a mistake too many make and they suffer the consequences.

Years of research have been rewarded by the discovery of a wonderful technique that does what ordinary brushing cannot do. Try it—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Scrub teeth vigorously, morning and night. Overnight you'll see a distinct improvement. And in 3 days you'll discover that dingy, yellow teeth are not natural. Your teeth will look 3 shades whiter!

Kolynos is absolutely unique. It contains two ingredients that set it apart from other preparations. One—a powerful cleansing agent—literally foams over the teeth and into every crevice, removing debris, erasing ugly tartar and washing away stain. Then the second ingredient strikes at the very source of most tooth and gum troubles. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and cause discoloration, decay and gum diseases. Tests show that Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds and protects the mouth for 3 hours.

In this way Kolynos easily and quickly cleans teeth right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel, without injury. Stimulates gums. And leaves the mouth cleaner and fresher than ever before.

Remember: Yellowish, off-color teeth are unnatural. Change over to Kolynos—a half-inch of this scientific dental cream on a dry brush, morning and night—and you'll see proof in 3 days. Buy a tube of Kolynos today.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page twenty-nine

pink cakes,” Taylor purred. “The little pink cakes Mrs. Sanford bakes! That woman could be my fourth wife if I weren’t already promised!”

“She’s safely married,” Eve protested.

“No woman is safely married until she’s under a tombstone built for two,” said Taylor positively.

“Missy Molchbank just come back,” Long volunteered, when he had uncovered and arranged the tea things to his satisfaction.

“Go ask her to come right over,” said Eve. “And Mr. Sturges, too.”

“Another budding romance?” Taylor commented rashly.

“They’ve been out with a party of friends,” Eve volunteered, and then wondered why she should protect Sally’s reputation, when Sally evidently didn’t give a hang about it. Before the silence had again become embarrassing, the lady was at the door. On a leash was a grizzled Scottish terrier.

“Hi Tommy,” said Proctor. “So you would eat candy, would you?”

“You would feed him sticky messes, you mean,” Sally amended. “How are you feeling, Eve?”

“Mrs. Marjoribanks, may I present Mr. Taylor—Rush Taylor? I’m all right now, thanks.”

Sally, unsnapping the dog’s leash, laid a cool hand on Eve’s forehead, patted her cheek. Tommy Tucker waddled gravely over to the divan, wagged his tail tentatively, woofed once.

“Bless its darling heart,” Eve exulted. “Love at first sight!”

“Pour me some tea, Prock, while I change, will you?” Sally said. “I’ve been playing roulette all night and I look like something the cat dragged in. Sit down, Mr. Taylor.”

NEXT WEEK—

Are We Ready for War with Japan?

What the situation in Manchuria means to the United States

By

General William Mitchell

Former Commander Air Forces A. E. F.

Also stories and articles by

Franklin D. Roosevelt—Frank E. Verney—Alice Williamson—Jackson V. Scholz—Rosita Forbes

“Playing roulette until four o’clock in the afternoon?” Thurston inquired tartly.

“Oh, no. We stopped about seven o’clock and had ham and eggs, and then we all drove out to the hot springs and had a bathe and a sun bath and a snooze. Very tricky out there: lots of nice little cabins, with private yards and a plunge pool in each. They call it Hangover City. You ought to go, Prock, and boil yourself out.”

Thurston shook his head. “I’m a bachelor, don’t forget. People might talk.”

“I THINK I’ll be tottering along,” said Taylor. “If you’re still at home tomorrow afternoon, Mrs. McIntyre, I’d like to come over and read a few chapters from the Bible to you.”

“Just so it’s not anything by St. Paul,” Sally admonished, on the way out. “I’m trying to make a sinner out of Eve. She’s never had any fun.”

What a thing to say! These people talked like no one she’d ever been around.

“Not fleeing from the scarlet woman, are you, Mr. Taylor?” Sally called back from the dressing room. “Sit down. You haven’t even had any tea.”

“Never drink the stuff. I’ll eat a pink cake—two pink cakes—and then I’ve got to go finish an article and get it into the night mail. I’m a working man.”

“What’s it about? Reno?”

“It’s called ‘Ladies on the Loose,’” said Taylor.

“You’d better stay and get ideas,” Sally shot back. “Mr. Proctor can give you a whole chapter.”

“Now, Sadie, don’t be funny, or I will,” Proctor threatened.

“Heaven forbid! Hold everything, Mr. Taylor! I’m dressing up and I want all the seats filled when I make my entrance. And don’t Sadie me, young fellow!”

Proctor poured the tea.

When Sally came in, even Eve sat up. The white-gold hair was artfully tousled over the green eyes; the Dianesque body accented by the long tailored lines of the turquoise satin pyjamas, over which she wore a short jacket of two-toned apricot chiffon, with half sleeves; on her slim bare feet were mules of gold mesh with blue leather straps.

“Darling!” Eve applauded. The two men simply stared.

“Little thing I picked up in the gutter,” said Sally in her mock Mayfair manner, taking a cup of tea from Proctor’s hand. “Sit down, Mr. Taylor.”

“I’m on my way by leaps and bounds,” said the humorist. “One more look at you and I won’t be able to work for weeks.”

“Vulgar but nice,” said Sally, bowing.

Taylor bent over Eve’s hand and kissed it, actually with grace.

“Do come in tomorrow,” she told him. “I’ll be bored with reading.”

“I’ll make sure of it by bringing you a book of mine,” he said. “See all of you later.”

“Where’s Lorrie?” Proctor asked, as the door closed behind Taylor.

SALLY threw her legs over the arm of the chair and lighted a cigarette. “*Chez vous.* We’re going out to dinner and get revenge.”

“Revenge for what?”

“For the twelve thousand dollars I lost last night. Lorrie was about forty dollars ahead.”

“Look here!” Proctor got to his feet. “What are you trying to do—fiddle while Rome burns? Here I stay awake half the night worrying about how to save your lousy money, and you—”

“Pipe down!” Sally flared. “What do you know about what I was doing?”

Eve, embarrassed, kept very still, like Br’er Rabbit. She couldn’t volunteer to leave, so she listened, closing her eyes in pretended indifference, watching them through her lashes.

“Did you telephone your lawyers?” Proctor demanded. “Have you written them? No, of course you haven’t! You went out and got drunk, like any second-rater.”

“I do not get drunk, and you know it,” Sally snapped, nostrils dilated, eyes cold as jade. “I did not telephone nor write because I happened to be working to save the bacon, as you elegantly put it.”

“You were?” Proctor scoffed. “Trying to win the five million at roulette?”

“If you’ll be civil, I’ll tell you about it. Go back in the dressing room and bring my gray silk bag.”

He got up gloomily, brought the purse, tossed it into her lap, and resumed his seat, like a cinnamon bear in a sulk. Sally brought a yellow telegram out of the purse and handed it to him. “Russell’s licked,” she said. “The Chicago deal is off.”

Proctor scanned the message. “He doesn’t say it’s all up,” he demurred.

“Naturally, he’s not that indiscreet. But that’s what he means. Unless his brother or the old gentleman comes through—or unless I do.”

“You? Where are you going to get five million dollars? That’s the minimum, remember; it may take more.”

Sally made him wait for her answer, regarding him with a lazy smile. “Right here in Reno.”

“Banana oil!”

“Are you punning? Because you hit it—banana oil upon the troubled waters!”

Proctor, staring at her, whistled softly.

“You’re certainly a fast worker, Sadie,” he said with grudged admiration. “If I had your brass conscience I’d own the country in ten years.”

“Why should it involve my conscience?”

Proctor snorted. “Not at all, not at all! He’ll put up the money because it’s good business. Or let’s say he’s a

Boy Scout, like me, just yearning to do a good deed for a damsel in distress, so she can save her boy friend's bacon! Yeah?"

"Suppose you don't throw any stones, Mr. Goldfish. It could be good business. If Russell was going to give away the bank to the Chicago people, why shouldn't he give it to us? You know how much the good will of the firm, alone, is worth in normal times. We could take in two others for a million apiece—"

"So I'm in on this, too? Thanks."

Sally got up, impatient. "Come on with me, and we'll telephone Russell. It's five here; that's seven there, isn't it? He'll be at the hotel, packing. Tell him you and Lorimer and I will try to get up a syndicate."

"So I'm the chaperon, am I? For how much? A million?"

"Five million was all he was after in Chicago."

Proctor considered it in silence. He took out an envelope and a pencil, figured intently.

"I'm throwing in the widow's mite," Sally volunteered casually. "I can take nearly a million off the books, even in this market. I might get thirty cents on the dollar if they went boom. So I'm not such a philanthropist. It's a good gamble. I can always pick up a living, anyway."

"By golly, you're a game goose. Let's go phone to Ogden."

He had reached the door, following Sally, before he remembered Eve. She had been lying so still, making herself so small on the big divan, that she believed him when he said: "Do you know, I forgot you were there! Will you excuse me? You don't feel like going out to dinner tonight?"

"I'm afraid not. You go along; I'll be around for six weeks. If I'm all well, you can take me for an airing tomorrow if you want to."

"THAT'S a promise. By the way, I just bought a little car. Any time you want it—"

"You're sweet," said Eve.

Taylor had kissed her right hand. Proctor captured the left hand, raised it to his lips, strode out after Sally.

Here I am, as usual, left in the corner, Eve said to herself. They kiss my hands and treat me like—like Little Eva. I can't even understand half they're saying. Sally thinks Sturges and Proctor can save Ruddy's firm with a syndicate, whatever that is. Ruddy will lose out, anyway. Lose out in money or lose out in love?

A firm rap on the door broke off her musing. "Come in," Eve called out, thinking it would be the house boy for the tray. It was Lorimer Sturges.

"If you're feeling well enough, Mrs. Ogden," he said, "I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes."

He called her Mrs. Ogden! How had he learned her name, and did he come as friend or enemy?

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Why I Want an

(Reading time: 9 minutes 5 seconds.)

I HAVE no difficulty thinking up indispensable qualifications for the young man I'd like my daughter to marry. A combination of Abraham Lincoln, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Galahad, and Einstein wouldn't be too much for me to ask. Mothers have no false modesty.

Nothing is too good for the adorable one. Nothing is good enough. It is doubtful if the paragon exists—could exist—to whom, without a tremor, I would confide my daughter.

It is still presumed, in spite of our advanced twentieth-century standards, that a bride is a virgin. Which brings me to my first qualification for the young man I should like my daughter to marry. As he (I hope) will expect her to be chaste, so do I hope he will be.

I'm not trying to be extraordinary nor sensational—not even funny, though it may sound so. I seriously mean it. Whenever I think of the young man my daughter is to marry, a strange feeling of wistfulness invades me and I (who never pray) want to cry, " O God, let him be a clean young man! "

Funny. I don't understand it myself. I admit it isn't a reasoned conviction. It's deeper than that.

But it isn't all vague, instinctive, yearning mother love. I can produce quite presentable arguments to support my position.

For one thing, we seem to have come to the parting of the ways on the double standard. The younger generation has, in its inimitably casual way, relegated that to the scrap heap of outworn moralities. " The double standard? " exclaims the young girl of today. " How quaint! Of course there can be only one standard for both sexes. And the man's seems far the pleasanter! "

And they're not merely talking.

It's quite true that the double standard no longer holds water. It was based on the theory that masculine passions are stronger and more uncontrollable than feminine, a theory which biologists and psychologists have exploded. So we've been abruptly faced with the question, " Of the two standards, which? "

But I'm not so sure that the answer is, " Why, the man's, of course." There are still a few words to be said for chastity.

Half a dozen " nice " girls from our best schools and colleges recently expressed to me their views on this subject. Their code seemed to be: That a serious love affair, where marriage was impossible or indefinitely postponed, excused intimacy; that no one would think any less of a girl who, in these circumstances, gave herself to her lover; that even a second affair might be permissible; but a third began to look like promiscuity—and the promiscuous girl was a fool. Not bad; a fool.

Not very different from a decent boy's standards, are they?

At all events, I know that many mothers feel as I do. I've heard them—timidly—express the same desire. Timidly, because women have been brought up on the belief that it's beyond human nature for a man to cling to chastity past a very early age. Besides, why should he? In a man-made world, that's one of the prerogatives men have known how to put over.

But now that this question has been put to them in a new light, many men who really want to be fair have come to the point of saying, " Oh, well, then, let women have the same liberties we have."

A lot of men have come to that.

But there's still the other solution—the feminine standard of chastity before marriage and fidelity after—the one-man, one-woman idea. That wasn't impossible for women. Is it for men?

I know a number of men who believe in it—not only in theory but in honest everyday practice. I know plenty of men—and so do you—who are faithful after marriage. And I believe we both know a few who, from some deep inner compulsion, remain celibate until marriage.

nkissed Son-in-Law

One Mother's Idea of an Ideal Marriage
Do You Agree with Her?

By

MARIE BEYNON RAY

Picture by B. LATHAM KIDDER

B. LATHAM KIDDER

Whenever I think of the young man my daughter is to marry, a feeling of wistfulness invades me.

It isn't so long ago that one of the finest men I know—with any amount of sex appeal, too—said to me: "I was twenty-eight when I married—and I've never been intimate, in that sense, with any woman but my wife. There were times when it was hell, but it was worth it. We've been married fifteen years and I'm still in love with her. Both of these experiences are pretty rare. Perhaps they have something to do with each other. She still has for me more mystery and seduction than any strange woman could possibly have. She alone is Woman to me."

It's that type of man, rather than the man of innumerable affairs, who, it seems to me, is the Great Lover.

Many men will go halfway on this. While believing that chastity before marriage is quixotic (for men), they will admit that fidelity after marriage is highly desirable.

I talked the other day with such a man. An author, a playwright, an editor. A brilliant man. The husband of a brilliant woman, also an author and a playwright. The father of a son and daughter who doubtless will also be brilliant.

"I don't want to be faithful to my wife," he said. "I constantly desire to be unfaithful. Any man who says he's never been tempted to have an affair with a pretty, charming woman, other than his wife, is a liar. If he isn't a liar, he's undersexed. All right: I want to be unfaithful, but I'm not. Why? Because I love my wife more than I desire other women. If I went with other women, it would hurt her. And I won't hurt her."

That's about the way most decent husbands look at it, I imagine. But this same man could see no point in practicing abstinence before marriage.

THOSE girls I talked with—"disillusioned," they called themselves.

"Do you believe in love?" I asked them.

They smiled tolerantly.

"Romance is rot, if that's what you mean," they said. "One might as well face the facts."

"And what are the facts?" I asked.

"Sex," they answered. "It's ridiculous to dress it up: poetry, moonlight, romance—that sort of thing. If you've been acquainted with the facts of life since childhood, why, naturally, you see through all that. At bottom it's just sex."

But humanity has never been satisfied with bare facts. Out of the raw material of sex it has created love. Even those "disillusioned" young people still fall in love. In spite of not believing in it.

No one expects a world full of Galahads. There are all sorts of temperaments. And women's tastes in men, thank God, differ as pole from equator. Some love a Casanova, some a Parsifal.

I have a friend who prefers the Casanovas—and the Thaïses.

"I wouldn't want my daughter to marry the first man she had an affair with," she said. "It's frightful to be inexperienced in these matters when one marries. I know. I was. It ruined my life."

And another friend said: "I would advise my daughter to live first with any man she expects to marry. I married twice without that precaution. The third time I was more sensible. That's why Bob and I are so happy now. We tried it out first."

Somehow I don't see myself calmly advising adultery. It's not a matter of religion. I have none. I'm just prejudiced in favor of chastity—as I am in favor of honesty,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY I WANT AN UNKISSED SON-IN-LAW
Continued from page thirty-three

courage, and various other amiable qualities. Of course, when I think of the young man I'd like my daughter to marry, there's nothing (except a becoming modesty) to prevent my making a list of all the virtues known to man and saying, "There—roughly, that covers it."

I could say that I'd like him to be tall, blond, athletic. And so I would. But I've got to admit that I'd be willing he should be short and bald and a pinochle player if only he possessed the essential qualifications.

And among these are: honesty, sobriety, kindness, sensitiveness, courage, enthusiasm, health, youth.

That much, with luck, I might hope to get.

What about brilliancy?

What about wealth?

I can't understand how I came to leave them out. Especially brilliancy—I who was once all for brilliancy.

I myself wanted to marry a genius—preferably a writing genius—a man who would receive the Nobel Prize, who would write books with a bit of eternity in each, and in whose planetary flight I would at least be star dust.

I DIDN'T marry that sort of man. (All of my regrets came before marriage, not after.) But a friend of mine did. Just that sort of man—Nobel prize and all. You can read about that sort of marriage in a novel of their life together, which she has published. And then I don't think you'll wish you were married to a famous author.

No, I don't want a genius for my daughter. A man with a fine mind, yes. A touch of greatness, yes—but only if it's coupled with "character."

But how about wealth?

Awfully, awfully nice—but not indispensable. I'd rather this young man was poor and sober than rich and a drunkard, for example.

To be sure, brought up as she has been, it would probably be next to impossible for this daughter of mine to be happy married to a desperately poor man. But it's possible today for a woman to make a good income herself. So, if money is not his talent, there's still no reason why they shouldn't live comfortably.

Yet to a lot of people money seems the very keystone to happiness.

Honesty? That's an axiom, isn't it? And courage, too. And sensitiveness—an intuition that would make it impossible for him to be abrupt or coarse in his love-making, or to go about with suspenders dangling.

OF course, this ideal husband for my daughter should be young. The other is too dismal even to think of. And I'd like him to be brimful of enthusiasm — possessed of a joyous, leaping spirit.

All this is very Anglo-Saxon, I know. I don't seem to fancy for my daughter (as I once did for myself) a subtle Latin. Hergesheimer has expressed this perfectly.

The highest praise he can give a man is: "He's a sock in the jaw." A man he doesn't like he frequently dismisses by saying, "He's not a sock in the jaw."

"I may like feminine orchids," he said, "but in men I like 'em direct and clear and honest."

That's what I'd like for my daughter—a man who's a sock in the jaw.

Of course, my daughter may turn out not to be the kind of girl who would like any of these things in a man.

She may prefer a Don Juan, a Baron Munchausen, a Lord Byron, even a Brigham Young.

What it really comes to, I suppose, is that I'm trying to bring her up to be the kind of girl who *would* like that kind of man. For with the birth of a child, creation, for the mother, has just begun.

THE END

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Glostora FOR THE HAIR

Ace High

A Short Short Story

By

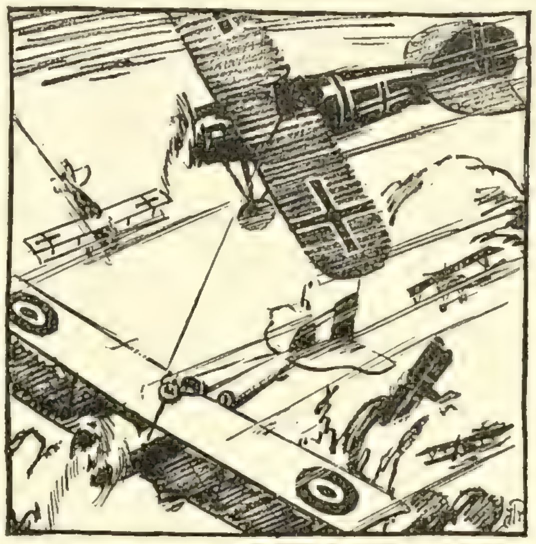
NED TOMLINSON

(Reading time: 5 min. 10 sec.)

IN the beginning was hatred—deep, bitter, and, as is often the case, one-sided. Nobody in the mess knew the intensity of Henderson's feeling against Doyle, least of all, Doyle himself. Back in the States, before the war, they had attended the same college, and while Doyle had always been aware that Henderson's attitude was not particularly friendly, the man had been taciturn with everybody.

But here at the front, where things had a way of coming to the surface, the other officers sensed something they never put into words. Each concluded that maybe there was a point unsettled between the two. In time of war one does not inquire too closely into other men's affairs.

Henderson could have explained it if he had been called upon to do so—which he was not. It was nothing but jealousy; plain, stark jealousy; and deep down inside of him he knew it.



Doyle was a youngster of strong personal charm, full of laughter and the joy of living, while Henderson, lacking humor and the faculty of making friends, was the type of man who never could become popular.

In their college days Doyle was one of those gifted few who had been able to gain without effort or solicitation all those laurels so dear, and so vastly important, to undergraduate life. Henderson, who would have given his soul to have attained even a fraction of the success and popularity so carelessly won by the other, could only stand on one side, a sullen and lonely spectator.

And then, by some obscure mental process, Henderson began to picture Doyle as someone who had stolen these coveted things from him. He finally worked himself into a state of mind where he believed that if it had not been for the other, he, Henderson, would have made the track team; would have been on the staff of the college paper; would have made the smart senior society; would have had the prettiest girls of the season hanging on his arm at the commencement dance.

And so, in that fertile field of emotion that lies beyond the borderland of reason, hate was born. And its festering roots spread down into his heart, and poisoned his life.

They were thrown together again by some freak of chance, shortly after the United States entered the war, as junior officers of the Twenty-sixth Flying Squadron. Immediately all Henderson's old bitterness reawakened, and it was sensed by everyone except Doyle, whose overtures of friendship fell on barren soil.

Then one day the commander returned from headquarters with a more serious expression than usual.

"What's wrong, cap?" somone called out. "Have they given you a month's leave?"

"Not exactly. They've handed us a bit, though, that will end by one of us going on a longer leave than that. All they want this time is a survey of Miramont—thirty miles behind the lines. A sweet rendezvous. The Hun ships will be like a swarm of hungry flies."

The other gave vent to a low whistle. "That's a job for a suicide," he said. "Who gets it?"

"According to my roster, it's between Henderson and Doyle," was the answer. "Ordinarily, I'd detail one of them, but this time it's sort of different. I'm going to let them decide for themselves."

And so it came about that these two stood on opposite sides of a card table: Doyle, smiling and nonchalant as usual; the other, pale and obviously nervous. It was Henderson, though, who spread the cards across, fanwise and face down.

"High man wins. Ace is high. Go ahead and cut," he said.

Doyle drew the ten of hearts.

There was a brief rustle among the little group of officers watching beside the table, then everything was still again.

Henderson reached out and, with a hand that seemed a trifle unsteady, turned over a card. It was an ace—the ace of spades.

"You go," he said quietly. . . .

THREE miles high, and circling slowly, Henderson watched the drama unfold. Doyle had made his objective and was on his way back, with five German planes after him. He had outdistanced two, but two others were holding even, and blazing away at him not far behind. He might escape from them, but another and faster one, climbing rapidly, would be on his tail in a few minutes. And that would be the end of Doyle.

They were coming like arrows, but the shadow of death in that climbing German plane was traveling faster.

Alone in the rarefield atmosphere, one can see many things clearly. One's self, for instance. Perhaps that is what Henderson saw.

No one will ever know, for he did a strange and unexpected thing.

Considerably higher than the German, he suddenly opened his throttle, and came roaring down a steep incline with the speed of a bullet.

He made a perfect bull's-eye. Head on, he crashed into the Hun plane with such terrific force that both were torn asunder, and came fluttering down to earth in fragments, like an exploded shell.

Doyle just managed to make the American lines. He was helped out of the cockpit with two bullets in his shoulder and one in his right arm.

A mile or so back, in enemy territory, they picked up what was left of two airmen. A German officer, with characteristic thoroughness, was making an inventory of the contents of Henderson's pockets.

Among a few trifling odds and ends, he came across a pack of cards.

He was about to lay them aside with the other items, when something about them caught his eye.

He studied them intently, one by one, the faces and the backs. Then he grunted.

Walking over to an American soldier recently taken prisoner who happened to be standing near by, he held out the cards and said in English, with a sneer:

"See these? The cards are marked. The aces have little dots on the back. Your gallant airman was a crook."

The soldier, who had seen more of the air fight than the German, looked up into the clear blue sky.

"Maybe," he answered.

THE END

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DEA EX MACHINA

A Short Short Story

By BRUCE GOULD

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

THE general's huge pistol beaded on a spot just between Christy McGuire's eyes. McGuire had twice defied Poncho Fierro, revolutionist leader, master strategist of guerrilla warfare. No other living man had done that even once. From the first Christy had made no secret of his response to the allure of Anita Robles, though every caballero understood that the general desired her. And now he was defying him again.

"I'll admit I'm a hired killer, general. Under your orders, I've bombed soldiers. But Santa Rosa is swarming with women and children." His mouth, hardening, pumped out his words. "General, I'm not taking any. I'm a flying man—not a murderer."

"And I," said the general coldly, "am a murderer."

Christy wanted to look away from the man's set face, out to where his two-seater pursuit plane was casually guarded by a pair of *rurales.* But he could not pull his eyes away from the feral eyes which glittered above the sights of the pistol not three feet from his face.

In the brief moment, Christy cursed the adventurous impulse which had sent him from the States to fight in a half-barbaric war not his own. As if flying the night mail over the Rockies had not been excitement enough. His first impetuous sympathy with the revolutionist leader, Fierro, had been lost when he found that the man's blatant patriotism merely masked a lust for despotic power. Yet he'd stayed.

There had been Anita.

Her father and mother murdered by federal vandals, Anita, a wild girl of the hills, had sworn to exact an eye for an eye. As a *soldadera,* she had campaigned, lent her brains to the revolutionary forces. When Christy had arrived he had taught her to fly, and he had discovered that not all her feeling had turned to hate.

Behind the general there was a movement of the serape which masked the door. The next instant Anita was inside. Her voice, low, musical, was freighted with authority. Slowly, rebelliously, the general lowered his pistol.

"Drop it," she added. Christy picked up the pistol, took a step toward her. She waved him away. "You can't get your plane. The general has given orders. Take my horse."

He hesitated.

"A car is no use—the roads are impassable. No one can overtake you, except by plane. And no one but me can fly the plane."

She smiled ironically at Fierro.

"I have been told no one disturbs General Fierro when he is receiving a lady. You will have at least an hour's start."

"I can't leave you here, Anita. Let's shoot our way out."

Unexpectedly, the general interrupted.

"Señor, she loves you. I respect love. She will catch up with you—before tonight. I swear it."

For a moment both stared at him. Thief, murderer—yet no one remembered when Poncho Fierro had broken his sworn word.

"Go," said Anita. "I will catch up with you—before tonight. General Fierro has sworn it."

Christy slipped through the door. The hollow drum of hoofbeats dwindled.

It was more than an hour before an aide, after a discreet knocking, hesitantly entered the room. He saw Anita rise and quietly hand her pistol to the general, saw him drop it into his holster, rise.

"Now, to make good my promise." He smiled maliciously.

He led the way outside to the guarded airplane, its black machine guns stark against the silver cowling. At his command, the mechanic spun the prop, the engine roared into power.

She started to climb into the front cockpit, from which the guns were controlled. He motioned her into the rear.

"You can fly just as well from there, señorita. And when we catch up with Señor McGuire, I will be behind the guns."

He laughed softly. "I thought you might want to wave good-by, just before I start shooting."

She blanched. Fierro's hand on his holster emphasized the futility of flight.

"All right," she said. "I'll fly you."

Awkwardly the general clambered into his seat as she quickly slipped into her cockpit. He bent over to adjust the safety belt, snap it around his huge girth. Hastily she wriggled into her chute, snapping the heavy straps across her shoulders, around her legs, then pulled the safety belt around her.

In the next instant she opened the throttle. The speedy plane raced tail high, lifted, shot into the air. It spiraled up one, two, three thousand feet.

The general turned around. Pointing his pistol at her significantly, he waved toward the border road. Nodding, she swung north. Like an endless thread the road unwound beneath.

The general, smiling, turned away.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.

The general was testing out the machine guns. Satisfied, he looked over the side, peering ahead for the first glimpse of the fleeing horseman.

The minutes passed slowly as the plane tunneled steadily through the bright air. Below, the brown, scarred, unfruitful earth shimmered in the sun. The world slid under the wings.

SHE saw McGuire first. Almost involuntarily, she opened the throttle. The plane shot forward. Far ahead, the horseman, riding for his life, had turned in his saddle at the sound of the plane. The general nodded, looked around, smiled.

In pantomime, he pointed toward McGuire, dived with his hand, squeezed a burst of bullets expressively. They would dive, firing. McGuire and his horse would be riddled. Anita nodded. The general turned around, bent to his triggers.

The nose dipped, the throttle opened wide, the general sighted.

Suddenly, with an abrupt jerk, the plane started a loop. Topping, the swing, it straightened out.

The general's safety belt held. Anita had not fastened hers. As she began to fall away, head down, Anita kicked the rudder hard, throwing the plane into a tight inverted spin.

In the next second she hurtled clear, whirling down through space. Counting ten, while the plane seemed to shoot away, she pulled the ring.

With a report like a shot, the chute opened, cushioned on the air, checked the fall. She seemed to bounce up a hundred feet.

After a second her brain cleared. She was floating gently down. The horseman had stopped, dismounted. Anita would land very near.

Over to one side she heard a shuddering crash. She heard the explosion, saw flames.

The ground rose up. Swaying, she felt Christy's arms tighten around her.

"He promised I would catch up with you," she said.

THE END

Burnee! Burnee!

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

THERE is a big party on—the first real party Sandy and Lil have had a bid to since New Year's. Dinner and a dance in town, and an invite to spend the week-end to boot, with their host and hostess who, merely by the way, will also be entertaining Sandy's favorite moving-picture actress—Loretta Stardust—she of the sleek golden hair and sleeker golden body. . . .

No, Sandy isn't excited—much!

Lil was busy drying her fresh shampoo in carefully finger-pinched waves, when Sandy finished shaving and started to dress.

His tuxedo was properly pressed, his shoes and socks were in order, his tie, gloves, muffler, studs, links, and stick were all set out and ready, his cigarette case filled and laid on top of his best initialed handkerchief, his shirt fresh from the laundry—still unwrapped.

Ah, there was the rub!

Sandy, calmly tearing off the paper, broke into a rash of man-sized words, for plank in the bosom of the shirt were hideous scorches.

This week's cover picture.

Sandy thrust the shirt under Lil's blinking eyes and shot off an extra codicil to his tirade.

Lil's blue eyes snapped angrily.

"Go tell the chink," she snapped. "Don't think you can talk like that to me. You haven't got a Chinaman's chance. *I* didn't iron it!"

She turned a cold, powdered shoulder on him, and Sandy spluttered; clawed through his dresser drawers and found no other decent shirt; saw there would be no more from Lil, who was applying mascara with poisonous disinterest; jammed on his coat and hat and stalked four blocks in his rage to the Chinese laundry.

"No wonder the Japs attack you geezers!" Sandy greeted his laundryman sourly.

"Me no washee, mister," gargled the bewildered Chinaman; "me just keep sloppy here!"

"Sloppy!" roared Sandy. "You put your finger on it! I never—"

"Me no put finger anywhere," denied the miserable off-hour attendant; "me no touchee."

"You call me touchy, huh? How would you feel with no shirt but that to wear? And where can I buy a shirt at this hour? Go on—tell me!"

"I tellee, mister. You gimmee shirt. Tomorrow I see um boss—"

"Tomorrow! Tomorrow I'll wring your neck for you. I'll give you the shirt. Take it! Take it and wear it to your funeral."

The Chinaman picked up the rumpled object of contention and studied the laundry mark, then turned silently to the tin box on the shelf back of the counter. He counted out four dollars and handed them sadly to Sandy.

"Me no likee funerals," he explained shortly. "You takee shirt home, mister. You draw him map of Manchuria on front and watch China lick um Japs."

Which so mollified Sandy that he split the four dollars for good luck, and left to borrow a shirt from his neighbor Smithers. And he had a small morsel of amusing table talk all tucked away for the party.

Damned clever, these Chinese!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Weaker Sex)

How to lose Fat–a pound a day

on a full stomach

Do Just Two Simple Things—Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly ON A FULL STOMACH. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. WITHOUT A SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill—of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the MOISTURE-WEIGHT of your body that much. For REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT IS MOISTURE. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then EAT WELL of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all ON A FULL STOMACH. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—THE FILLING OF THE STOMACH TO ITS LIMIT with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight.

IT'S THE WAY TO LOSE POUNDS OF FAT AND REALLY EAT MORE THAN EVER. TRY IT.
IMAGINE LOSINGFAT WITHOUT STARVING OR EXERCISING.IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE

FAT LITERALLY MELTED AWAY! AS MUCH AS 5 POUNDS IN A WEEK. I FEEL BETTER THAN EVER
YOU LOOK SIMPLY FINE. I HARDLY KNEW YOU.
3 WEEKS LATER

The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

Note particularly—you are urged to take Jad Salts purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery as the still-in-loves in Private Lives.

Not a toothache—jest lookin'. Robert Coogan, Jackie Cooper, and Jackie Searle, the kid stars in Sooky.

Society, SALO

Coward's Play Makes a Co
Back; and Griffith

By FREDERIC

(Reading time: 5 minutes 35 seconds.)

BACK in 1918 David Wark Griffith was making Hearts of the World in England.

Griffith, fresh from the glories of The Birth of a Nation, then was the foremost American motion-picture director and he was filming the picture as a propaganda drama to aid the war that was to end war. He was the guest of the British government, and Queen Alexandra herself appeared in an episode of the picture.

A young English actor, unknown and broke, applied to Griffith in London for a job and was refused. However, he followed Griffith when the company went on location into the country. Griffith, impressed with his perseverance, gave him a bit. That boy was marked for fame.

I tell this story, hitherto unpublished, because Griffith and the boy are both represented by new films this week.

In the interim, fate has been both kind and fickle. The lad grew to success as a playwright and actor. He is Noel Coward and his hit, Private Lives, has just been filmed by Norma Shearer.

With limited capital, Griffith has made a new anti-prohibition film, The Struggle.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ PRIVATE LIVES

CAST

Amanda	Norma Shearer
Elyot	Robert Montgomery
Victor	Reginald Denny
Sibyl	Una Merkel
Oscar	Jean Hersholt

Directed by Sidney Franklin.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Private Lives comes under the description of polite, sophisticated, smart. It presents the serio-comedy of two young people who get a divorce, rush into hasty new marriages, and then discover they still are very much in love. They make this discovery when they meet by chance on a hotel terrace overlooking the Mediterranean on their respective wedding nights. The still-in-loves ditch their new domestic partners and run away together, eternally to bicker and make up all over again. Mr. Coward, who wrote this comedy and played the bridegroom on the stage, apparently believes that the path of true love is fringed with quarrels. The young people in this study of divorce and remarriage are very poised and modern, except when they are snarling at each other. I imagine a lot of the success of Private Lives was due to its revelation that married life on the Riviera and on Third Avenue is quite the same.

Norma Shearer is the remarried bride, done on the stage by Gertrude Lawrence. Robert Montgomery has Mr. Coward's rôle. They both give highly expert performances.

★ ★ ★ SOOKY

CAST

Skippy Skinner	Jackie Cooper
Sooky Wayne	Robert Coogan
Sidney Saunders	Jackie Searle
Dr. Skinner	Willard Robertson
Mrs. Skinner	Enid Bennett
Mrs. Wayne	Helen Jerome Eddy
Mr. Saunders	Leigh Allen
Mr. Moggs	Guy Oliver
Mr. Willoughby	Harry Beresford
Krausmeyer	Oscar Apfel

Directed by Norman Taurog.
Produced by Paramount.

This takes you back across the railroad tracks to Shantytown with Skippy and his pal Sooky. You will love it because it brings back Jackie Cooper, the best actor in Hollywood, as Percy Crosby's famous philosophic comic-strip boy hero, and because the younger Coogan—Robert himself—has postponed his plans to be a streetcar conductor long enough to be Sooky once more.

Here Skippy causes a lot of worry for his father, candidate for election as town mayor, and saves Sooky from being sent to the poor farm.

Maybe this new adventure of Skippy goes pretty strong on the sob stuff, but Masters Cooper and Coogan certainly can wring a tear or two from you. Cooper is superb as the

Left: *Tallulah Bankhead and Harvey Stephens in a revival of an old melodrama, The Cheat.*

Hal Skelly and Zita Johann in The Struggle.

Sobs, and
ONS

icture; Skippy and Sooky Are
atest Film

AMES SMITH

busy Skippy, and Coogan, still splendidly aloof, is matchless as the tattered Sooky.

Norman Taurog, who is Master Cooper's uncle and who directed Skippy, did a swell job with Sooky.

★ ★ THE STRUGGLE

CAST

Jimmie Wilson	Hal Skelly
Florrie	Zita Johann
Nina	Charlotte Wynters
Nan Wilson	Evelyn Baldwin
Johnnie Marshall	Jackson Halliday
Mary	Edna Hagan
Mr. Craig	Charles Richman

Directed by D. W. Griffith.
Produced by United Artists.

I am sorry that Mr. Griffith made this weak thrust at prohibition, even if John Emerson and Anita Loos did write it.

I prefer to believe that Mr. Griffith was handicapped in resources, in story, and in actors when he made The Struggle. I have too happy memories of his triumphs of the past.

Hal Skelly is fair as the alcoholic steel worker, while Zita Johann, black-eyed Magyar who comes from the Broadway stage, proves that she is not a film type as the sorely tried but not very understanding wife.

★ ★ THE CHEAT

CAST

Elsa Carlyle	Tallulah Bankhead
Jeffrey Carlyle	Harvey Stephens
Hardy Livingston	Irving Pichel
Terrell	Jay Fassett
Mrs. Albright	Ann Andrews

Directed by George Abbott.
Produced by Paramount.

An old melodrama, written by Hector Turnbull, this was one of the first screen sensations back in 1915 when Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa played the chief rôles.

Later Pola Negri emoted through it. Now it is back once more to parade the sleek charms of Tallulah Bankhead.

The New York critics pronounced this an out-of-date vehicle for a distinctly modern star.

Personally, I think it fails because Miss Bankhead and Irving Pichel (the district attorney of The American Tragedy) play it as if they didn't mean it.

The race-problem angle has departed from The Cheat.

In the original the scoundrel was an inscrutable Oriental. The sinister fellow who branded Miss Negri was a Hindu.

In 1931 he is an American—and the drama hasn't been helped by the change.

Do you know that—

Clark Gable was an extra in The Merry Widow, one of John Gilbert's two greatest silent hits?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money.

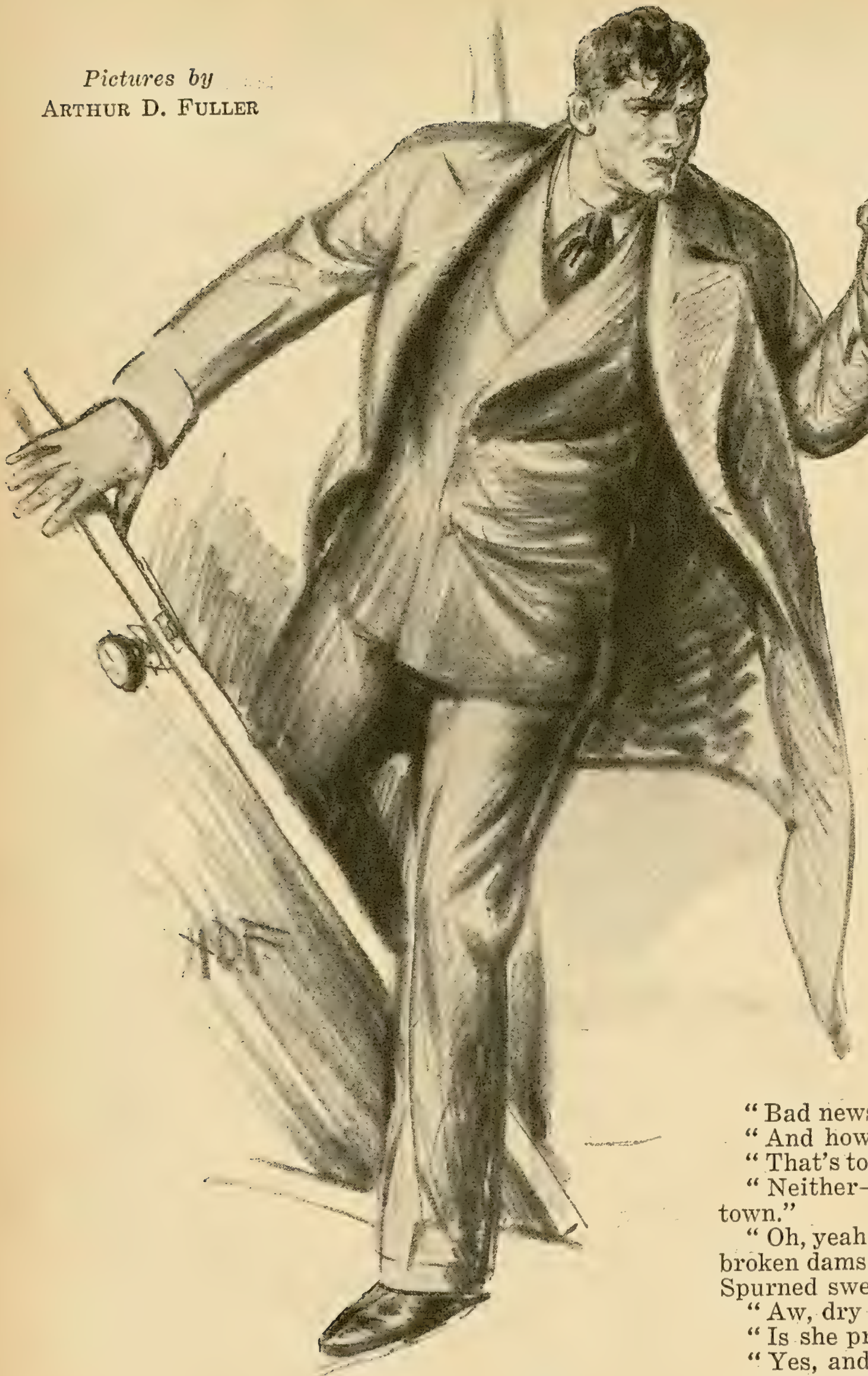
Corn

and

Why Girls Leave Home

By CLAIR

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER



(Reading time: 37 minutes 15 seconds.)

"YOU'RE new to the tabloid racket," Uppdegraff informed me over the lunch table.

It wasn't really a lunch table—it was a booth in a speakeasy across the street from the Reflector office.

"Take a tip from me. Don't try to write every story you see," he said soberly. "Nobody'll believe you."

"I don't get you, Uppdie," I said.

"I mean, the real stuff isn't copy, that's all. I've stumbled over stories that I ached to write. For instance—" He signaled for more beer, and when it arrived he launched into his story. . . .

Her name was Lily. First time I heard of her was one day in the office. Rodney Blake was taking a story over the telephone from Cato, the paper's worst reporter. Blake's a rewrite man, also my room mate.

I can still remember how Blake was yelling:

"Yeah, I got that! Two men and a woman. . . . Blonde or brunette? . . . What's the number of the house? I said *what's* the number of the house? . . . Oh, for— Listen, you crackpot. Whatinell do I care what the janitor said? . . . What? Will I lend you two bucks? Listen here, you microbe. Go back and get me the guts of that story or I'll—"

My desk phone rang just then and the call was for Blake. His desk faces mine and the operator plugs our calls on either phone because it's easier for her than asking the party to wait. It was a female's voice on the wire, but Blake didn't give me a chance to put him wise.

"I suppose it's another half-baked reporter with another cockeyed story," he groaned. "Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Blake. Who? . . . Lily? Lily who? . . . From Loganville? . . . Lily Appleby! . . . *My* God!"

Blake collapsed in his chair, a hunted look on his face.

"Bad news, Rod?" I asked.

"And how!"

"That's tough," I said. "Family trouble—or female?"

"Neither—that is—well, it's a girl from my home town."

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "Boy and girl affair, hey? Heartbroken damsel comes to metropolis to find cruel despoiler. Spurned sweetheart seeks solace."

"Aw, dry up!"

"Is she pretty?" I asked him.

"Yes, and dumb!"

"They always are," I reminded him.

Blake stared at me.

"Listen, Uppdie. You've got to help me out."

"Huh?" I said. "Not me! You've got me mixed up with a guy named Chump!"

"Oh, for— Listen, Uppdie. You've got the story all wrong. This girl is nothing to me. I met her when I was home on my vacation last summer. She lives in Loganville. Went to Winnemoska College, the local hall of higher learning."

"Ah, fair coed weds rising young journalist. A summer romance led to wedding bells—"

"Will you shut up and let me have the floor a minute?" interrupted Blake. "It's this way: She's got an idea she's Cleopatra, Du Barry, Garbo, and Ethel Barrymore all rolled into one, with added improvements. She thinks Flo Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll, and George White are waiting for her with open arms and a five-year contract."

"Is that all?" I asked him. "She's only average."

"Wait! She thinks that the Stock Exchange is still a place where they trade horses, and a racket has something to do with tennis."

"Still, I don't see—"

"Last summer I used to take her out riding in my old man's car. She wanted to know if I thought she'd make a hit on the stage. I told her it was a cinch. She took me

-Fed Cagey

and Sometimes Return

POMEROY

at my word. Naturally, I never thought she'd make the grade—get to New York, I mean. Too bad. There's a swell youngster back home who's nuts about her. Bill Kennedy. She treated him pretty shabby."

"Kind o' fell for you, didn't she?"

"Naw! She only thought she could use me. She threw out a lot of hints about how I could help her."

"Introduce her to Earl, George, and Flo?"

"Something like that," answered Blake. "She's a panic, Uppdie. I wish you could have heard her one day when she said: 'Of course, a girl with a college education like mine could step right into leading parts, especially a girl with my appearance.' I ask you, Uppdie!"

"I give up," I said.

"OH, you don't know the half of it. Take, for instance, her reputation. She was sure she'd make a hit with the producers because she had the reputation of being the hottest necking in Winnemoska. 'Hot neckin'—that's what gets a girl over in this man's college or any other college or any place.' Lily's own words, Uppdie, believe it or not!"

"Hot neckin', hey?" I said. "Not so bad!"

"So I told her, 'Baby, you'll take New York by storm. If you'll just be your natural self and walk out on any stage and pull your regular line, you'll knock 'em cold.'"

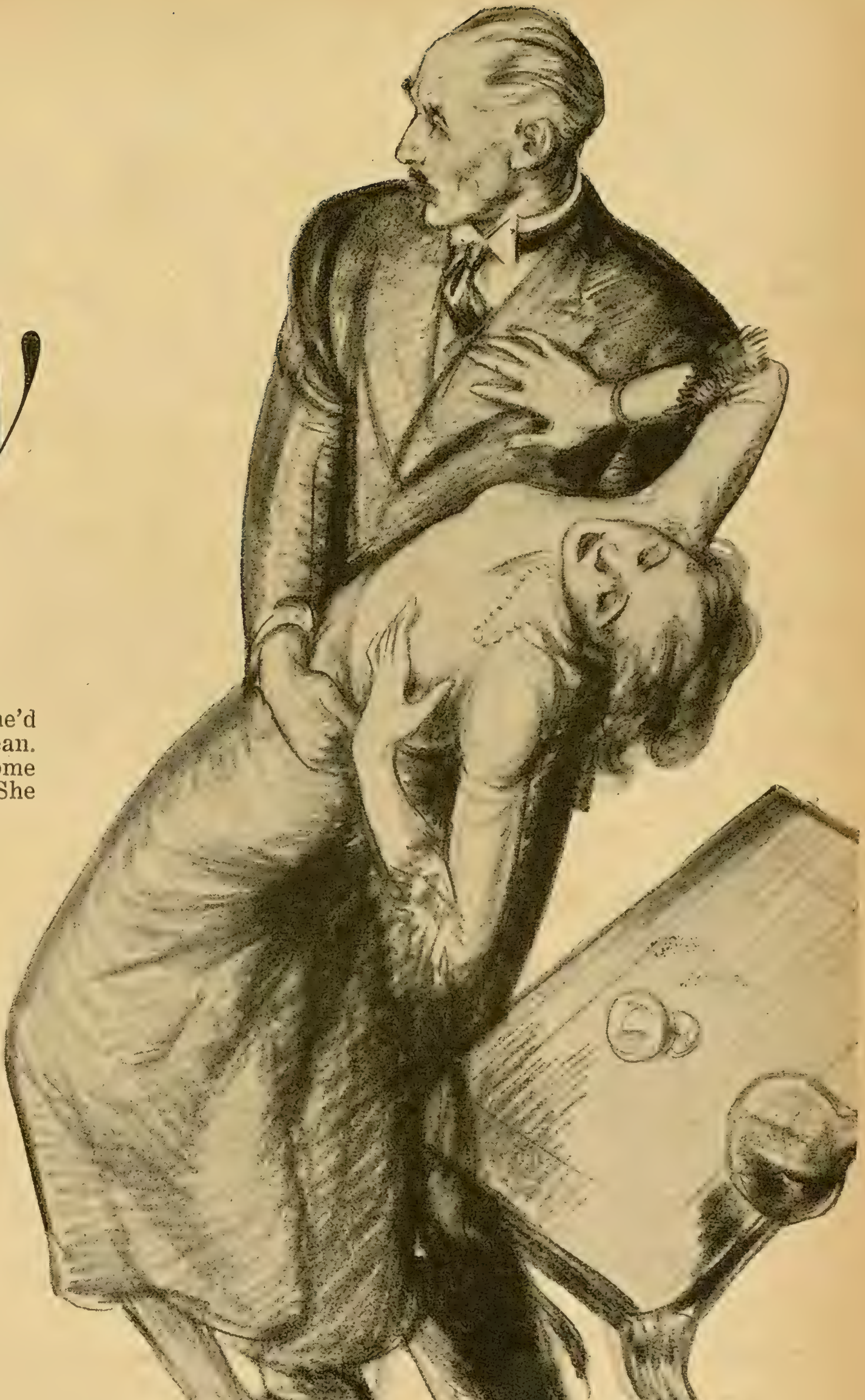
"And now she's in the big town, all set to start the great panic," I said.

"Yes, she's here," groaned Rod. "You're going up to Grand Central Station with me. She's waiting there now."

"Is that all?" I asked him. "Hell, I thought you wanted to marry the girl!"

When we finally started uptown, the reception committee had grown considerably. Bill Casselman, head copy reader, had tuned in on Blake's description of the girl from home.

He grew deeply interested. Cass is a warm-hearted fellow who thinks he's a student of human nature. He firmly believes—as all newspaper men firmly believe—that he can write, and Cass thought he smelled a plot.



Crash! Bang! Someone bounded into the room. Lily took her cue. She fainted dead away.

"Say, Blake, can I go along?" he asked eagerly. "I'd like to meet that dame!"

"It's jake with me," Blake told him.

"Can I go, too?"

We turned to meet the pleading gaze of Sammy Lefkowitz, the new cub.

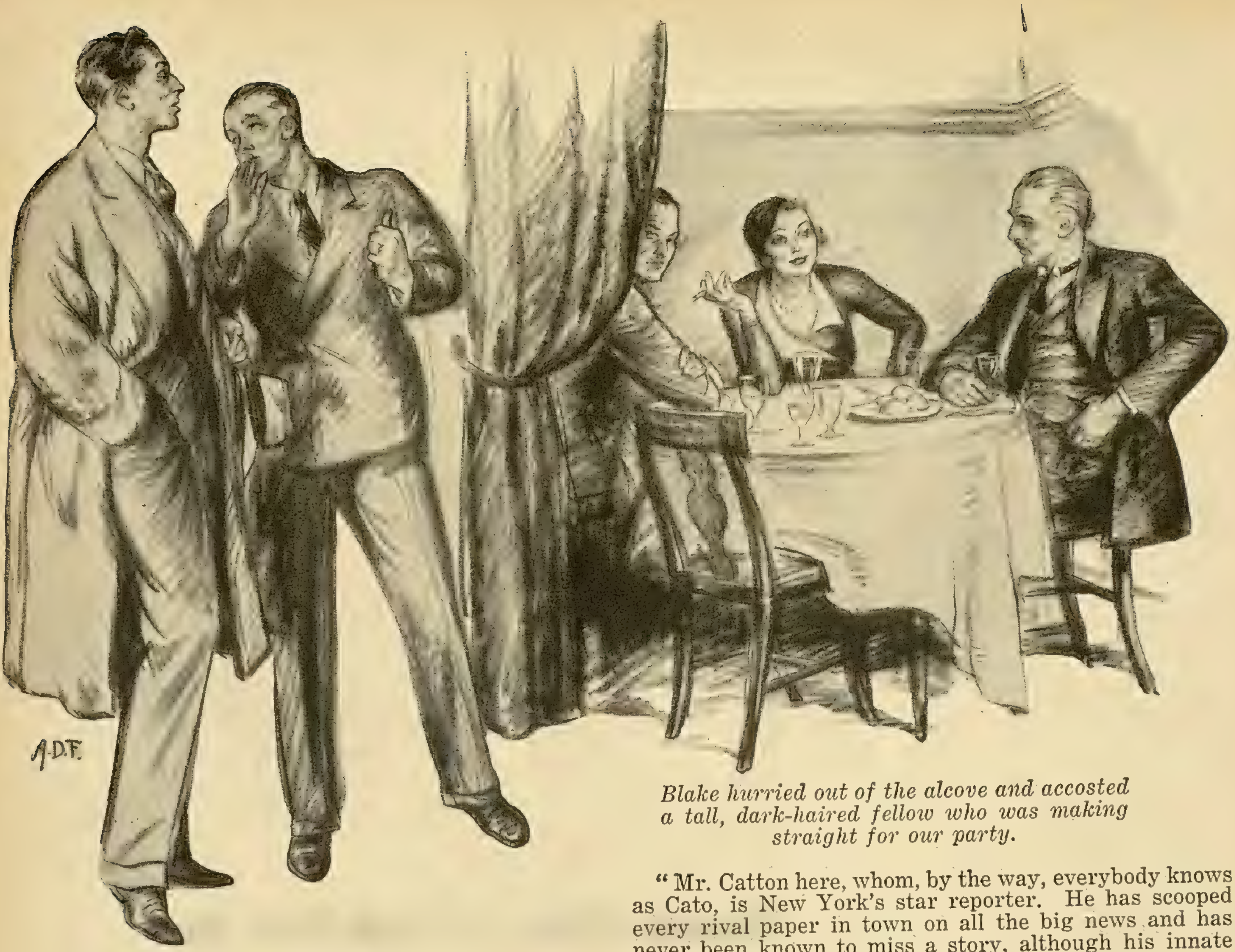
Sammy had never been farther east than the Bronx, nor farther west than Jersey City.

"What for, Sammy?" laughed Blake. "Think there's a story in it?"

"Naw. I just wanta meet a goil from out West."

"Sure, come on along."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Blake hurried out of the alcove and accosted a tall, dark-haired fellow who was making straight for our party.

CORN-FED AND CAGEY

Continued from page forty-three

And as we were leaving the building, Cato accosted us.

“Ah, the star reporter himself!” Blake greeted him. “Did you get the number of the house?”

“Yeah—but the janitor said—”

“Tell me later,” said Blake wearily.

“Where you guys goin’?” Cato asked anxiously.

“Uptown, to meet the pride of the prairies,” said Blake.

“Can I have the two bucks you promised me?”

“Two bucks! What two bucks?”

“Well, I gotta eat. I’m flatter’n a pancake,” growled Cato. Then he brightened. “You fellas goin’ to eat?”

“Sure,” said Rod. “We’re taking the miracle of the midlands to dinner.”

“I’m goin’ with ya,” announced Cato determinedly.

So the committee of five proceeded onward.

Well, I had to give the girl credit. When she saw that a small mob was meeting her she wasn’t a bit overwhelmed. She took it as her just due; as if she expected us all and was just a trifle piqued because the mayor hadn’t come with the key to the city.

AND did I say she was a knockout? . . . She wasn’t very tall, in spite of a pair of charming long legs. Her eyes were velvety and dark. Wide-eyed. A pretty kid, sure enough. She was a spoiled youngster, and yet unwise. A dumb-bell, but the kind of a dumb-bell you’d hate like the devil to hurt.

I understood why Rod had kidded her along. It was the only thing he could have done—that and take his laughs secretly.

“These are some of my friends who came to welcome you,” Rodney told her. “Famous journalists, all of ’em. Mr. Uppdegraff you’ve probably heard of. Famous war correspondent and personal friend of King George. Mr. Casselman is a renowned author—you should read some of the heads he writes.”

Lily bowed gravely.

“Mr. Catton here, whom, by the way, everybody knows as Cato, is New York’s star reporter. He has scooped every rival paper in town on all the big news and has never been known to miss a story, although his innate modesty prevents him from boasting about himself.”

“How do you do?” said Lily.

“And last, but not on your brown derby least,” Blake continued, “is Mr. Samuel Lefkowitz. Sam’s a brilliant young Russian who will one day be heard from. Already he’s a soldier of fortune, an adventurer who has seen the world from Flatbush to—er—Harlem.”

Lily gave the brilliant young Russian her sweetest smile.

“Some day I hope you’ll tell me about your travels,” she told him. “I’m really flattered—I mean it was nice of you all to tear yourselves away from really important things.”

“Let’s go an’ eat,” said Cato. . . .

LATER, over dinner, the conversation centered upon Lily’s career.

“What kind of stage work are you planning on, Miss Appleby?” asked Casselman politely.

“What kind?”

“Musical comedy or—dramatic?”

“Oh! Well, what I thought was, I’d start in musical comedy, and then, after I had a lot of—publicity, I’d go in for the more serious art. I think it’s a good idea to show the public that I’m—well, you know—versatile. That’s what I sort of thought, you see.”

“I see,” said Cass throatily. “Did you—ah—study dramatic art in college, Miss Appleby?”

“Well, no, not exactly,” replied Lily. “Of course, we went in for Shakespeare’s plays. Personally, I thought it was all pretty dumb.”

Blake coughed.

“By the way,” he said, “have you thought of a stage name, Lily?”

Lily looked blank.

“Why, I don’t—I mean, I hadn’t thought about it.”

“Oh, you must have a stage name,” Blake assured her. “Let’s see, what is your full name?”

Lily smiled a bit self-consciously.

“It’s Lily Langtry Appleby.”

"Lily Langtry!"

"Yes, my mother named me that. She's awfully romantic, mom is, and she always admired Lily Langtry. I think I get some of my artistic ability from mom." Lily sighed. "Poor dear, she said it was her final gesture to romance—giving me that name."

"Get that, boys?" said Blake. "She's named after the Jersey Lily."

Cato was too immersed in a steak and French fried potatoes to furnish any response, but Sammy pricked up his ears.

"Who's the Joisey Lily?" he wanted to know. "Where does she come from—Hoboken?"

Blake gave him a hurt look.

"Why, Sammy, don't you know who the Jersey Lily was?"

"Naw! Never hoid of her!"

"And you a man of the world," said Blake sadly. "The Jersey Lily, Sammy, my boy, was the Peggy Joyce of the Mauve Decade."

"Oh, yeah?" responded Sammy, trying to look bright. "Never hoid of it. Must've been before my time. Used to be a lot o' those dumps." He pondered a moment. "Say, you don't mean Rector's, do you?"

"Sammy, you're breaking my heart," groaned Rod. "But, to get back to a stage name for you, Lily." He took a pencil from his pocket and scribbled something on the menu card. "How's this?"

Lily read the name: "Lilli Lange."

"Oh, that's marvelous!" she cried. "I mean, it sounds sort of foreign, doesn't it?"

When dinner was over, Cato's hunger having been finally appeased, Blake called up his old landlady, Mrs. Morris, in Seventy-first Street. Blake was her lodger before he and I took the bachelor apartment.

Mrs. Morris promised to take good care of his lady friend.

The committee of five saw Lily off in a taxicab.

"WELL, did I exaggerate?" Rod turned to me in the subway. "Is she dumb?"

"You could have made it another column," I told him.

Sammy looked cynical.

"Aw, she ain't any different from the goils in New Yawk," he said sourly. "Gripes, she ain't any different from my sister."

"No, Sammy?" queried Blake.

"Naw. My sister—she's always talkin' about how talented she is an' how she could make a big hit on Broadway if she only got the breaks, instead o' wastin' herself in Woolwoith's!"

Later, in the office, we went into a huddle.

"Seriously, Uppdie," worried Blake, "something's got to be done. I feel responsible for her."

"Yes, I know."

"I'd hate to see anything—well, you know—happen to her."

"Sure."

"She's not a bad kid—just dumb. And dumb in a different way. The town's full of dumb femmes, but they know they haven't much under the skull, so they keep their mouths shut and get away with plenty. But, Lily!"

"Ain't it the truth?"

"If I could only think of something," Rod went on. "Some way to get her back home."

"There ought to be a way," I said. "For instance, if we could throw a scare into her."

"Scare?"

"Sure," I said. "Look here, Rod, you said she had an idea she was pretty hot—hot neckin'—all broken out with the boyological urge. Why don't we give her an idea how it's done in the big city?"

"That's an idea, Uppdie!"

"It might be," I said. "After all, she's never been out with any real men—nothing but a bunch of Joe Colleges who don't know what it's all about. I went to college once myself, and so did you. You know how it is. A guy doesn't dare get rough, that is, not too rough, because he's afraid of the faculty getting wind of it."

"You're right, Uppdie," agreed Blake. "Lily probably thinks those college boys are the real McCoy. She thinks they wrote the book."

I had another idea.

"Look, Rod—if we could get hold of some bird—somebody in the show business—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
5 Minutes to tilt her Hat!
Never a thought for her gums, and she has . . .
"pink tooth brush"!

NO DOUBT about it! Many a heart has been won by the jaunty little tilt of a jaunty little hat!

But there may come a day when the smartest hat in the world won't distract his attention from the fact that you are no longer pretty when you smile!

White, bright, sound teeth are most terribly important to that appealing smile of yours—and sound, sparkling teeth are dependent on good, firm gums.

Your gums are *not* hard and healthy.

It's like this: Nature expects human beings to eat coarse, tough foods. But civilized human beings don't do it! While you eat soft, creamy foods, your gums simply sit back with nothing to do. They've become lazy, flabby. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush"!

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste twice every day. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those soft gums of yours.

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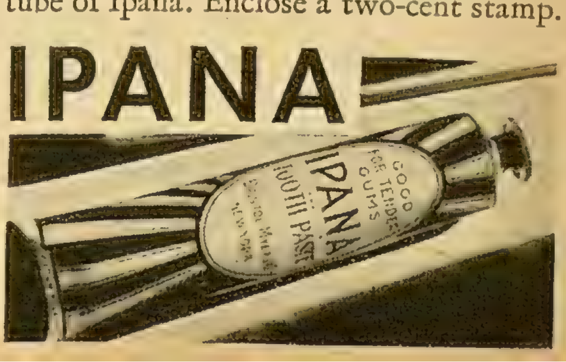

SLEEP TONIGHT

FATHER: *This old knee might have kept me awake again. But it feels fine now.*

MOTHER: *I knew it would. Damp weather can't bother you with Sloan's in the house!*

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Pat them away—Sleep!

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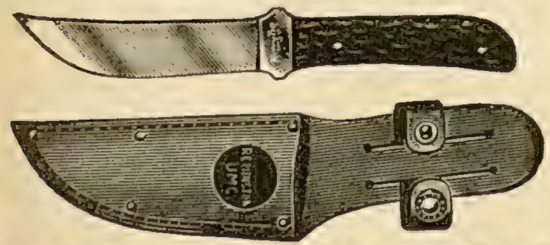

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140 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.

[CORN-FED AND CAGEY
Continued from page forty-five]

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere. Work on the idea, sweetheart!"

"Say, Blake, I know a guy in the show business," said Cato, who had edged nearer. In fact, he hadn't been far away; still harboring a hope for those two dollars.

"You do, Cato?" asked Blake.

"Well, he was in the show business once. He ain't working right now."

"Resting, I suppose."

"That's what he says, but he's just another actor out of work," said Cato wisely.

"How does he look?"

"Swell-lookin' guy," Cato replied. "Kind o' gray at the temples and talks highbrow. Used to be a leading man in stock companies."

"I don't suppose he'd like to earn a little money while he's—resting, would he?"

"Well"—Cato grinned—"he said he's had a lot of offers but he won't prostitute his art."

"Oh, we don't want him to kill anybody," said Blake reassuringly. "Can you find this bird right away?"

"Maybe" — Cato hesitated — "if you'd let me have two bucks—"

"You get this actor down here tonight and I'll give you five bucks!"

Blake and I came over here after that for a little refreshment. We needed it after that brain wave. It was a good idea, too, because it gave Blake another bright hunch. He sent a telegram to Loganville.

Well, to make a long story into a short short, we dated Lily up for dinner the next night. She had us worried, too, because we couldn't get her on the telephone all day. It was after six when we finally found her in. Needless to say, Rod was all of a twitter. Supposing she'd let some palooka put something over on her!

ANYHOW, at seven thirty we pulled up in a cab and Lily hopped in.

"I guess you remember Mr. Uppdegraff," Blake said.

"Indeed I do," she trilled.

"But you don't know this other gentleman," my room mate went on; "although you've heard a lot about him."

Lily peered at the gray-haired man who sat on her other side. I was facing her from the monkey seat.

"No—I—" hesitated Lily. The gray-haired man smiled benignly upon her.

"Well, here she is, Flo," said Blake. "The young lady I've been telling you about." He turned to Lily. "Miss Lange, allow me to present Mr. Ziegfeld."

Lily was a darned good actress at that. Or else she didn't see any reason to be flabbergasted.

"How do you do, Mr. Ziegfeld?" she said gently. Then she turned to me.

"How are you tonight, Mr. Uppdegraff?"

"I'm flattered," I told her. "I thought you'd have forgotten me."

"Miss Lange never forgets her friends," put in Blake. "I hope she won't forget us when she's a famous actress."

The gray-haired gentleman spoke for the first time. He had only bowed when he was introduced to our Lily.

"I dare say," he said in a deep-timbred voice, "you will hold me responsible if Miss Lange forgets you."

"I don't quite get you, Flo," said Blake politely.

"What I mean to say is, Miss Lange's future fame rather depends upon me, don't you think? Therefore, I fancy I'd be more or less responsible for her change in behavior."

"BY Jove, you're right!" cried Blake. "Hadn't thought about it that way."

"I hope you won't mind the rather—er—informal place we're taking you to, Miss Lange," said the gray-haired man, turning to Lily. "It was my idea," he went on. "It's quiet, and we won't be disturbed by a lot of curious people. I find myself a bit annoyed by crowds, you understand."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Ziegfeld," said Lily. "I understand how a man so well known as you are doesn't want a lot of people staring at you. I mean, it's really nicer to have more privacy."

"Exactly." The gray-haired man nodded. "Not that I wouldn't be proud to be seen in one of New York's most fashionable dinner places with so charming a young lady as yourself."

Lily laughed lightly. It was probably the same kind of laugh she used to give when a sophomore said: "Baby, what it takes you're certainly all broken out with."

"It's very nice of you to say so, Mr. Ziegfeld," she answered.

We went to Paul's, the French speakeasy restaurant on Fifty-first Street. Blake had arranged it all beforehand, private alcove and everything. After a round of cocktails, Blake turned to the great man.

"Well, how do you like her, Flo?"

"Blake," said the gray-haired gentleman, "I owe you much. Miss Lange exceeds my most extravagant expectations."

Rod looked at me.

"Hear that, Uppdie?" he said. "What did I tell you?"

"You were right, Rod," I told him. "You sure know how to pick 'em."

"Well, she comes from my home town, don't forget. We know how to grow 'em out there," my room mate reminded me.

"You are from the West, Blake tells me," said Mr. Ziegfeld, turning to Lily."

Lily nodded.

"And I believe Mr. Blake said you were a college girl."

"Yes," answered Lily with evident pride. "I graduated from Winnemoska University."

"Indeed!" The man turned keen eyes upon her. "This is amazing!"

"Lily was mighty popular in college," said Blake. "Believe me, I know from experience how hard it was to get a date from her." Blake gazed fondly at his protégée. "Our little girl had quite a reputation in college, Flo."

"Reputation?"

"Oh, yes. I dare say you've not familiarized yourself with collegiate vocabulary, so you wouldn't get the meaning of 'hot neckin'.'"

He of the gray hair frowned.

"Oh, yes, a producer must know the vernacular, Blake. Hot necking? It seems to me it has some relation to osculate, has it not?"

"Right you are!" cried Blake.

"And what, my friend," asked the other, "has necking to do with this young lady?"

"Everything," Blake replied. "You see, Flo, our Lily has the reputation of being the hottest necking in Winnemoska!"

Once more the gray-haired gentleman turned to look at Lily. And Lily modestly dropped her eyes to her plate.

"Indeed!" he said and he cleared his throat. "That being the case, I'm sure Miss Lange and myself shall get on splendidly together."

"That's what—" Blake stopped abruptly. "Excuse me a minute," he said and hurried out of the alcove and accosted a tall, dark-haired fellow who was making straight for our little party. Their conversation, I heard afterward, was something like this:

"Hello, Kiefer," Blake greeted him.

"Well, well, hello, Blake! I was just about to join your little party. Who's the girl?" Henry Kiefer is a jovial soul—an artist, when he gets a chance to be one.

"None of your business," Blake growled. "Now, listen. Lay off, will you?"

"Lay off nothing," said Kiefer. "That big four-flusher with you owes me ten bucks. This is the first glimpse I've had of him in two months."

"Shut up! That gray-haired guy is a total stranger to you. Get me?"

"What?"

"You don't know him, understand? He's Flo Ziegfeld," Blake told him.

"MAYBE I'm naturally thick-headed," said Kiefer bewilderedly; "anyhow, I don't catch on." Then his face wreathed in a smile. "Say! Why, Blake, you old son of a gun, I didn't think you had it in you! Pretty girl wants to be an actress. Mr. Rodney Blake introduces her to big producer. Girl capitulates to Rodney Blake out of sheer gratitude. Grateful girl pays price." He grinned appreciatively.

"Oh, for—"

"But, Blake," added Kiefer, "that's going to a hell of a lot of trouble when the town's so full of women who'd—"

"Go fry your tonsils," snorted Blake. "Your mind's always in the sewer, Kief. Honestly, I haven't any ulterior motive; none like that, anyway. This girl's from my home town and I'm trying to get her back there."

"Oh, all right, have it your own way. But let me in on it," begged Kiefer. "I'll inject some realism into the act."

When they approached the table, our gray-haired friend glanced up at the artist and his expression grew worried. But Blake sent him a reassuring look.

"Miss Lange, I'd like to present Mr. Henry Kiefer, the celebrated artist."

Lily accepted the introduction with a tremulous smile.

"And Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. Kiefer."

"This is a pleasure, Mr. Ziegfeld," purred the artist. "I've been wanting to meet you for—a long time."

Mr. Ziegfeld bowed stiffly.

"Miss Lange," said Kiefer to Lily, "pardon me if I seem banal, but I'm positive I've seen you before. Or your picture."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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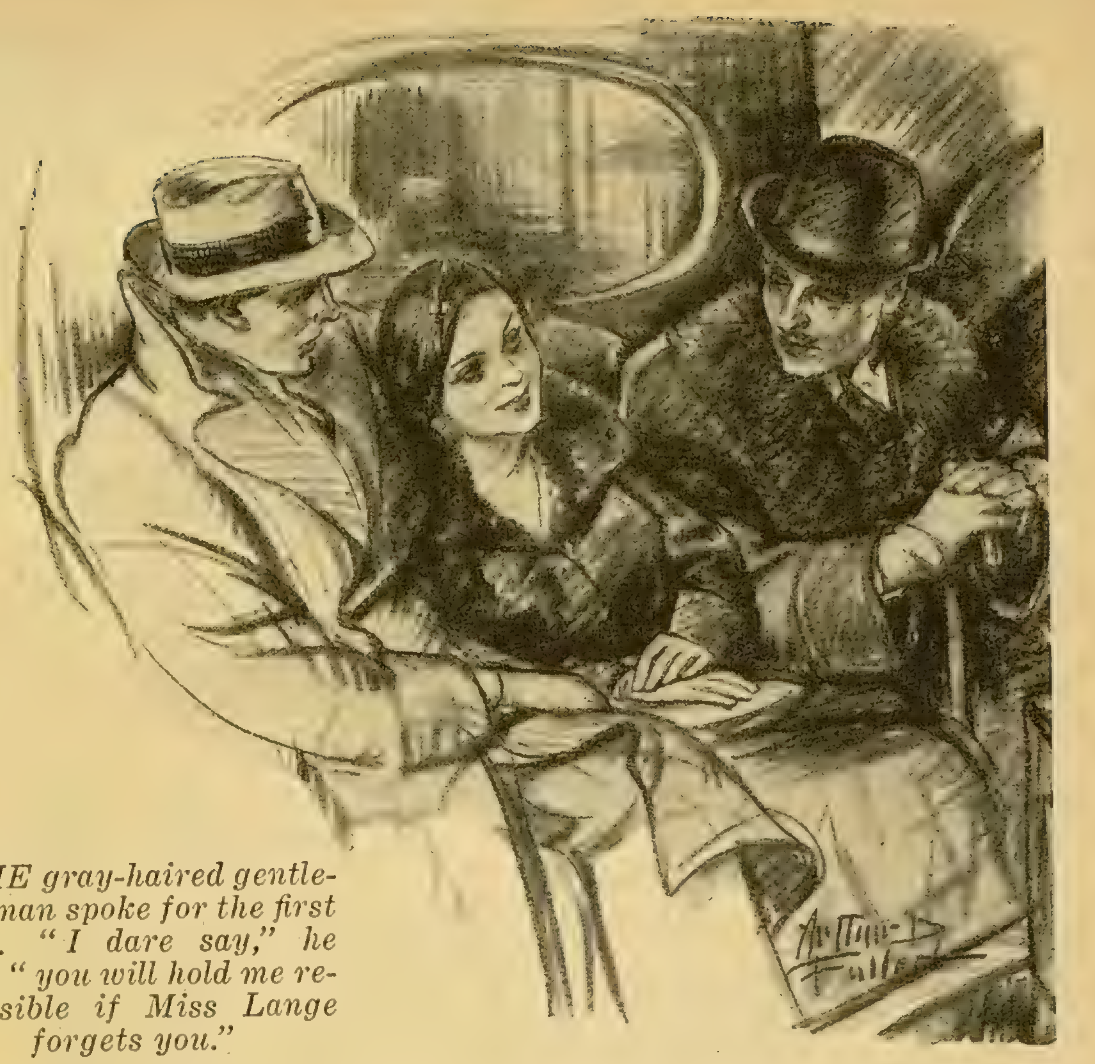


THE gray-haired gentleman spoke for the first time. "I dare say," he said, "you will hold me responsible if Miss Lange forgets you."

CORN-FED AND CAGEY
Continued from page forty-seven

Blake coughed. Kiefer took no notice of him.

"You have the kind of beauty, permit me to say, that one does not often find these days," he continued.

"I'm sure you're mistaken," said Lily. "I mean, I've only been in New York since yesterday."

"Then it must be that you're my ideal come to life," said the artist.

Blake cut in.

"Miss Lange is going to be an actress. Mr. Ziegfeld is going to put her in his new show. At least, he's considering it."

The gray-haired man smiled and shrugged.

"I have decided, Blake," he said. "One look at Miss Lange convinced me that she is the very type I've been searching for. I can only beseech her not to let some other producer steal her away from me."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," Lily reassured him sweetly. "I mean, if I signed a contract with you, and then Mr. Carroll tried to get me to sign one with him, I certainly wouldn't do it. I'm terribly loyal that way."

The fellow leaned over and patted her hand.

"Thank you, my dear."

"I ENVY you big producers, Mr. Ziegfeld," said Henry Kiefer. Then the rascal studied our gray-haired friend for a second. "Say, it's a funny thing, but I could almost swear I saw you eating a hamburger sandwich in Louie's dog cart on Twenty-third Street the other night."

The older man sent him a darkening look.

"You were mistaken," he said gruffly.

"Well, he certainly looked like you." Kiefer shook his head perplexedly. "You don't happen to have a twin brother, do you, Mr. Ziegfeld?"

"Certainly not."

Blake and I lost control. We were overcome by a fit of coughing and fairly whooped. Kiefer slapped Blake vigorously on the back.

"You boys ought to be careful," he cautioned seriously. "You'll choke to death one of these days, trying to gulp your liquor down like that."

The face of Mr. Ziegfeld wore an angry flush. He favored Kiefer with a murderous glare. But it was wasted.

"Miss Lange," the waggish artist now turned to Lily. "I wonder if some day, when you are not too busy, you'll do me a great favor."

Blake coughed warningly and Kiefer picked up his napkin and handed it to him.

"If you're going to have another coughing spell, Blake, better have this ready."

"What kind of a favor, Mr. Kiefer?" Lily wanted to know.

"I want you to pose for me. My masterpiece," said the artist softly. "I'll call the painting *Beauté—sans Cervelle.*"

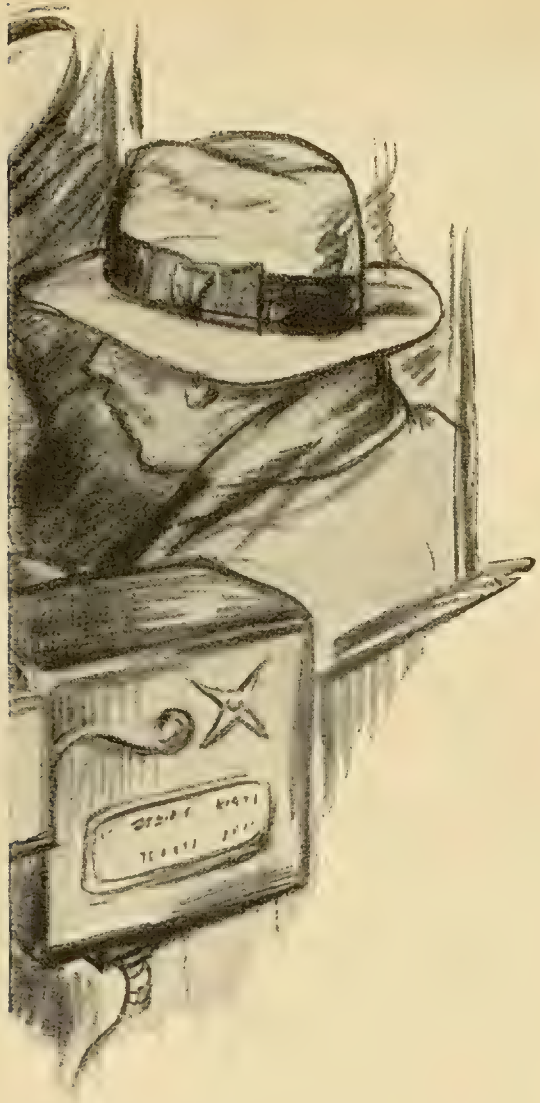
Blake staggered to his feet.

"Come on, let's go," he said hoarsely. "I've got to get back to the office." He bustled us out. "Good night, Kiefer—old pal!"

We left Lily at Mrs. Morris' door with the understanding that she would hear from Mr. Ziegfeld in the morning.

"If I were you, Lily, I wouldn't say anything to Mrs. Morris about this. Just stay quiet until you hear from Mr. Ziegfeld," Blake advised her.

"All right, Rodney. I guess I'll be pretty busy after tomorrow." She gazed up at him with eyes wide and childlike—and trusting. Her lips trembled with the joy of all her youth-



ful dreams now coming true. Her face was lovely. Poignantly so.

"Thank you, Rodney—for everything!"

Blake felt like an utter cad. He couldn't look directly into her eyes.

"Night, Lily."

In the taxicab on our way downtown the three of us were silent for a long time. Then Blake said:

"I feel ashamed of myself."

"Yeah, I know," said I.

"It's kind of a rotten stunt to pull on a girl."

"Oh, don't be like that," I told him. "You're doing it for her own good."

Our friend "Mr. Ziegfeld" sighed heavily.

"She's really a very pretty girl," he said.

"She sure is," I agreed with him. "I could almost fall for her myself. Almost, understand. I'd eventually have to kill her."

"I'VE known actresses who were equally as dumb as she is," remarked our friend. "Why, look at Daphne Day. That girl can hardly write!"

"Yeah, Daphne's dumb, but she's also smart. Remember, Daphne was raised on Tenth Avenue." This was from Blake, who was slumped dejectedly in his corner. "Daphne's shrewd. She got that way because she never had enough to eat when she was a kid."

"Speaking of eating," said the gray-haired gentleman whose real name was Bruce DeForrest, or, rather, that's what he called himself. "How about that advance you promised me, Blake? If I'm to continue impersonating the great impresario, I need sustenance."

"All right, here's ten bucks," Blake sighed. "Damn it, this racket is costing me money!"

"Well, my dear chap," remonstrated the other, "you're getting off lightly. My Equity contract calls for a much larger salary than the mere pittance I am exacting from you. And, remember, it isn't every day you can find an actor who possesses the appearance and talent to impersonate Florenz Ziegfeld."

"Oh, sure," said Blake. "Where d'you want to get out?"

"At my lodgings. Twenty-third Street. Damn that Kiefer, he *would* bring that up about the dog cart."

"You should care," I said. "He was there for the same purpose, wasn't he? Didn't he grab a hamburger?"

"I really don't know," said Mr. Bruce DeForrest. "I didn't wait to see. Oh, well, Kiefer's just a third-rate artist. I, if I do say it myself, am a first-rate actor. I've played opposite Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske—"

"Yes, we know," interrupted Blake. "Now don't forget about tomorrow. Call her in the morning just as soon as I give you the word. We'll have the stage all set for tomorrow afternoon and I hope to heaven it goes over!"

As Blake and I jogged downtown to the Reflector office, Blake muttered to me: "Honestly, Uppdie, I feel like a criminal. I feel like a guy that slaps little children."

NEXT morning we knew it was all right to go ahead with the plot, so we had our actor friend do his stuff. Blake and I listened in while he telephoned Lily.

"Miss Lange? This is Mr. Ziegfeld. I find that I can see you this afternoon. I'm very anxious to settle this matter of your contract; in fact, I am having my lawyers draw up your papers right now."

"Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld."

"Now, supposing you meet me, say two o'clock. I have a sort of private office in East Fifteenth Street where I sometimes carry on my more—er—private affairs. I'll give you the address. . . . Suite Number Ten at two o'clock. Thank you, Miss Lange."

The next chapter of this story was told to me afterward. Blake and I debated whether or not we'd hide in the clothes closet so we could hear what went on. But we decided it would be too risky. It was in our own apartment that this chapter took place and maybe we could have gotten away with it. Anyway, I had to work, but, believe me, I didn't concentrate so well that afternoon.

When Lily knocked timidly at the door of our apartment in Fifteenth Street promptly at two o'clock, a voice said: "Come in!"

And when she entered, "Mr. Ziegfeld" walked toward her and led her in by the hand.

"Ah, Miss Lange, right on time. Come, my dear, and take off your things."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CORN-FED AND CAGEY
Continued from page forty-nine]

Lily glanced around.

"I thought you said it was an office," she said in a very small voice.

"It is, my dear. I like to be comfortable. I have enough of the atmosphere of desks and typewriters—er—elsewhere. Here I get my biggest ideas. Plan great scenes. This is my real workshop, although it has none of the workshop's sordidness. I am, after all, an artist, Miss Lange, and I am extremely susceptible to my surroundings."

"I see."

"Come, sit down. We'll have a glass of wine before we talk business."

He led her to our divan and seated himself beside her. He poured wine from a decanter we had purchased especially for the occasion. Decanters are a little out of our line.

"It is very mild," he said, handing her a glass. "Some wine I brought from France."

Good old dago red!

"Now, my dear, we'll get acquainted." He took her hand and held it to his lips. "Lovely Lilli."

"Please, Mr. Ziegfeld, I—"

"Call me Flo, won't you? We are going to see much of each other in the future. We need not be formal."

"Well—Flo. I—"

"Ah, that's better. You're perfect." He placed an arm around her waist and held her chin in the palm of his hand. "Lovely, lovely Lilli."

"Please!"

"Now, my dear, you're not going to be foolish, are you? Remember, Lilli, I know things about you. Don't forget the necking!"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten? Your reputation, of course. The hottest necking in—er—whatever the name of your college is."

"I don't see—"

"Wait, my dear. You don't suppose I'm going to give you a contract and make you a famous star without exacting a bit of payment, do you? And, after all, it will be nothing out of your line. You admitted that you have permitted—well, you understand what I mean."

"WELL, what if I did kiss a few college boys?" Lily was getting angry. "Even if I did neck a little now and then, is that any reason for you to think that I—"

"Now, now, Lilli," soothed the man. "Don't get excited."

"Well, I *will* get excited. You've got a lot of nerve, you have!"

The gray-haired gentleman drew himself up to his full height. He was playing a scene he knew well. Back in 1912 he had played it to packed houses in a drama called The Banker's Revenge. He was so good in the part that the audience in Muscatine, Iowa, actually hissed him.

"Nerve, my dear? Of course I have nerve. I have nerve enough to force you to my will."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this." He leaned over her, and I suppose our Lily could feel his hot breath on her face.

I've often wondered if his breath smelled of hamburger.

"You thought you were using me, didn't you? You thought that just because you have a pretty face and a slim young body that I'd put you in my show and make a star of you. All for a sweet smile and a 'thank you.' My dear young woman, the market is glutted. You're a drug on the market. New York swarms with girls who are as pretty—prettier—than you are. And yet you think I should make a star of you. For what? You know my answer. Here we are. No one will interrupt us. You are my prisoner."

He leered at her.

"Mine, understand?"

I guess our Lily was pretty badly frightened. She cowered away from him.

The villain grasped her by the shoulders and pulled her to him.

"YOU listen to me, young lady. You may know a lot about hot necking, but I'm going to do a bit of detouring this afternoon. Understand?"

Lily tore herself away from him and ran to the door.

"You let me out of here! You—you're awful! I hate you. I don't want to be an actress!"

The man laughed cynically.

"I'll let you out when I'm ready—not before." He made a lunge at her in the best melodramatic style. Grabbed her in his arms while she fought against him even as she had seen her favorite heroine in the pictures fight against her pursuer. She screamed.

And then there came a pounding at the door.

"Open this door!" cried a voice. "Open this door, I say, or I'll break it down!"

Crash! Bang! Someone bounded into the room.

"Lily! Thank God!"

It was the hero, sure enough. Bill Kennedy, the boy from Loganville!

Lily took her cue. She fainted dead away. The villain made a very quick getaway. He was wise, because Bill Kennedy is a husky boy and a year ago he was the pride of Winnemoska's football team.

Here's where the story ought to end, I suppose.

A fade-out, with the girl looking up into her hero's eyes, or should we have them standing on the observation platform of the Century as it speeds westward?

Still, the real ending is pretty good. It packs a surprise, too.

They took the train all right. Blake and I went to the station with them. The boy was mighty grateful to Blake for sending him that telegram. He promised not to say anything to Lily about it. The poor kid actually believed that he'd saved his sweetheart from a fate worse than death, and we let him keep on believing it. Blake explained that he'd sent him the wire because he was afraid Lily might be in danger. Being such a beautiful girl and all, how could any theatrical producer resist her charms?

Before they said good-by to us, Lily took Blake aside for a minute.

"Rodney," she said, "will you do something for me?"

"Sure, Lily. What is it?"

She handed him a folded sheet of paper. "I want you to call up Mr. Seymour at the Olympic Theater and tell him that Miss Lange won't be able to take that part in his show."

Blake looked astonished.

"What's this all about, Lily?" he demanded.

"Why, you see, it's like this: At Mrs. Morris' I met a very nice young man named Eddie Swirling. He's a dancer, you know."

"Yes, Lily, and then what?"

"He's rehearsing for a new show being put on by Mawb and Schwendel, and when I told him I was looking for a job in a show, he was real interested." Lily looked a bit troubled. "I don't want you to think, Rod, that I didn't have faith in you. It just sort of happened, you see—meeting Eddie like that and—"

"Oh, that's all right, Lily," Blake assured her. "And then what?"

"Well, I told him about my being a college girl and all that—"

"Yes, yes, Lily!"

"And then Eddie told me that the show he's rehearsing for is going to have a special chorus, and every one of the girls in it is to be a college girl," went on Lily. "So I took my diploma with me and went down to the Olympic Theater with Eddie that morning. And Mr. Seymour gave me a job."

"Well, I'll be—"

"Of course, it was only in the chorus, but I was sure I'd get a big part soon," said Lily.

"But why didn't you tell me this before?" expostulated Rod.

"WELL, when you introduced me to Mr. Ziegfeld, I decided not to say anything about it," answered Lily. "Because, you see, when Mr. Ziegfeld promised to make me a star right away, why should I bother about being a chorus girl?"

"I see."

"And after the way that awful Mr. Ziegfeld acted, I knew I'd probably have the same thing to put up with from this Mr. Seymour, and of course, there was Eddie Swirling living right in the same house with me. I suppose he'd have wanted me to neck him or something."

"Yes, I suppose he would have," agreed Blake.

"So I'm through with the stage," said Lily. "I'm going to marry Bill and devote my life to making him happy. That will be my art," she finished, with a sad little smile.

And that was the last of Lily Langtry Appleby. I've often thought of her. And I've put another ending to the story. The final ending. It goes something like this:

THE Thursday afternoon bridge club is in session. Mrs. Swede Elkins, wife of that famous Winnemoska halfback in '29, is discussing with Mrs. Bill Kennedy the terrible behavior of the girls at college.

"It's awful the way the girls carry on these days," said Mrs. Elkins. "Why, at the last prom they say the seniors acted downright immoral!"

"I know," interposed Mrs. Kennedy *née* Appleby. "They say the sorority sisters neck something terrible. It's really a shame when you consider what a girl will do just to be seen with important college men."

"Isn't it, though?" agreed Mrs. Elkins. "But that's the price a girl will pay for a little cheap popularity. And you know, my dear, it's just a sample of what goes on in this world. I've heard that they do the same thing in the cities. For instance, if a girl wants to get a job—" She paused and looked meaningly into the face of Mrs. Kennedy.

Mrs. Bill Kennedy nodded wisely. "Do I know what you mean?" She raised her eyebrows in superior fashion. "Why, when I was in New York, Ziegfeld said to me—"

Uppdie faced me with a broad grin.

"And that's human interest," he said.

"Unadulterated," I reminded him. "It certainly—"

An office boy from the Reflector office stopped my further comments on the subject. He handed me a note from the city editor which I read and handed to Uppdie.

If you're through listening to that windbag Uppdegraff, there's a human-interest story about a Broadway butterfly I'd like you to write.

Uppdie laughed sardonically.

"Windbag, eh?" he said. "Well, run along, little sob sister, and do your stuff. And, remember, truth is stranger than fiction, but think of your public, kid—think of your public!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Tallahassee.
2—By purchase from Russia.
3—A tale of sorrow or complaint.
4—A species of ape.
5—A restorative.
6—The principal protein in milk.
7—A buffoon.
8—They are styles of type.
9—One which lives but a few hours or days.
10—Eight.
11—A prison.
12—A small mountain lake or pool.
13—The ridge between the shoulder bones.
14—Michigan.
15—A giraffe.
16—Colorado.
17—Attila.
18—Bering Strait.
19—A watch of two hours on shipboard.
20—Geneva, Switzerland.

DON'T LET ACIDITY

rob you of vibrant youth and energy

WHEN you feel yourself slowing up, don't blame it on the years alone. Age is a matter of physical condition even more than birthdays. One of the most common causes of threatening age is *acidity*, that excess acid condition which millions endure due to irregular living and eating habits.

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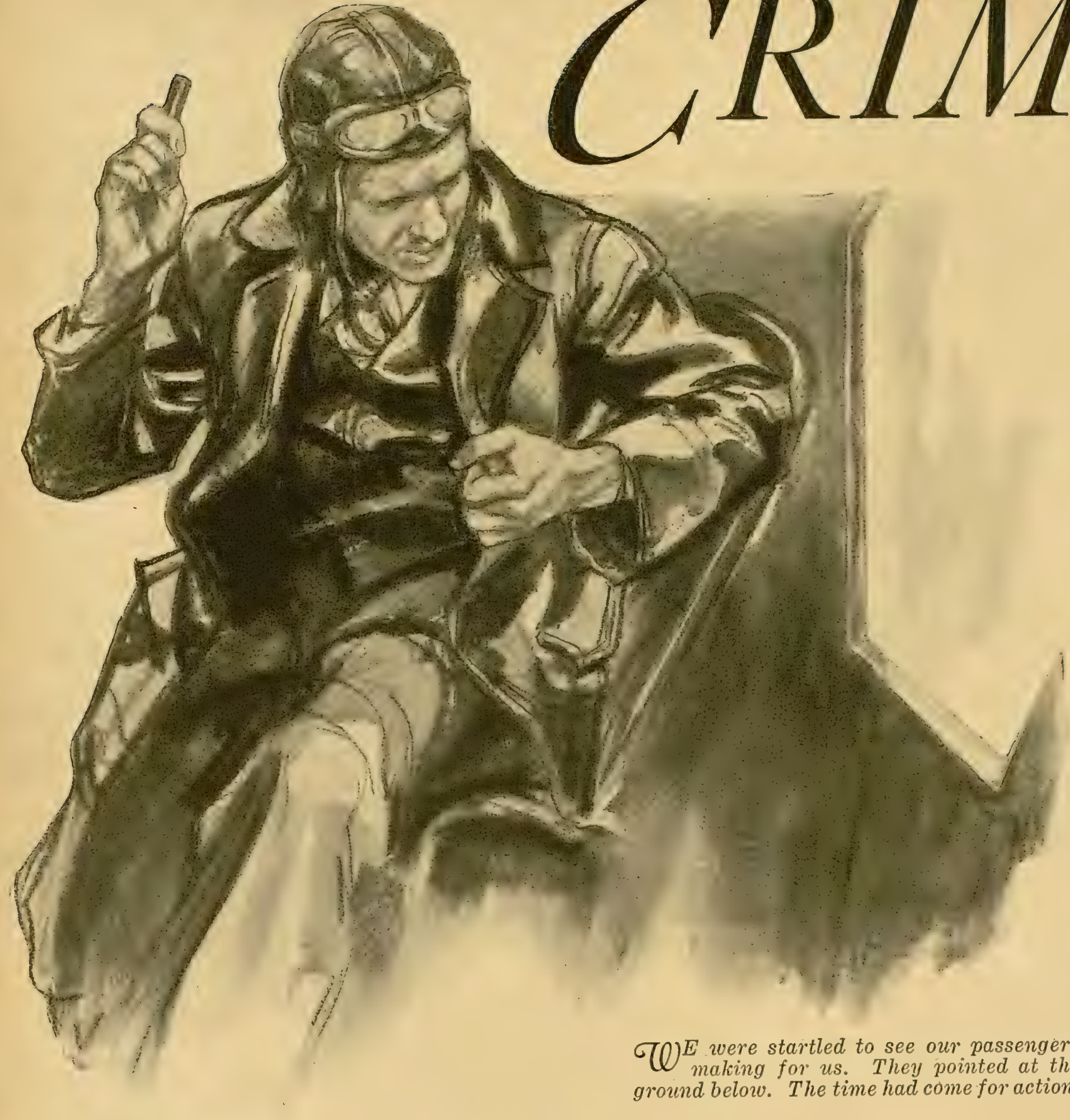
CRIME



We were startled to see our passengers making for us. They pointed at the ground below. The time had come for action.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 35 seconds.)

DOWN in Mexico a smooth-voiced gent once talked me into hauling his cash register across the border for him by plane. I was green in those days; I did the job without asking questions. Pretty soon I found myself chatting heart to heart with a U. S. plain-clothes man.

"Son," said the detective, "it's lucky for you that we know you weren't in on this."

"In on what?" I asked innocently.

"That cash register," he told me, "was packed full of cocaine worth thousands of dollars. The dope runner you carried it for played safe at your expense. He took all the gravy and slipped you all the risk."

I think this experience of mine illustrates one of the special hazards faced by young men who fly nowadays for their living. I refer to the danger of getting mixed up with crooks, racketeers, and outlaws of every description—a danger particularly felt by those of us who follow our flying fortunes all over the world.

Flying means speed, and speed is worth millions to criminals. In crime as in war the side that shoots first, then gets away quickest, holds the winning ticket.

And our rich crooks of today can well afford all the costliest weapons of modern warfare. They fight society with machine guns, poison gas, high explosives. They use the fastest racing cars, the swiftest motor craft. It is only natural that they should try their best to commandeer aviation, too.

From their viewpoint, what could be sweeter than a high-speed plane? Moreover, speeding planes do not arouse the suspicion of police authorities, as speeding cars and motor boats now do.

Altogether, I don't suppose there can be half a dozen flyers of long experience who have not been approached at one time or another by crooks.

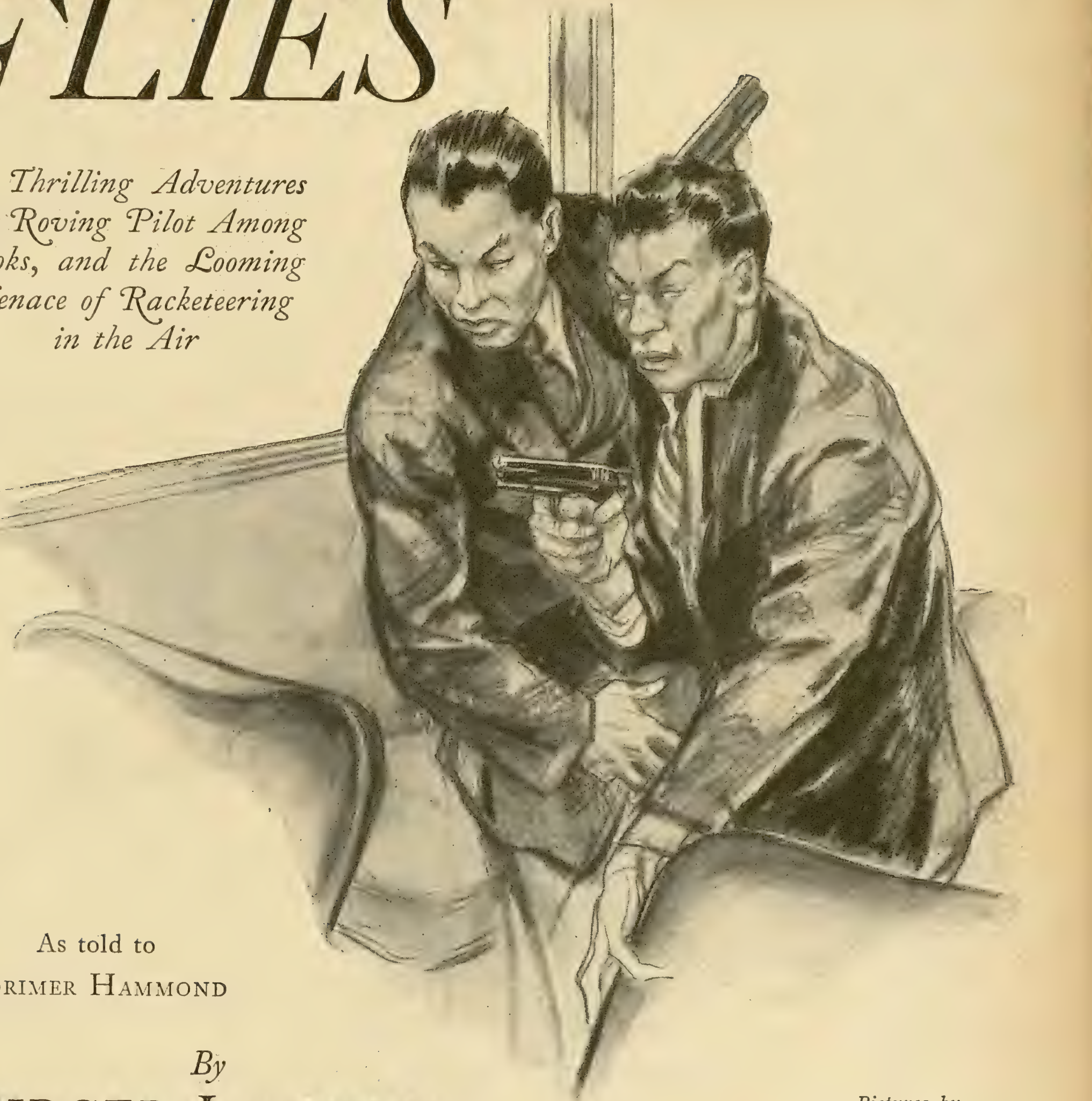
In my own case I know that I've been propositioned on almost every form of malfeasance from plain bootlegging to fancy abduction. For twenty years I have managed by various strategies to avoid such snares, but the dodging has not always been easy.

Some gorillas are stubborn. They won't take no for an answer. When they decide to enroll a certain air pilot in their select little group they intend to get him—alive or otherwise.

Out in China last year I was flying mail and passengers over the daily run operated between Shanghai and Hankow by China Airways, Inc., an American company. We had five big Loening amphibians worth $30,000 apiece, and those ships looked like heavenly loot to the Chinese bandits, who figured on selling them to one war lord or another.

FLIES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Roving Pilot Among Crooks, and the Looming Menace of Racketeering in the Air



As told to
LORIMER HAMMOND

By
BIRGER JOHNSEN

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

The bandits were all over the place; river pirates, too. Business was brisk in their line. Every few days they'd grab a river steamer, a freight train, or a cargo caravan of some sort. In all the large cities they have wealthy "fences" to whom they sell the stolen merchandise. The prosperous captives they hold for ransom; the poorer ones they put to death in a hideous gala of torture. If you're not worth pay-off money, it's advisable to keep a dose of quick death in your pocket while roaming around China.

ARMY deserters make up the bandit rank and file. The ringleaders are nearly all ex-generals. These native renegades raise plenty of first-class hell on their own account, but some of their classier villainies are planned for them by white men living supposedly blameless lives at the top of Shanghai's white society.

I have personal reason to know this, because it was one of these under-cover crooks who tried to make a Chinese bandit of me.

I'm not going to reveal his name. His number hasn't come up yet; he's still a big shot in white Shanghai—and I might want to go back there some day.

Flyers were his pets. He entertained all of us, and made himself especially friendly with me. Not until he had palled around with me for weeks did he begin dropping hints. Then one day I found myself alone with him in the bar of the Palace Hotel.

"Know anything about the local opium racket?" he asked in an offhand way.

"Not a thing," I told him.

"It's a circus," he chuckled. "There's a law against bringing opium into Shanghai, but no law against using it. The old Chink merchants smoke tons of it. They can't live without the stuff. Prices have been O. K. until recently, because the Chinese river police always kept their eyes shut to smuggling. The river-boat captains—stout British chaps, most of 'em—have been making fortunes bringing opium down from Hunan.

"Now, all of a sudden, the river police have taken to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CRIME FLIES
Continued from page fifty-three

searching the steamers. What they don't confiscate the pirates hijack. Opium prices have gone sky-high, and the local hopheads are running around in circles. What they're after is a brand-new way to get the 'mud' in."

I didn't catch what he was driving at until he said:

"The river police don't search your planes, do they?"

No, I told him, they didn't.

"Well," he laughed, "you boys ought to be rolling in cash before long. There's real money in the Shanghai hop business. No blame attached to it, either. All the best people do it."

I said I didn't think opium smuggling would appeal to our crowd. He changed the subject.

That was as straight as he ever talked on the dope-running notion. The next idea he presented for my approval was much more definite.

Talk about your dime-novel plots! The layout that Shanghai pal of mine had up his sleeve was a natural! As he unfolded his scheme I understood where *his* money came from. He was actually fronting for a notorious bandit gang located a few miles up the river. And his mob had a standing order for one of our amphibians. A certain war lord was eager to pay them $30,000 for the ship on delivery, with no questions asked. They meant to pull the deal off by hook, crook, or homicide.

The part they had scheduled for me was a darb. They wanted me to fake a forced landing at a prearranged spot. As soon as I set the ship down they'd swarm out and take her. They'd snatch me along, too. Then, in addition to the thirty grand they'd collect for the Loening, they figured on picking up $10,000 ransom for me. That extra ten grand was to be my share of the swag.

Just a nice, honest, profit-sharing transaction. I was only required to sell out my company, scuttle my ship, and pocket my own ransom money! Oh, yes—one more little point: They said they hoped I wouldn't mind if they killed my co-pilot. Leaving a witness alive would be unbusinesslike.

Well, the whole gag sounded so ridiculous to me that I forgot all about it until weeks later—when the surprise party came to teach me what persevering lads those Chinese bandits can be.

They staged the show bright and early one morning on my Shanghai-Hankow run. I took off that day at 8 A. M. I had two passengers aboard—two baby-faced young Chinamen wearing American college clothes. They looked like a couple of Chinese students home from Columbia. Side by side in my cabin they sat prim and modest until we reached a point about a hundred miles up the Yangtze River—approximately halfway between Shanghai and Nanking.

Birger Johnsen, who tells his story in this article.

MY pilot's cockpit was built on a level higher than the cabin, with a small sliding window for communicating with the passengers. My co-pilot sat in the cockpit beside me. He was a great little guy—part Jap, part Norwegian. I regret to say he has since crashed to his death in a Yangtze fog. But no fog worried us that morning. The day was clear and fine. We were gliding along, free from care, when suddenly we heard wild shouts behind us.

Looking back through the cabin window, we were startled to see our college-boy passengers making for us, each with a .45 automatic in his hand. They waved their guns at us and pointed at the ground below. They were ordering me to land the ship or they'd give me their Chinese equivalent for "the works."

A glance at the earth showed me that we were directly over an island in the Yangtze, long famous as a pirate center. I could see their crowd down there, waiting for us, shooting and prancing.

The time had come for action.

In the breast pockets of our flying suits my co-pilot and I carried a little patent medicine for emergency cases like this. We had tear-gas pistols made to look exactly like fountain pens. I opened the sliding window an inch and let mine go off in the cabin.

Whoosh!

A tinkle as the glass cartridge broke—a cloud of poisoned vapor pouring into the cabin—two round yellow faces blank with amazement, two voices choked with terror—silence.

We didn't need the other gas cartridge. Our unlucky passengers were helpless, gasping and strangling. It wasn't even necessary to go in and tie them up.

Changing my course, I flew straight to Nanking. There I handed our prisoners over to the native police. I was later informed that both had been beheaded the next day. The law works fast in China—when it works at all.

Unfortunately, no evidence of mine could touch the white man—if such he may be called—whose brains directed the attempt. His social position in Shanghai protected him thoroughly.

APART from bandits and river fog, China is a great country for pioneer flying. All told, there were only eight American pilots in China last year. Young Chinese become good pilots if they are taught correctly in the beginning, but for some peculiar reason they can never unlearn any faulty instruction they receive at the start. Since a good many of them have been taught wrong at first, their flying equipment doesn't last long—and neither do they.

Planes built for Chinese flyers have to be specially designed with curved structure lines throughout. The Chinese public still clings to an ancient belief that *the devil inhabits all straight lines!*

The war lords and political bigwigs of China are keen on passenger flying. Air travel appeals to them, being a thousand times safer than any form of overland travel in their cutthroat land. They enjoy the expense, too; they take pride in spending money extravagantly. General Chiang Kai-shek tipped one of our pilots $2,000 cigarette money for a short night flight.

Their hospitality can be embarrassing. I, for one, never could get used to their banquet trick of splitting a live monkey's skull before your eyes at table and pouring the brains right into your soup. A supreme delicacy, they call this, reserving it for their most honored guests.

When they invited me to be a general in their Central Army I declined with thanks. No Chinese military fame for old man Johnsen's boy Birger. Too frequently the difference between being a general with medals on your chest and a bandit with a price on your head is just a matter of a few months' time.

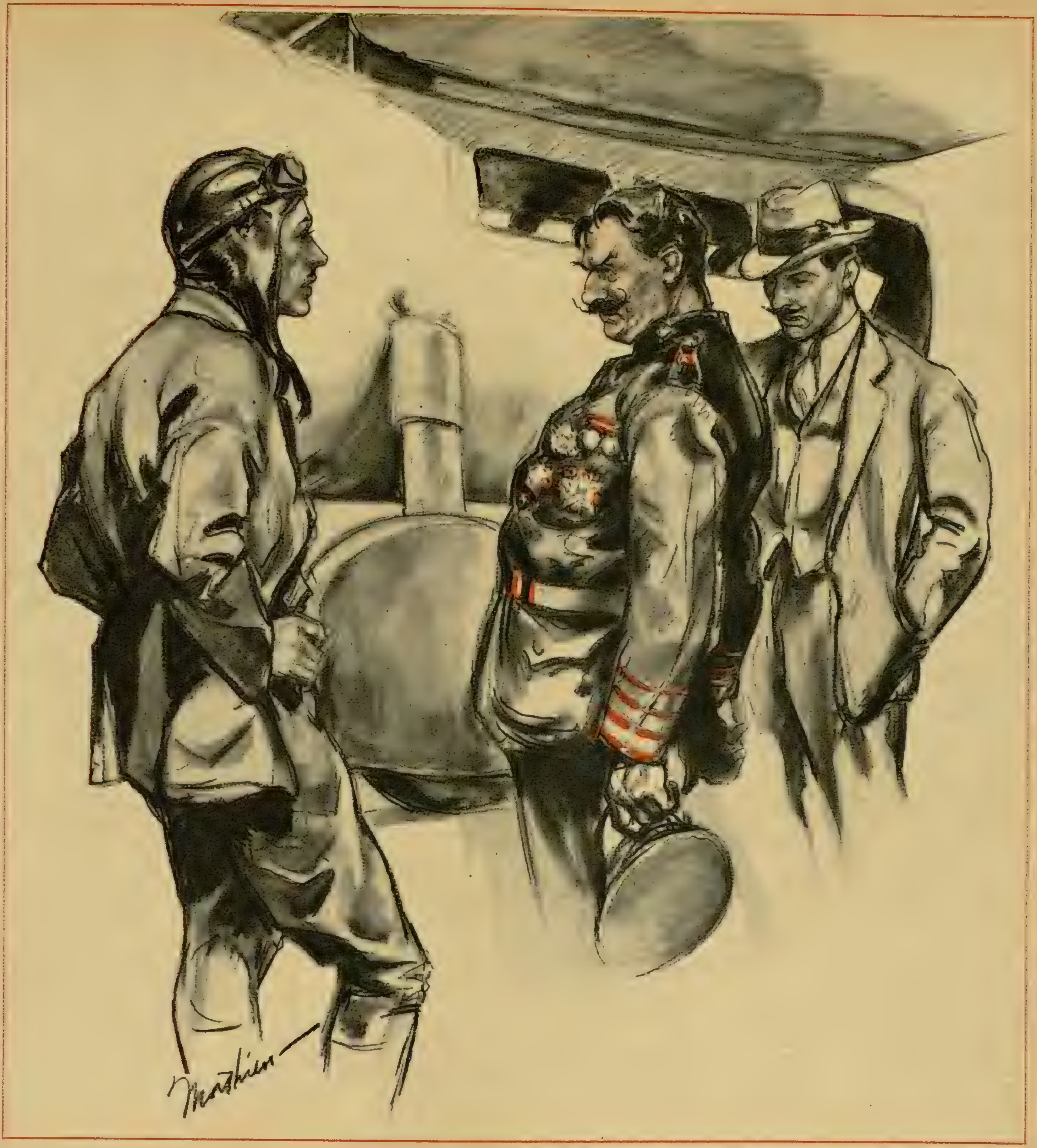
As I said to begin with, a young pilot flying far and free runs up against a lot of off-color opportunities. As a rule, he's broke, or next door to it. Usually he doesn't know much about business methods, straight or crooked. The smart crooks want him. They can use him and they can fool him—if they can get him.

Here in the United States crime makes its strongest bid for aviation along the frontier regions, where smuggling thrives.

On the Canadian line the game, of course, is liquor. So many people refuse to consider rumrunning a crime that quite a few flyers take a chance at it. I won't say I've done it myself, and I won't say I haven't.

Smuggling out of Mexico is another matter. The biggest money down there comes from bringing contraband aliens across from Ensenada. Forbidden Chinese pay as high as $1,000 apiece for that little ride when they can hire a pilot to fly them. Other foreigners offer anywhere from $250 to $1,000. Silk and dope smugglers also are in the market for pilots.

It so happened that most of my Mexican flying was done against the outlaws instead of for them. In fact, I



They stepped up to me, scowling. "What is the meaning of this?" the general began to roar.

was once a Mexican flying cop. That was at Tia Juana about nine years ago. The sporty old town was still pretty wild in those days. It hadn't yet been transformed into a safe resort for Hollywood whoopee makers, as it is now.

Believe me or not, I flew down there to get away from a flock of ducks.

WITH two other tramp pilots I had been hired to fly "duck patrol!" over the California rice fields. What a job that was! We drove the wild ducks away from the rice by plowing our ships through their flocks as they took the air—chopping thousands of birds to mincemeat with our propeller blades, dodging their mangled bodies as the propeller shot them back across the cockpit hard enough to knock you cold if one of them smacked you on the head.

At the end of each patrol our ships were crimson from stem to stern. Every day we came down literally soaked to the skin with raw duck blood.

One morning I discovered I couldn't stand any more of those liquid ducks. Then and there I lit out for Tia, on the other side of the frontier.

It was late afternoon when I arrived. The races were on, and I took a couple of turns above the race track before landing.

That night an American gambler walked up to me and handed me fifty dollars.

"Here's your cut, kid," he says.

"You're a stranger to me," I told him. "Since when do you owe me money?"

"Since this afternoon," says the gambler. "I had dough on a long shot in the fifth. That was when you flew over the track. My horse wins, so you get a piece. You brought me luck. Take the fifty."

I took the fifty. Having no job I needed it, and, for another thing, I hoped it might induce Lady Luck to play a return engagement—for my benefit.

Sure enough, it did. The very next night a band of drunken Yaqui Indians rode into town on the rampage, shooting up the place, killing nobody, but throwing an almighty scare into the Mexican military governor, whose entire constabulary force happened to be away somewhere on a drunk of their own.

In the morning it was up to the governor to catch those

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CRIME FLIES
Continued from page fifty-five

Yaqui rioters and bring them back for trial or lose his reputation. Horsemen could scarcely hope to overtake them or find their hideaway in the hills. What does the governor do but send for me?

At his request I scouted the Indians by air. I located them in a ravine thirty miles away, and off dashed the federal troops to pinch them. When they were all back in jail, His Nibs the governor summoned me to his palace, where he commissioned me a colonel in the Mexican army and handed me $1,500.

Mexico looked good to me! I stayed.

I went to work as a gold dropper. That was a special branch of aviation practiced below the Rio Grande. It was maintained by the oil and mining companies as a protection against the hordes of bandits riding roughshod over the country at that time.

We delivered pay-roll money to the camps by air. All the pay was in gold coin, which we carried in leather bags about the size of fifty-pound flour sacks. On pay day we flew over each camp, and a square of blankets laid out on the ground was the signal for us to unload. If we saw no blankets that meant there were bandit forces in the neighborhood; then we flew the money back to the bank again. When we did drop them, the bags sometimes split as they struck the ground, scattering gold pesos all over the landscape.

Each of our clients paid our Compañia Mexicana de Aviation $10,000 a month for this work, and glad to do so. In those days a pay-roll messenger riding overland in Mexico had about as much chance as a bug in a bird bath.

Besides bandit-dodging, we did transport work, junketing government officials around from one province to another. One day I flew Obregon's son from Tampico to Mexico City. With him young Obregon had an army general and a quart of Three-Star Hennessy. Politics were touchy just then, and my two passengers were important enough to be suspicious of everyone. They were also in an impetuous mood, due to the Hennessy. It behooved me to make the flight pronto—without any hitch.

We were trying out a new lubricating oil in our ships, and, as luck would have it, the oil in my engine went thin on this very flight. I saw with dismay that I would be obliged to land and re-oil at Taxipani. Under the circumstances it was more than likely that my two passengers might think I had made a deal to turn them over to their enemies. In their fiery condition this would mean violence, with me on the receiving end.

TO bring the ship down without arousing their suspicion needed diplomacy. I was racking my brains for the right excuse to offer them, when a glance in their direction gave me inspiration.

Reaching Taxipani, I swooped down to a sudden landing. They stepped up to me, scowling.

"What is the meaning of this?" the general began to roar.

I ignored him, addressing myself to young Obregon. I smiled my best smile.

"Señor," I said, "I have interrupted the flight for a worthy reason. I noticed that your bottle is empty."

They were delighted. They praised my thoughtfulness. While they were in the town buying a fresh quart of Hennessy, I had time to change the oil in my engine. They came back in jubilant spirits, and on we flew to Mexico City. I congratulated myself for having skinned through one more delicate situation.

For a purely personal reason the toughest spots I've had to contend with during my twenty years as a hunter of flying fortune have not been bandit holdups, or dope-smuggling plots, or quick-trigger politicians.

Climate has been my bad news—tropical climate.

The reason why hot places hit me right between the eyes isn't hard to understand when you know where I come from. I was born 300 miles above the arctic circle—away up north where the girls wear fur pyjamas and the nights are four months long. Norway's my native country; Liland-Ofoten is my home town. Never heard of that one? Well, if there's anything you'd like to know about dear old Liland-Ofoten you just ask the next reliable polar bear you meet.

You may think these facts about myself have no point or purpose in this article. They have. I began by telling you something of a special danger confronting flyers today—the danger of entanglement with modern crime and its millions. Now I want you to understand what guards us against this danger. And the best way to explain will be to describe the origin of my own flying career.

I LEARNED to fly at Porsgrund, Norway—about 900 miles farther removed than Liland-Ofoten from the north pole. I was a student of engineering there in the summer of 1912 when a French army aviator named Chevillard came barnstorming through our homeland, putting on exhibition flights, giving lessons, etc. I signed up for a course of instruction.

Chevillard, by the way, was the first pilot in the world to loop the loop—for which innovation his superior officers gave him some months in the hoosegow.

In Norway he had only one ship—an old Farman Pusher without wheeled landing gear, or any way of regulating the speed of the motor. Set up on wooden skids, the Pusher could take off only from slippery grass on the down slope of a hill during a rainstorm. In the air she had one speed only—wide open or nothing.

That was Chevillard's equipment—that and the gallant heart of a true pioneer. He taught me the A B C of flying technique. And he taught me other things infinitely more important. From him I acquired my love of flying, my faith in its future, my first initiation into the brotherhood of the air.

He was a teacher who inspired lifelong enthusiasm in his students because he thrilled to it himself with every breath he drew. He died at the controls of his ship. The Germans shot him down in 1916. God grant his soul the gift of everlasting wings.

Chevillard taught me to fly. I shall never forget him. Every pilot I know idolizes the memory of some such man. While we continue to remember them the lure of crooked money will not attract many of us, I think.

Some day, with speedy planes in lawless hands, the air may indeed become a deadly element. There are times when I fear the prospect of flying made easy for everyone. When crooks handle high-speed planes as murderously as they now conduct their armored cars there'll be a hot time below.

Fortunately, that day is not yet at hand. At present Crime remains on the outside of Aviation, looking greedily in.

Until the gilded gangsters learn to do their own flying they'll never racketeer the air.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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First Aid Was at Hand

Mother (returning home from the grocery store): "Helen, I thought I told you to stay in the house and watch the baby. He might fall off the bed."

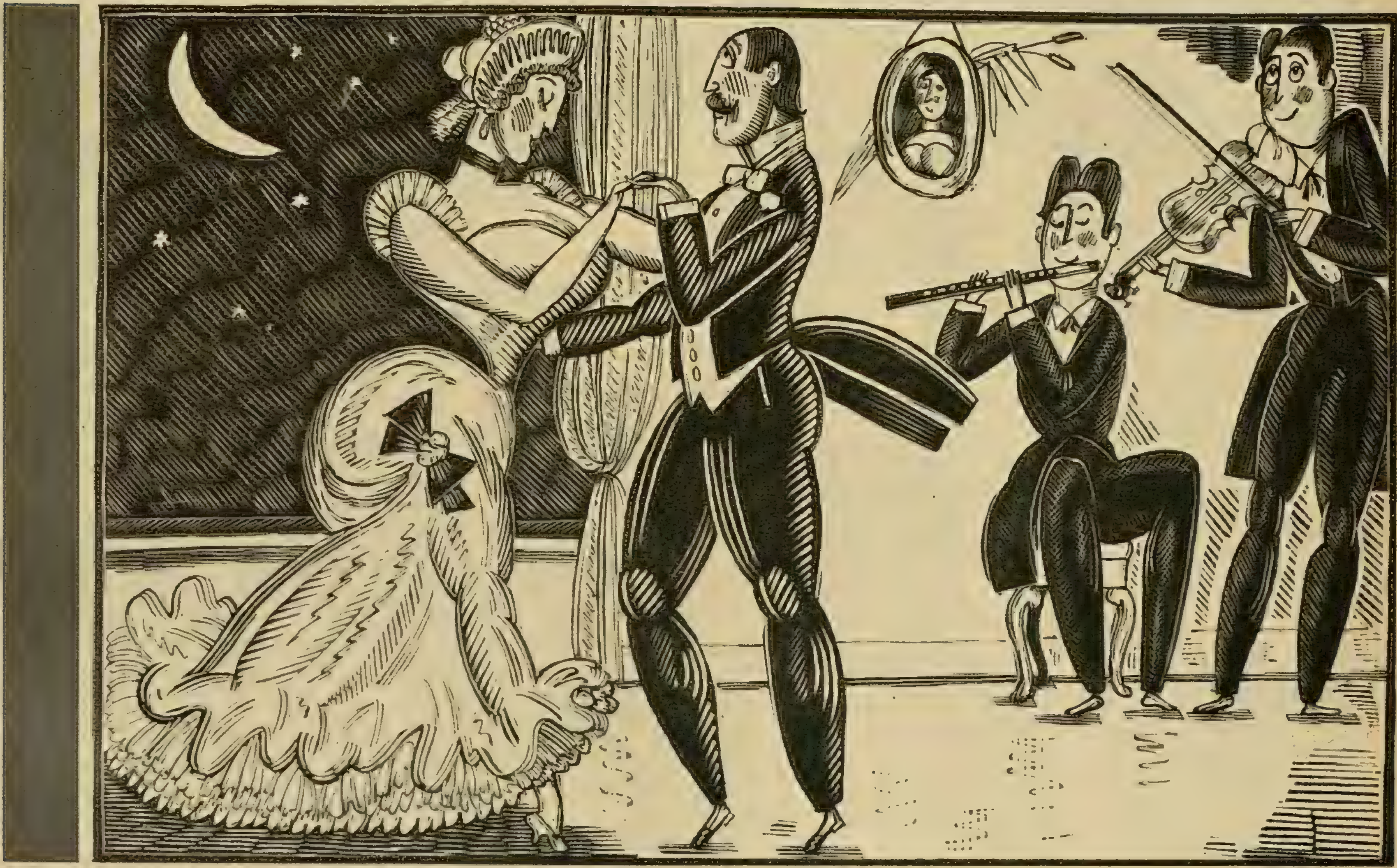
Helen (sitting on steps of front porch): "Well, mother, couldn't I hear him if he fell off and me out here?"—Mrs. Julian Bateman, 1623 W. Fifth Street, Texarkana, Texas.

* * *

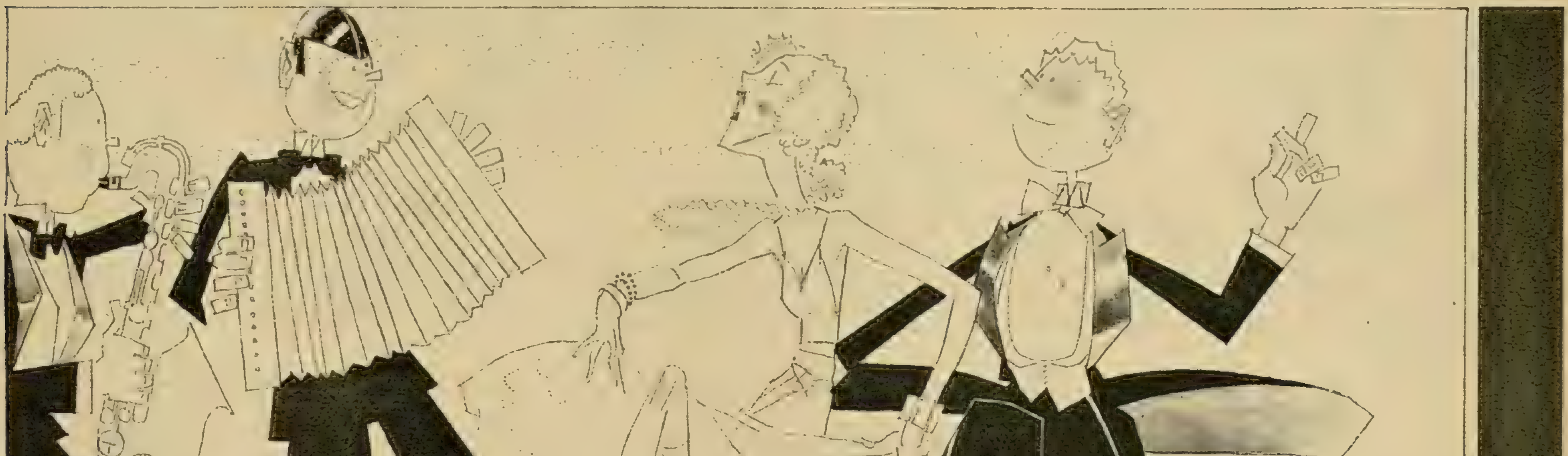
No Self-Control

My little niece, who had been left to watch the soup, was presently heard to sing out, "Oh, mother, come quick! The soup is getting bigger than the pot!"—Mrs. Chas. Saxe, 4137 Esplanade Ave., Montreal, Can.

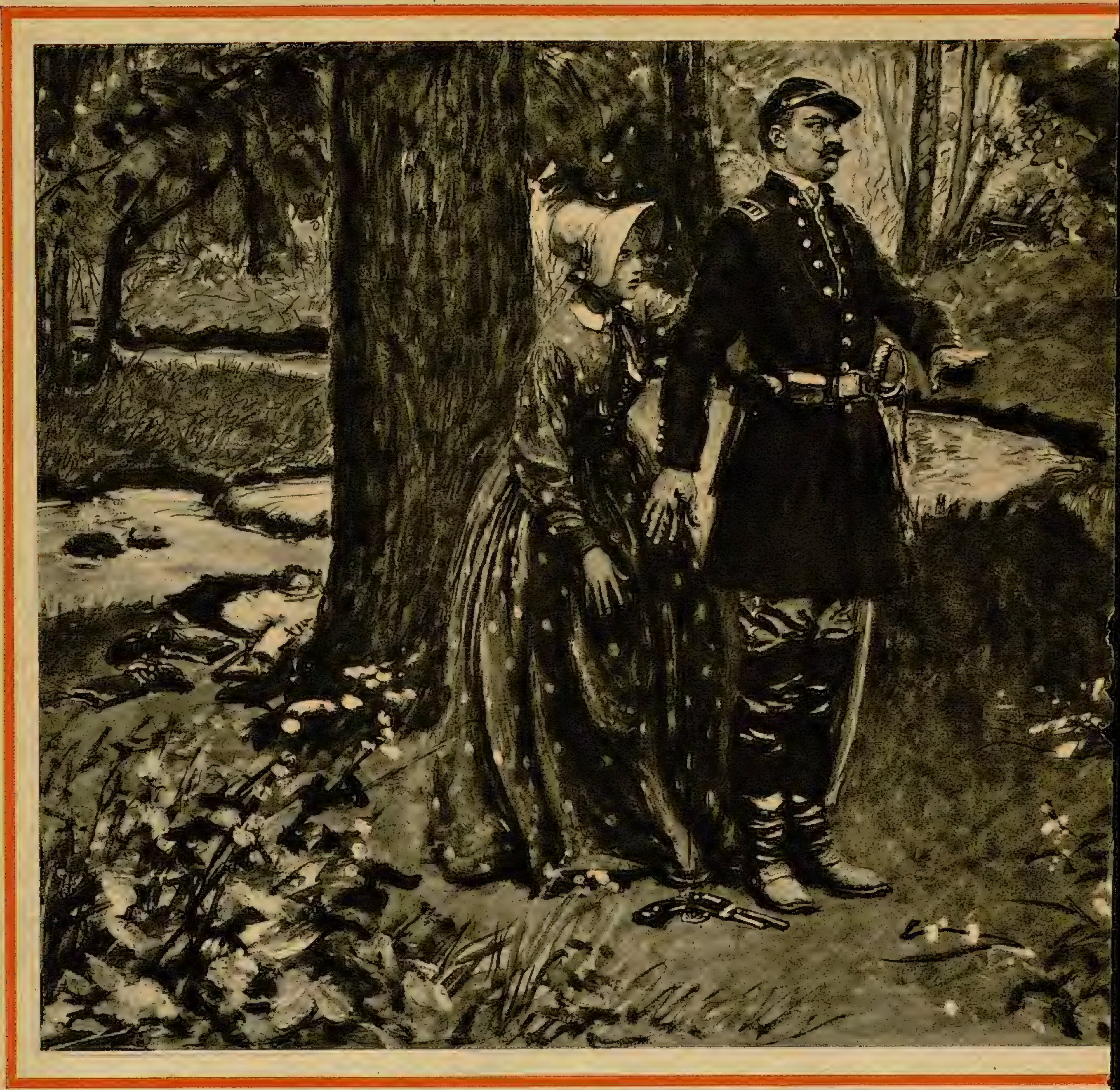
CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The Passing Years of Romance—The dreamy waltz—moonlight and honeysuckle



The "Ha-Cha-Cha" of Today—The tap dance—Wowser, and Hoosit, and Poo-poo-padew



"Good God!" he said. "Is it you, Juan?" I said sharply to the gi

WHISTLING

(Reading time: 32 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is a story of brave hearts and perilous hours during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, young Texans, were Federal Military Telegraph operators. They survived dangers together, and loved each other dearly. Juan happened to come upon a lad listening in on a telegraph wire. With the lad was Federal Captain O'Brien, Iris' father.

Later, Juan learned that the boy was Colt Racker, a Confederate spy. Iris, terrified, confessed that her father himself was a Southern spy. When the opportunity came, Juan started out to find and warn O'Brien.

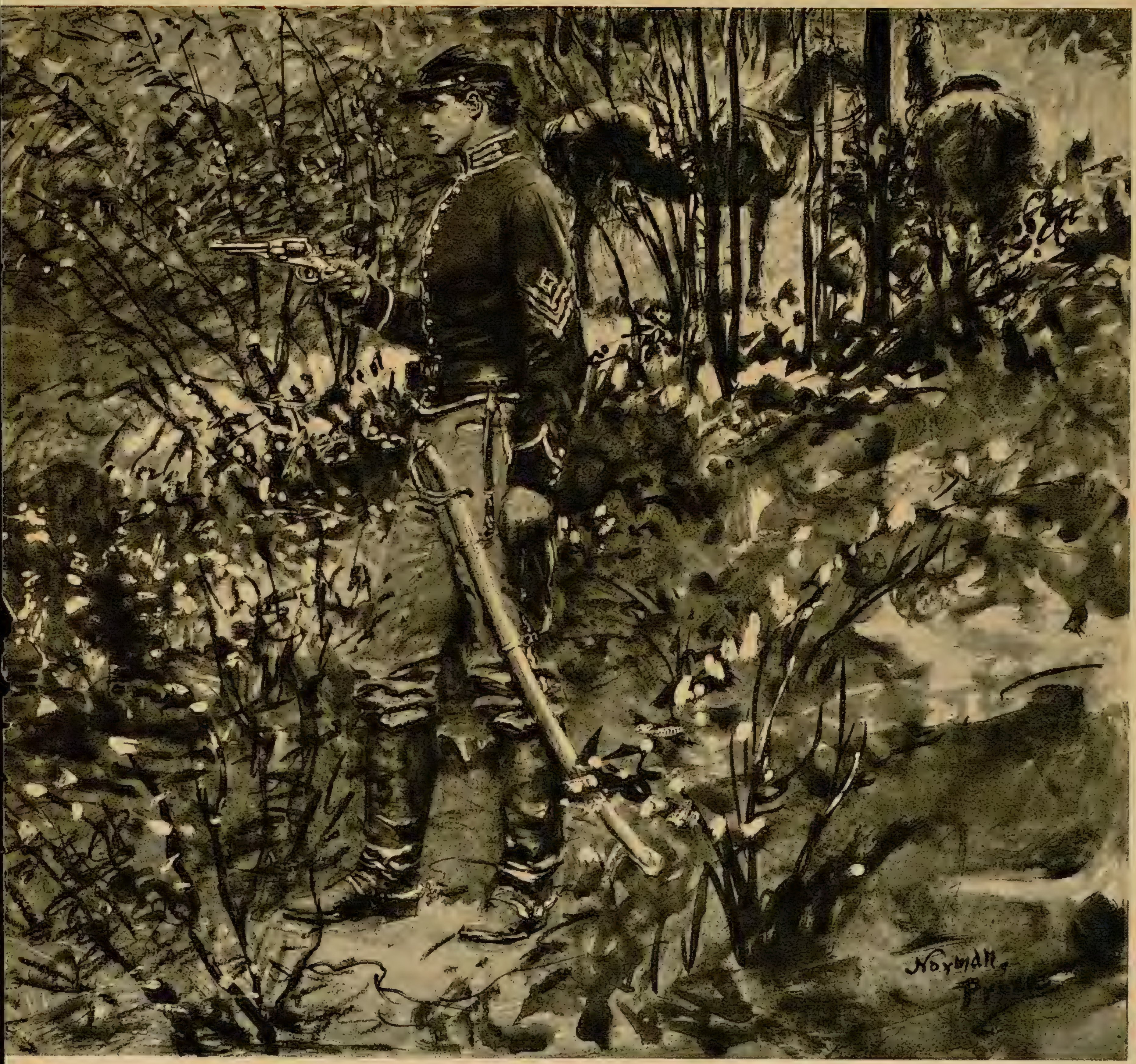
PART ELEVEN
DEATH'S DOORSTEP

By ROBERT W

Pictures

I WAS thoroughly alarmed. O'Brien certainly had an understanding with Colt Racker; and if the latter were in this vicinity, and if he were surprised in Stephen O'Brien's company or with documents on his person implicating the captain, then there'd be two hangings in a hollow square, and endless shame and sorrow for Iris, for Mother, and for me.

I rode through a farm gate and saw a colored cavalry-



Don't touch your skirts! Keep your hands away!" There was a deathly silence.

CAT

To Save a Gentleman from Hanging—The Amazing Truth About a Spy—Sentenced to Live—A War Too Full of Women—Long-Distance Love

CHAMBERS

ORMAN PRICE

man standing guard before a wagon shed where orderlies were carrying a rough table. A man in M. T. C. uniform was examining a Caton instrument near by.

When he learned who I was he told me his name—Farrel—and said he'd been told to come here, but that no wires had been strung.

He said that several cavalry generals were in front of the house, examining the Pamunkey River through telescopes, and that the man I asked for, Captain O'Brien, might be there with the several staffs. We walked around the pretty house, which was smothered in Cherokee roses, and came out behind a large company of mounted officers.

I asked a young staff officer whether he knew Captain O'Brien of General Devin's staff.

"Why, yes," he said. "He left here about ten minutes ago to carry some dispatches to General Devin."

"Could you show me which way he went?"

The young fellow pointed to the woods on the right. "There's a lumber road runs through to Devin's headquarters. You can't miss it. It's about two miles. You'll

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifty-nine

meet a telegraph construction gang who are running a wire between us and Devin."

As I wheeled my horse—" Don't swing to the south," he called out. " Our vedettes are only a half a mile out and our pickets quite close in!"

I had been riding for five minutes, possibly, over a forest road deep in moss and wet leaves, and already had passed the M. T. C. working party, when just ahead I saw a slight figure, in shirt and overalls, leading a saddled horse across the forest road at right angles, descend hastily a fern-choked gully.

I recognized the fair hair, the lithe form, the slight trace of a limp. Here was the boy Colt Racker, and no other—and, as usual, close to a telegraph line.

I led my horse a little way in from the wood road, tied him, pulled my revolver from the holster, cocked it, and, moving as noiselessly and swiftly as I could, crept toward the ferny gully where the little noisy brook tumbled down into Dixie.

I moved warily, listening for the sound of breaking twigs ahead. Then, through an intervening bush, I caught sight of *two* horses tethered to a sassafras shrub. Two! Were there others? Was this a rebel spy rendezvous?

Cautiously I surveyed the woods ahead, the ferny gully, the shrubbery. Where had the lad gone? I let myself down to the ground among the ferns, crawled forward.

SUDDENLY I saw him. But what my startled eyes beheld completely paralyzed me.

There stood Colt Racker, nearly naked, pulling on a faded calico skirt and waist, finally tying on a sunbonnet. Spurred boots, overalls, shirt lay in a heap on the moss.

Colt Racker was a woman!

Under her limp skirt, at her waist, I saw her strap two revolvers in their holsters. Then she let fall her skirts, sat down, pulled a pair of cotton stockings over her bare feet, and drew on two shabby shoes.

Suddenly she rose, and for an instant I thought she had heard me among the ferns.

Then, before I could take any action at all, a man came quickly through the woods and, without any pause or hesitation, swept the girl into his arms and kissed her.

The man was Stephen O'Brien.

He kissed and kissed her, and she was laughing part of the time, and part of the time she was responding rather ardently.

Then, scarcely aware of what I was doing, I rose in the ferns and walked straight toward them; and, when they noticed me at all, it was my revolver they saw first.

O'Brien swung the girl behind him and jerked his pistol free with the same movement; and I shot the weapon out of his hand and turned my weapon on the girl.

" Good God!" he said. " Is it *you*, Juan?"

I said sharply to the girl: " Don't touch your skirts! Keep your hands away!"

There was a deathly silence. O'Brien slowly lifted his bleeding hand. I had shot through the back of it, and the bullet had come out of the palm, tearing it wide open.

" I want to live," I said slowly. " And I mean to, even if I have to kill you both. So don't move!"

Then Stephen O'Brien's reckless smile twitched his pallid features.

" Listen to me, then, Juan Maddox, as one gallant man to another on Death's own doorstep. Let this young lady go. . . . And I follow you to the provost marshal."

" No."

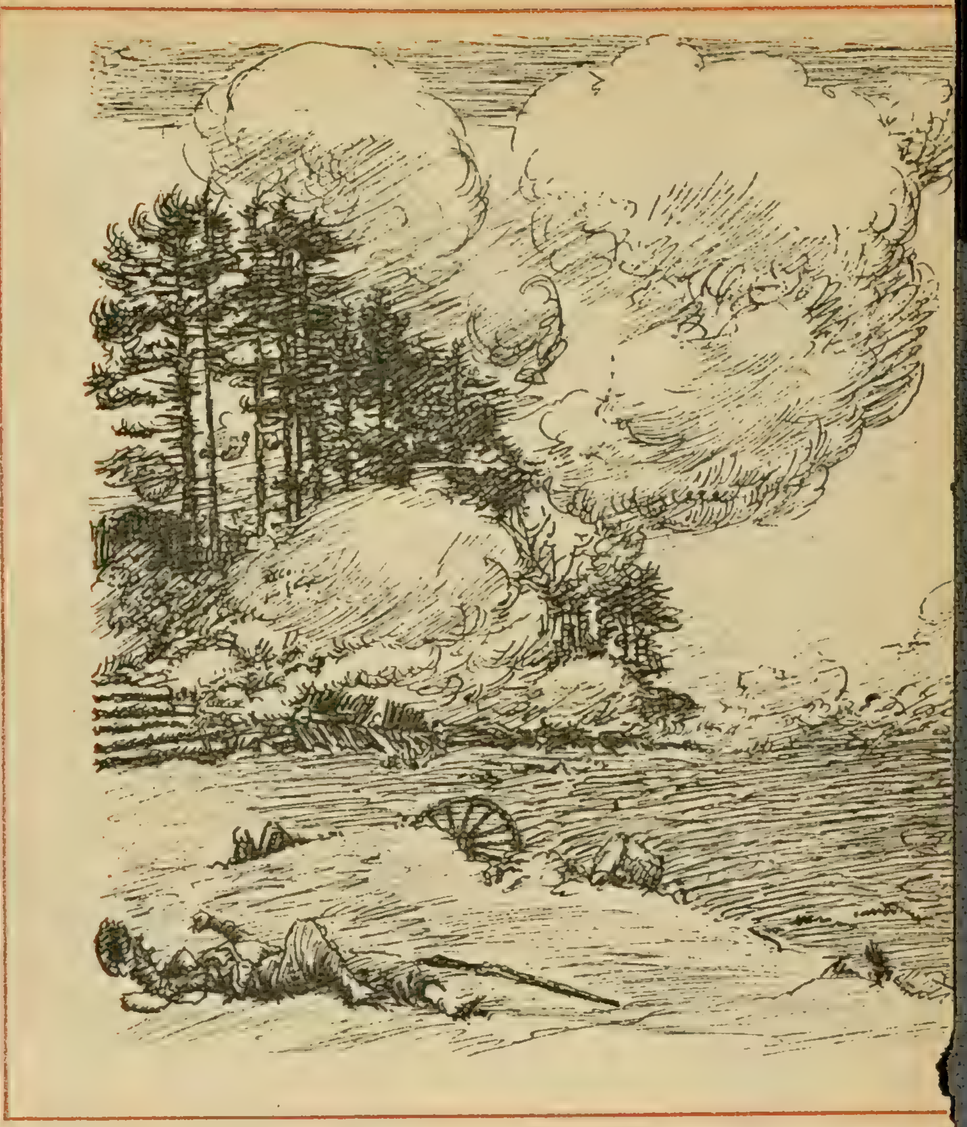
" You will not?" He turned to the girl: " For God's sake, alanna, don't touch your skirts!"

" I'd rather die shooting!" she said with a sob.

" Now you listen to *me!*" I said. " United States detectives are close to you. That's what they're here for—to stop the leakage in the United States Military Telegraph Corps; and to take or kill the cause of it!"

O'Brien was very pale from pain and loss of blood. The girl put her slender arm around him.

" Give me your paroles," I said quietly. " People who dare what you dare are not liars."



" Cavalry—charge!" Thunderous batter

The unhoped-for words seemed to daze them. The reaction brought a faint color into O'Brien's deathly face.

" That is gallant of you!" said the girl suddenly. Tears welled up in her eyes, streamed down her quivering cheeks. O'Brien, too, was quivering.

" No," said I. " It is not gallantry; it is weakness. If I were a Federal soldier and not a civilian—God knows what I'd do. . . . Maybe I'd do my duty. . . . But I'm a telegrapher, not a hangman. . . . You'd better get into your saddles."

She ran over to the horses and led them both back to where he stood.

" WELL, then," said he to me, " I've done what I could for Texas. I have so. Now let the pretty hussy hustle for herself a bit!"

" I won't search you," said I. " Lay your papers on the moss."

The girl had none. O'Brien drew out his wallet and placed it and his damning papers on the ground.

I said: " You are still my prisoners wherever you go. You never will be exchanged. Nevertheless, give me your parole of honor."

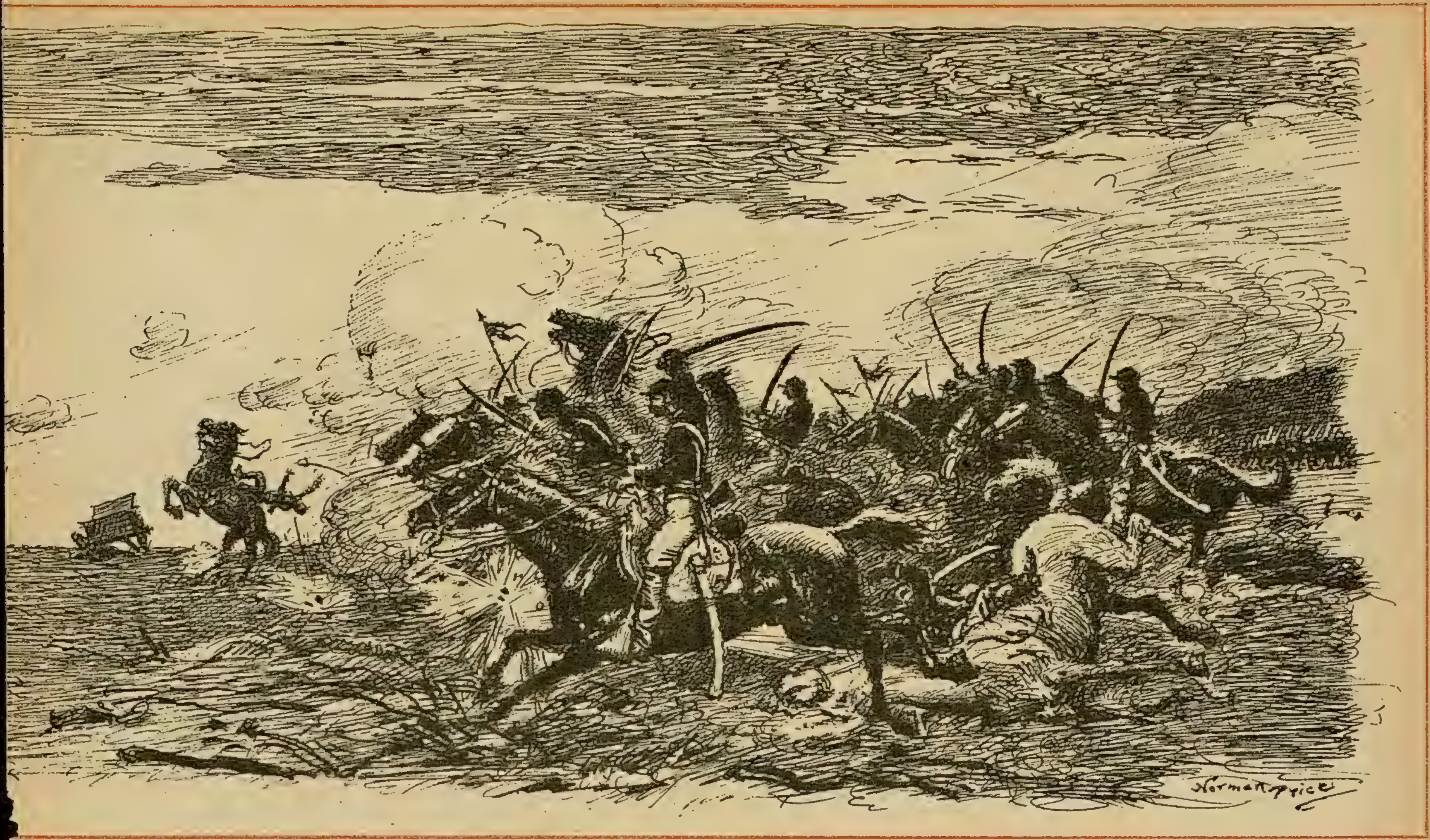
" Parole of honor—not to serve until exchanged—" they said in low tones.

" That is enough," said I. And to her: " I don't know how *you* are going to pass through our picket and vedettes."

The girl looked up, gave me a pale smile. " *I* do," she said.

They offered no thanks—which would have been offensive to me, and I was standing all I could stand at the moment. I would not salute his sullied uniform, either. But I lifted my cap in silence as the girl rode by in her faded calico gown and sunbonnet. I picked up the papers, and when I turned to go back to my horse my legs were so shaky I could scarcely walk.

As I mounted my horse and rode back toward the office, I thought to myself that the whole damned war was too full of women. Women intruded everywhere, mixing everything up. There were female spies, female scouts, female government detectives. Women were telegraph operators, too. Female nurses thronged hospitals. Every



iron hoofs. Gale-torn shouting. Long rippling crashes along the woods.

office and department in Washington swarmed with the damned sex. . . .

Dragoons of the provost guard were galloping toward me, calling out and motioning me back. In the terrific racket of the field batteries now employed I could not hear what the troopers were shouting—caught the tail end of it only and guessed the rest: "Cavalry going in!"

I backed off into a steaming battery where the guns were jumping, buried in smoke. Everywhere else were cavalry.

Bugle call followed bugle call so rapidly I could scarcely follow: "Stand to horse! Mount!"

The ground shook with restless, dancing hoofs. "Draw sabers—draw!—draw!" *Swish-sh.* A single bugle spoke, clear, piercing. "Forward—forward—forward—march!" chorused the bugles; and, "Trot out!—trot!"

The whole world swarmed with blue caps, blue-and-yellow jackets—with surging horses excited by the outrush of shimmering steel.

"Gallop!" Brassy dissonance tumultuously repeated, torn out of brazen throats. "Cavalry—charge!" Earth and sky a vast explosion of misty blue—world shaking, rock and sod—thunderous battering of iron hoofs—flashes of metallic light—wind-whipped guidons—gale-torn shouting—distant—distant.

Long—long rippling crashes along the woods below. Gray men swarming, running, mounting, whirling horses into headlong flight—

As I rode out through whirling smoke I saw flying artillery going in, and, flanking, endless waves of infantry in slow undulation, not clearly to be followed through clouds lit by shrapnel glare.

II

I WAS deaf, partly blinded, as I dismounted at the office and walked unsteadily through the open door.

I didn't see Allen; I saw somebody else, who held out a hand from his seat at the operating table.

"Where in hell did you come from?" I said—scarcely hearing my own voice.

"Allen just stopped a Whitworth. Yeah—with his face. Just stepped out to see to his wire. *Whee-e!* Bang! . . . Are you sick?"

"Oh, my God, Wild, I'm tired!"

I rested a while, my face buried in my hands. "I'll be all right in a moment."

I don't know how long he let me alone. I think maybe I slept, sitting there all doubled up. Anyway, the clear click of the magnet was the next sound I noticed, and I lifted my head.

"How did you get here, Wild?"

"The chief of construction sent me. The chief operator told me you were here."

"Caldwell?"

"Yeah. They had just fetched in Allen—what there was of him. So the construction chief said, 'You better go down there, Wild.' Tha's all."

In the stillness of the outer roaring, we waited.

"YOU want me to cook you up a little coffee?" Wild asked.

I nodded, and slid into his seat as he got up and walked out. When he fetched it, steaming hot, I swallowed it almost boiling. I straightened up and, through tears, looked vacantly about.

"Party out yonder wants to see you, Maddox," he said. "You know who I mean?"

"Conway?"

"Yeah, that foxy rat."

So I rose and went out and sat down on a cracker box; and Conway came over and seated himself on another.

"What do you want?" said I.

"You got any cavalry reports, Maddox?"

"They're coming in now. Wild is taking them. What of it?"

He fished out of his pocket an order from the chief of Secret Service, indorsed by the provost marshal, by Lieutenant Smith, chief detective of the Middle Department, and by General Meade through his chief of staff.

I read this formidable document attentively. It required our station operators to inform United States Detective Peter Conway of any news regarding Captain Stephen O'Brien of General Devin's staff.

I looked up at Conway, and met his intent squint boring into my very brain.

"All right," said I. "Do you know where he is?"

"No. Do you?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-one

"I do not. Isn't he with Devin's?"

Conway said grimly: "He came up from the skirmish line with a bandaged hand. He had one of our scouts with him—a boy in overalls. Just before the cavalry went in, Roemer, a battery captain over yonder, says he saw him turn his horse and ride in with the 3d New York when they charged. The scout rode with him."

"Is the 3d Black Horse here?" I asked.

"I came with it. O'Hara has six hundred sabers. . . . Or he had that number an hour ago. I want to know what are the casualties in the 3d Black Horse."

"Wait a moment."

I rose and went into the office. "Anything more from the cavalry?" I asked Wild.

"Yeah. By courier. They're not much hurt. Fitz Lee refused them."

"Anything from regiments?"

"Which?"

"Third N. Y. Black Horse."

"O'Hara? Yeah—here it is." He shoved the dispatch fetched in by courier a few moments before; I ran over the casualties.

"*Captain Stephen O'Brien missing.*"

"Yeah," said Wild. "I remembered you knew him. Your girl's father, isn't he?"

But I sat thinking with the crumpled paper in my hand. He hadn't been able to get Colt Racker through the vedettes. He had come back to try another way for her. The cavalry charge was their salvation—or the end for them. . . . *Missing!* Not killed, not wounded. Vanished.

I went over the list again, looking for any sign of her. No trace of either in this mortuary memorandum. Nothing except "Missing" for him; nothing at all regarding a scout in ragged shirt and overalls, galloping headlong among the cavalry into the sheeted flame of rebel carbines—

I handed Wild the list and went outdoors again.

"Captain O'Brien is returned as missing," I said.

Conway sat chewing his cigar to a pulp, squinting at nothing.

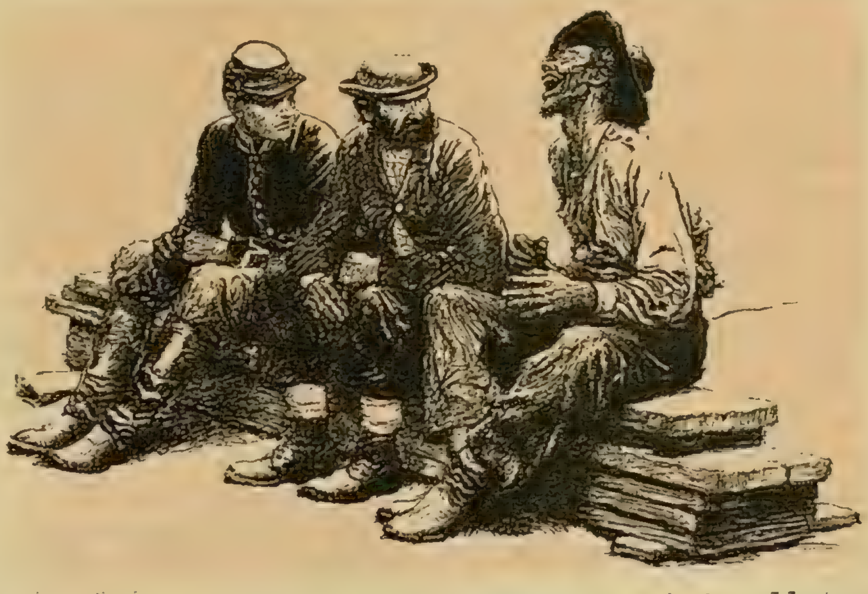
"Anything about that government scout, Maddox?"

"No scout mentioned. Who is he?"

His gimlet eyes, remote, fixed, remained so. He said:

"The scout is Jean Roque, alias Colt Racker, alias Johnny Roque."

I watched him in silence.



He laughed. It was that appalling laugh of reckless men who court the gallows.

"YOU don't believe it?" he demanded, turning on me with something almost like a snarl.

"It seems incredible."

"All right. Here's another pill to swallow: Stephen O'Brien was number three in the brigade when we stripped the blue uniforms from two cavalry officers and hanged them in a hollow square! Only we didn't know it—Damn it! And he's gone."

After a silence he leaned savagely toward me, hammering his knees with doubled fists. "And if I didn't happen to *know* that you and Operator O'Brien are all right, by God, I'd have had you in irons long ago! . . . This ends the 'On to Richmond' business. We can't break through. We can't go on. Grant knows it. It's ended. The army is too exhausted to go on. If he were human he'd be dead!"

"I happen to know," said I, "that we're going on."

"Then we'll all be dead."

"After all, Conway, what do you care?" said I. "You've stopped the leak, haven't you?"

"I guess so. I'm a pretty good plumber, Maddox. But I had to call in Mrs. Edmonds. You met her. 'Bob,' we call her. I got Miss Cushman on the job, too. Between those two women they took the pants off Colt Racker and put petticoats on Jean Roque. When I think of her—and of Ellsworth and O'Brien—all working together!"

"Conway," said I, "I don't believe I've had three hours' sleep in the last week. And I've got to take the key at daylight—"

"All right, Maddox. . . . I'm sorry for—your girl—"

He thrust out his hand; I took it in silence.

Then I got up, reeling a little, and went waveringly toward the office, where already a lantern burned in the open window.

I heard the picket firing in my uneasy dreams.

III

A REGIMENT of colored infantry halted outside our office in the single street of the hamlet. It was just sunrise. They were singing Rest, Weary Heart, magnificently.

That is what really awoke me in my blanket.

Picket firing was becoming general and very noisy when I came downstairs and saw Wild in the new sunlight rubbing his eyes with dirty fists.

"Your girl's jiggling the magnet," he yawned. "And, by the way, her father is a prisoner with Fitz Lee's men. Captain Sweeny saw them nab him."

I had already recognized the nervous writing of Iris.

"Is all well, Juan?" came her swift inquiry.

"All well."

"You know what I mean, darling?"

I did. I knew, also, that she dared not say more. And I was afraid she had said too much already. Somewhere along this military line I felt certain that Conway had hooked up and was listening in. I was perfectly sure of it. And I telegraphed, convinced that he was listening:

"Yes, I know what you mean. I am safe and unwounded. And I am—what you want me to be—" I couldn't bring myself to write the word *love*. "But I have other news for you, Iris," I telegraphed rapidly, "which you must try to face with courage. Your father rode at the rebel cavalry with his regiment late yesterday afternoon. He was listed as missing. This morning he is reported captured. Fitzhugh Lee's men took him. Captain Sweeny of Troop D saw him with them."

I knew this would be the most joyful news that Stephen O'Brien's daughter could dare hope for. But I still was fearful lest she might by some hint betray us both to that ambushed listener intent upon every word which passed between us. I need not have worried.

She telegraphed:

"I can only thank God that father is alive and unhurt. Will you let me know what are the chances of an exchange?"

"Yes, I will." What cleverness!

"Thank you, darling. I love you. *You* needn't say it; I know you do."

She signed off, leaving me hot and red. But Wild, unavoidably listening, merely said: "I wish to hell I had a girl like that! All I know are sluts."

A little later Sam Beckwith talked to me.

"Yesterday," he telegraphed, "we lost ten thousand men in the first twenty minutes. But don't accept those lists at present. The cavalry is going on—you can guess in which direction. There's leakage still. Lee knows where they're bound. Is your wire all right beyond you?"

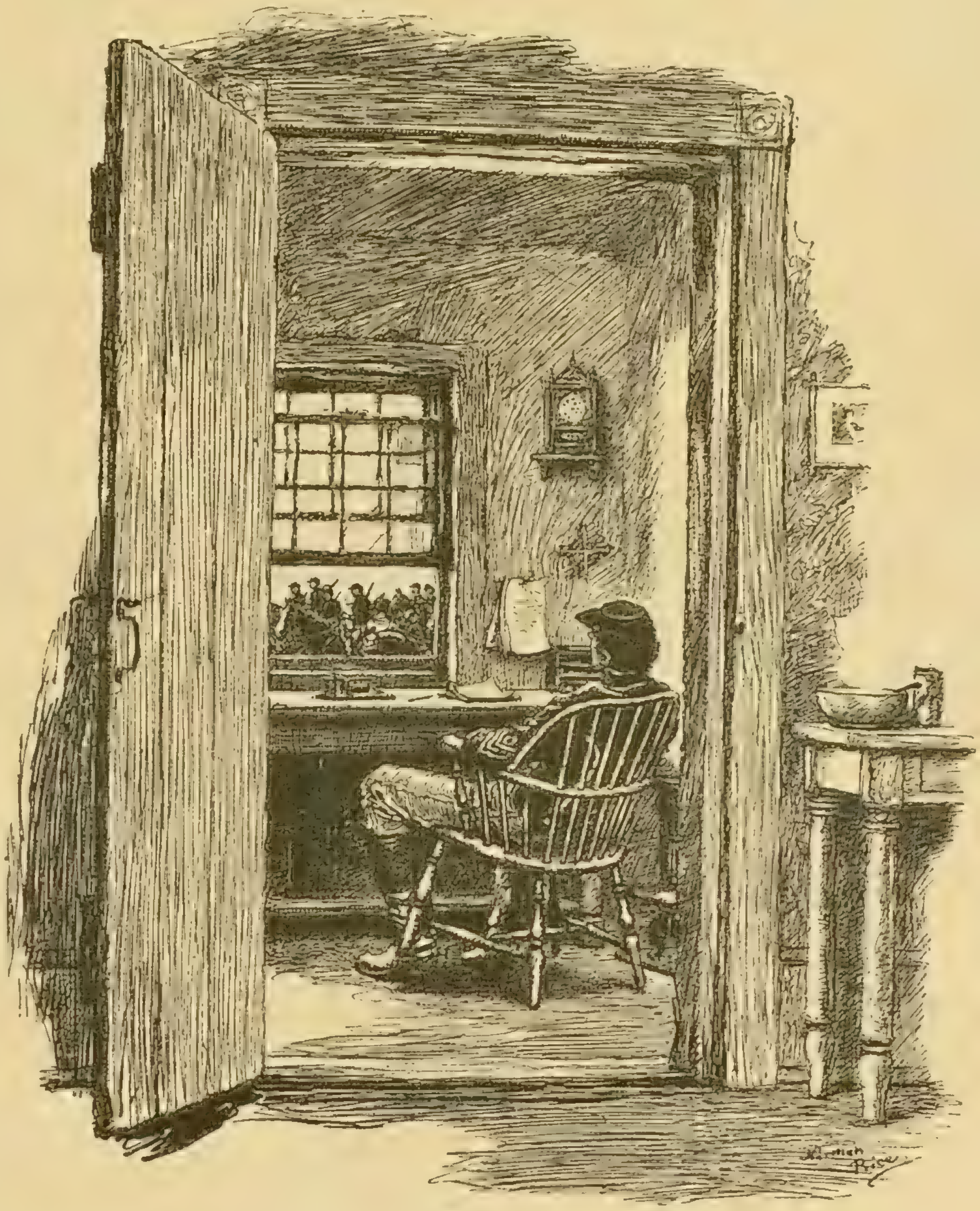
"So far. Listen, Sam. Those two New York newspapers, the News and the Express, tell the rebels more news about us than their wire tappers could ever gather. I've seen copies. I can't understand why they are permitted to circulate in the army. Because of course the rebels get them. That's part of this general leakage, I believe. And as these two newspapers are dirty Copperhead rags, it wouldn't astonish me if some of their paragraphs contained Confederate cipher information for the Johnnies."

"I think the S. S. is investigating them," he replied. "Don't worry. Keep your wires clear for important orders from G. H. Q. They'll require *en* and *de*. If you're badly jammed any time, call me or Caldwell."

"O. K., Sam. Sign off."

IV

THERE was a battle on somewhere. All that morning my wires fairly sagged with congested dispatches. But I kept my head—cut out or shelved all lists of dead, wounded, and missing; kept G. H. Q. and all army corps H. Q.s in touch; maintained the liaison between the cavalry and Beckwith; between every foot, horse, and gun division and G. H. Q.; slammed Washington dispatches through *via* Caldwell; and somehow managed to keep General Grant in touch with the army groups—Butler, Thomas, and loquacious Uncle Billy, the boastful racket of whose singing, cheering army reëchoed over every wire in the United States as they went "marching through Georgia."



I sprawled on my chair, half dozing, now and then opening one eye to note the passing of troops.

Wild came downstairs smelling of bourbon. He needed it.

"Have a hooker?" he asked affably, exhibiting a demijohn. "It's prime and mellow."

But I didn't drink whisky. "No," said I. "I've a bellyful of old Joe Hooker already—both primed and mellow, I'm afraid."

He laughed and laughed and began to sing Jeb Stuart's gay song: "Old Joe Hooker, come out of that Wilderness!"

The cannonade shook my table.

Wild helped himself to another hooker and then to the key.

"Old flint-face, the fancy peeler, is out yonder, scowling at the sunshine," he remarked. "Like that other old policeman, Joshua, he may try to arrest the sun. Shoo him away."

So I walked out to learn what Conway wanted.

"How are you, Mr. Maddox?" said he, with a sardonic squint. "Is there any cavalry news for a poor lorn constable?"

"Yes. Captain Sweeny reports Captain O'Brien a prisoner with Fitz Lee's people. Operator O'Brien wired an inquiry and I told her."

"You didn't tell her *all*, did you?"

He knew I hadn't, the old fox!

"Certainly not," said I sharply.

"That's all right," he said. "Let her alone. . . . And—about that scout in petticoats?"

"Not a word, Conway."

He cursed her heartily. "Have I got that young hellcat on my hands forever?" he demanded bitterly.

"You have Morgan's operator George Ellsworth, anyway," I reminded him. "And General Lee's supreme slack-wire performer, Mr. Gaston. You've got Rose O'Neil to reckon with also; and Stoddard Johnston and Alex Gregg; and about a hundred rebel telegraph scouts. Why don't you catch a few, instead of dawdling outside my office?"

"Some day," he retorted viciously, "I'll catch *you*, too!"

"Continue to loaf around the battle front and maybe you'll catch something faster than I am, Conway."

"Oh, no," said he; "you telegraphers belong to the herring brigade. Who ever saw a dead telegrapher?"

"Who ever heard of a dead Federal detective?"

"You know damn' well we can count our dead with the army!"

"Are you aware of *our* casualty percentage, Mr. Conway?"

"No; but I'd be delighted to learn, dear Mr. Maddox."

"One man in every ten in the Military Telegraph Service is either killed, wounded, a prisoner, or dead of disease contracted in line of duty. And, Conway," I added in a low voice, "after you have digested that fact, will you kindly go to hell?"

He turned on his heel, hesitated, came back, and held out his hand with a squinting Scottish grin; and I took it smilingly. There was nobody quite like Peter Conway, I think; though some said he resembled Major Allen.

Toward two o'clock Sam Beckwith rode over and came into the office.

"Juan," said he in a guarded voice, "we're going on to the James River."

"WHEN?"

"Now. The 2d Corps is marching. The 5th Corps comes here. The cavalry go to ruin the railroad between Richmond, the Shenandoah, and Lynchburg. Gillmore is to snatch at Petersburg. The 18th Corps goes by water. . . . I wish we had somebody other than Ben Butler at Bermuda Hundred and City Point. . . . Well, only the cipher operators know this, so far."

"Wait till the New York News publishes it," said I. "What is it to be, anyway—a race for Petersburg?"

Beckwith lowered his voice to a whisper: "I don't know. I guess it's to be a siege. We've lost fifty-five thousand men. The morale of the army is very low. We're still a fine machine—partly smashed but still running. . . . Grant regrets the assault yesterday. He told Meade that it gave us no advantage whatever to compensate us for our losses. He's so damn' honest—even with himself!"

I said: "This is terrible, Sam!"

"Yes, it is. The general told Meade that he was going to give the army a few days' rest as soon as he could get them south of the James. As a plain matter of fact, the Army of the Potomac is worn out. Damn' near demoralized."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-three

“Do they still believe in Grant?”

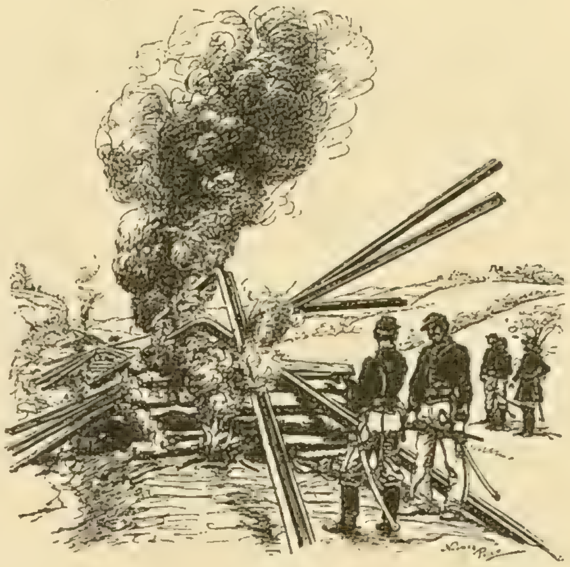
“That's the point. Yes, they do. But nobody in the North does, any more, excepting the President.”

“How does Grant feel?”

“Calm and confident. For one thing, the President isn't meddling. I had a dispatch just now from the White House. All Lincoln said was: ‘I cannot pretend to advise, but I do sincerely hope that all may be accomplished with as little bloodshed as possible.’ Poor old President! Poor old U. S. G.!”

“What do *you* think, Sam?”

“I think Grant is immortally right. Lee's army, not Richmond, is what must be battered to bits! Grant is doing it with tempered tools. All tools are bound to wear away some. But Grant means to hammer on until the Confederacy splits on this vital line of cleavage—Lee! And I believe, under God, he'll do it.”



“It's a comfort to hear you say it.”

“You must believe it too, Juan. . . . You're looking better, by the way. And, Juan, I don't mean to be impertinent, but you *are* interested in Miss O'Brien, aren't you?”

“Yes,” said I, reddening.

“That's why I'm going to give you confidential news of her. She's ordered to Belle Plaine.”

“What are you telling me, Sam? I talked with her a few hours ago.”

“I know. But she's already on her way. I thought you'd wish to know.”

“It seems to me,” said I sullenly, “that she's had enough field work.”

“I know how you must feel, Juan. But war is war and we are sadly undermanned. And there is no better cipher operator in the M. T. C. than Operator O'Brien. And Caldwell and Stager have got to have a cipher operator at Belle Plaine. What the hell was I to do?”

“All right, Sam.”

After a moment he got up and held out his hand.

“I'm damn' sorry,” he said; and went out to mount his horse.

THE battle's uproar died away toward evening. Wild, who had been on duty with me, continued for a while, giving me an hour or two of rest. However, he awoke me after a little while with a terse: “Your girl on the wire.” And I got up and stumbled downstairs and groped blindly for the key to signal my presence.

“Juan?”

“I'm here.”

“I wanted to tell you that I'm on my way to take over the office at Belle Plaine.”

“Yes; Sam Beckwith told me. I wish they'd let you alone—”

“It's all right, darling; I am feeling *so* well! You know why.”

“Yes, I do.”

“So Mr. Van Duzer is sending out an M. T. section, and I'm very comfortable in a nice battery wagon with six horses instead of four.”

I was so mad that I could have jerked the key off.

“I hope they've given you a decent escort,” I said.

“Oh, yes; a whole company of Ohio cavalry.”

“Where are you now?”

“In Mr. Emerick's old quarters near the ruins of Chancellor's House. There is a cadet operator here—a nice boy named Williams—who gave me an early harvest apple. It's green but good. Still, I'm rather glad you are not taking a chance with it. Are you quite well, darling?”

“Quite. Where is Connie Spurlock?”

“Why, she is with me. Didn't I tell you? Yes; Connie, Mrs. Camp, and Doggie Doggett. The whole family is moving to Belle Plaine, darling. Maybe you'll come over and make it a happy family.”

In a sudden access of anguish, affection, and apprehension, I flung my answer: “Some day I'll *know* where you are at night, and not sit worrying fifty miles away!”

“Darling, you take my breath away!”

“I'll take you away!”

“You'll have to ‘git shet’ of this very noisy war first, won't you? And, Juan, I've got to sign off now. I'll call you at the very next station. Good night, my dear—my dear—”

Wild went upstairs to sleep. My wire had been idle for nearly twenty minutes, when suddenly something went wrong with my magnet.

For some time I fussed and adjusted, fiddled with the machine, and all at once, click! went the armature. Somebody was calling my station; and I swear I could feel the skin on my neck roughen and my hair stir with rage.

“How are you, Maddox?” came the bantering writing I had learned to know so well.

“Ellsworth,” I replied, “I know you. And I warn you solemnly to let this line alone.”

“Why so solemn, dear friend?” he asked gayly.

“Just because I don't wish to hear that you've been hanged. For you're classed as a telegraph scout and spy; and that is exactly what will happen to you if our cavalry catch you tapping our wires.”

“Oh, bosh!” he rattled back. “All the same, I'm obliged to you. You are a decent fellow, Maddox; we all know that. But this is why I called you. Tell your shinplaster S. S. that little Colt Racker is safe in Richmond, and that she laughs every time she thinks of their Mr. Conway.”

“Certainly,” said I. “I'll tell Mr. Conway myself.”

“Ha-ha!” he telegraphed. “I'd like to see his sour-pickle phiz when you tell him! Well, I think I'd better cut your wire and be going. And, Maddox—don't ever worry if our folks catch you. You're a darn' good fellow and we all know it. By-by!”

He made good his threat in a few minutes. But I had given the alarm at Military Telegraph headquarters, and already—prompt as a fire brigade—battery wagons, repair carts, pack mules, personnel, and escort were galloping down the line to find and fix up the mischief. As for catching Ellsworth, there was no more chance of it than of catching a moonbeam in a fish net.

V

IT was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and raining, when I tasted the current again. And in the spectral light of a dying candle I read the first telegram that came through:

> Operator Maddox: Inform S. S. chief: This evening about six o'clock rebel vedettes surprised and captured a Federal spy, named Gilfred Spurlock, inside Confederate lines near Laurel Hill. He was executed at sunset within view of our advanced works.

All day, all night, day after day, night after night, the army marched—infantry, engineers, artillery, pontoons, wagons—plodding on wearily and in pain toward the river James.

The bulk of the cavalry had preceded them.

Generals and their staff officers often stopped at our station.

In twelve days most of the troops had gone. The several headquarters went. Signal and Telegraph harnessed up and took the roads to the James; the personnel of special corps followed. The June weather was very hot, but there were rains.

I was writing up my journal one morning when, through the window, I saw two men sitting on a pile of planks near the road. One was Conway; the other I didn't know.

After I had brought my journal up to date, I walked out to exchange compliments with my ancient but rather friendly enemy. "Hello, Conway," said I pleasantly.

"How are you, Mr. Maddox? I brought one of our people around. This is Jason Edgerly, called the Flea."

The Flea and I shook hands solemnly.

Conway said: "As long as you and Miss O'Brien have, so to speak, adopted that little Tennessee mountain child, I thought maybe you'd care to hear how her brother died. The Flea saw it."

I looked soberly at the spy. It was he who had managed to purloin General Lee's secret orders before the Battle of Willow Run, so it was said. We all sat down on the pile of planks.

"Well," said the Flea, "I was close among the rebel vedettes. All of a suddin I heard horses galloping, and saw the vedettes to the eastward chasing a ragged boy right into the outer pickets. The boy got by them, but the main picket line was too darn' much for him—"

"HOW could you see all that?" I demanded.

"Bless your soul," said he, "I was one of the rebel vedettes myself—*just then;* and I rode down two of their pickets—but 'twas no use—no use. Besides, I got a neck of my own to remember. You can ride down two pickets, maybe, but if you try to hog the hull rig'ment you'll most likely dance the hangman's jig to pay for it."

He laughed. It was that appalling laugh which I've heard from the lips of reckless men who court the gallows every moment of their lives.

"Well," said the Flea, "toward sunset we were relieved and ordered to the hill—up near the church. And as soon as we got there I saw them going about the hanging. They had a gallows up already, and they were a-marching him up, the noose around his neck. I sat my horse close to him; he was as near as that tree. Scared? I guess he was. Anybody'd be.

"They had a Baltimore priest—I dunno where they got him. I guess Gilfred didn't notice anything much. Then, toward the last, in the red sundown, two or three rebel officers went up and talked to the pore boy. Couldn't hear what they said, but I heard him say, 'No!'

"'All right, you'll hang, then!' says one o' them.

"'All right,' says he, like you say something out loud in a bad dream.

"''Tention—draw sabers!' came the order. We drawed. Well, the boy was crying, quiet-like—I could see his face—"

After a silence the Flea got up and hitched his trousers.

"Well," said he, offering me his hand, "I been pleased to make your kind acquaintance, Mr. Maddox. . . . So good day, all."

"You don't have to tell that little girl," said Conway.

"No. Not for many years."

"No," he said, with an absent-minded squint across the valley. "Say, Maddox, that Ellsworth is the devil."

"You heard about his tapping my wire again?"

He nodded. "Beats hell," he ruminated. "And you better look out and step soft around here. There are darn' few troops left in this neighborhood. What are you waiting for?"

"Orders," said I dryly. "What are *you* waiting for, Conway?"

"That's where you're fooled; I am not going to wait," said he.

"Oh, you have *your* orders, then."

"I guess so. Colonel Sharpe and his whole corps of guides and spies, Indians and all, leave tonight. Say, Maddox, you ought to get your orders."

"You tell Mr. Doren that," said I, laughing.

"I mean it," he insisted. "Your pal Johnny Wild has gone, hasn't he? I think Doren ought to boot you out of here. What's a few cavalry brigades along the river, and a flying battery or two, to keep a man like you in this forsaken hole?"

"Ask General Grant. It's his strategy, not mine."

"General Grant my eye! . . . Well, all right, if you want to be gobbled."

We shook hands at parting.

I couldn't really make him out; and while I liked him and sometimes believed he liked me, it would not have surprised me much to discover him lurking under my bed.

THE day was fearfully hot. Duty, fortunately, was light. I was at times in communication with Sam Beckwith, with Mr. Caldwell, and once, for a moment and with much pleasure, had a brief chat with Dan Harrison, who had been called to General Thomas.

Then nothing more, and I sprawled on my chair, half dozing, now and then opening one eye to note the passing of some wagon train or some belated body of troops.

I was not at all apprehensive. A substantial body of our cavalry watched the river. But there was no firing—not even a distant shot from a nervous vedette—as dusk deepened and the first star glimmered and little dusty-winged moths began to swarm among the trumpet vines under the porch.

Drip-drip-drip, fell the dew; chuck-will's-widow began her husky, breathless call; a little goblin owl down by the river started his ghostly tremolo, dying to a far vibration in the deepening night. I dozed. . . .

My magnet again. Iris!

Death may be waiting for Juan and Iris—or life and love! Next week's concluding installment of the story will tell you which fate is to be theirs.

Third of a Series of Yardleygrams

By Herbert O. Yardley

Author of "The American Black Chamber"

MARION GRAHAM, German spy, and her lover, Major Riddle, U. S. A., confidential secretary to the President, are traced to the Oban Hotel, Washington, D. C. The former had arrived from Germany on a German submarine, with a secret-ink cipher message, "Destroy Panama Canal," which Crossle, the cryptographer, had given his pupil to solve.

"When we discovered that Major Riddle was her lover," continued Crossle, "we searched his papers at the White House, where we found other secret-ink communications from German spies. Sunday morning we arrested the handsome major and his paramour, Marion Graham. They were tried secretly before a military court. The sentence was death."

"What do spies say and do when they face a firing squad?" Russell asked.

"After embracing his sweetheart, the major said: 'Bury us together in the Gates to Paradise Cemetery. Place nothing on our tomb except these letters.' And he handed me a slip of paper.

Marion was weeping silently, but at a word from her lover she lifted her head and smiled.

Both died calmly. But, to our horror, when the major fell forward at the report of the firing squad, a black wig slipped from his head, revealing close-cropped blond hair.

In the excitement I momentarily forgot the slip of paper. Later, when I unfolded it, this is what I found:

GDQDJ GCLZQ HNMEP YFYKZ MCNPG LACUN MZSCJ MU

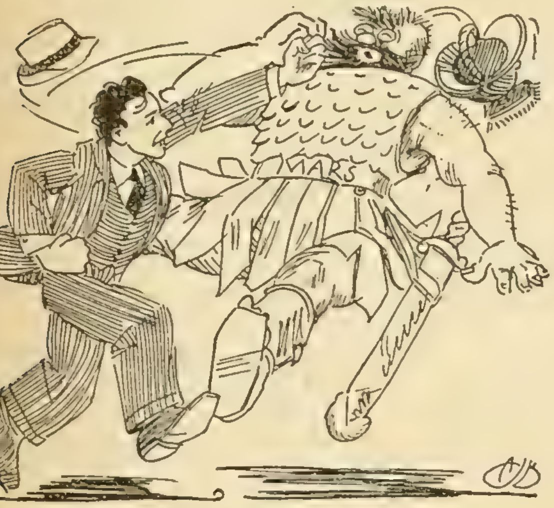
The solution will appear in next week's Liberty.

Vox

Mr. Mars Takes It on the Button

New York, N. Y.—That was a very fine article—the one called "The Reparations Myth," by Chester T. Crowell. Clear thinking is the only thing that will bring the world out of its present muddle, and Mr. Crowell was thinking clearly when he wrote, in his article:

"War as a solution of anything has utterly failed. It no longer allows even a victor. Not only the glory but every ancient conception of justice has departed from war. That is the lesson of the Dawes plan and the moratorium."



Tell Crowell to keep on hitting stupid, out-of-date Old Man Mars right on the chin.—*L. Judson.*

Young America Speaks

New York, N. Y.—I represent the voice of young America. When we, the future rulers of this land, come into power, prohibition, among other evils, goes overboard. The W. C. T. U. and stagnant religion may have fooled our parents, but we shall be on the alert. No mourners shall be tolerated at that funeral.

James W. Robertson

Out in Nebraska a farmer naïvely informed me that, previous to prohibition, he employed 600 men each fall to harvest his rye crop. Now, less than sixty men do the work. Where, you ask, did those 540 men go? Well, the next time you see a bread line waiting, you'll know.—*James W. Robertson.*

Justice for Hubbies

New York, N. Y.—I was exceedingly glad to see Liberty showing up some of the cases of injustice vindictive wives have perpetrated in New York in "Why Our Wives Put Us in Jail," by Margaret Moulton. I would like to see you offer to publish instances of this kind that might help to wipe out the laws that now enable wives to use the courts for purposes of vengeance. Women want all the privileges of man with none of his responsibilities.—*M. M.*

A Good Story Is Worth Repeating

Kenosha, Wis.—In reference to your story, "A Cup of Water," by Albert Payson Terhune, may I thank him a lot for the revival? Our school-teacher read us that story in the third grade.

I'd like to hear that story about "The Three Bears" again, too.—*Bert Kennedy.*

Baltimore, Md.—I was surprised to see in Liberty for December 19 a short short story by Albert Payson Terhune called "A Cup of Water," the plot of which is taken bodily from the concluding scene in Chapter Twenty of Frederic Arnold Kummer's recent novel, "Forbidden Wine."—*Julian Chisolm Trenholm.*

Baltimore, Md.—I read Mr. Terhune's story, "A Cup of Water." The incident on which it is based is recited by Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as an actual happening during one of the invasions of Persia by the Seljuk Turks.

I came across it in the course of extensive reading, while preparing my recent novel, "Forbidden Wine," which, as you may possibly know, deals with life in Persia under the rule of the Seljuk Turks.—*F. A. Kummer.*

Flint, Mich.—Terhune's story, "A Cup of Water," is but a rehash of an old fable which I have seen revamped at least twice.—*J. C. McIntyre.*

Cleveland, Ohio—It would greatly interest writers, struggling to survive in the present moribund manuscript market, to know how far they can go in taking over, rewriting, adapting, and "modernizing" the comparatively unknown lesser classics, as Mr. Terhune has done in "A Cup of Water." The main idea in this story is similar to that in the poem, "Harmosan," by Richard Chenevix Trench. Trench was born in 1807.—*Winona Wilcox.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—The short short story by Albert Payson Terhune, "A Cup of Water," has the same theme as a German poem I committed to memory and recited at the closing of school in June, 1861.

It is the same dish with different gravy!—*G. H. Moll.*

Chicago, Ill.—I notice in Liberty for December 19 that Albert Payson Terhune added an automobile to an old, old Arabian story and got by with it. I read this story in the Fourth Analytical Reader something over fifty years ago. I think you have a rebate coming from Mr. Terhune. You might allow him something, however, for the introduction of the automobile, as that's the only thing in it less than fifty years old.—*G. J. Pope.*

A Word for the Dole

Elizabeth, N. J.—Here is my answer to Rupert Hughes' article, "Why Not Open the Churches to the Poor?" Of course it is better to starve to death in a church than in the wet grass. But why not give these down-and-outers something to eat, to keep them alive? Why not tackle the sad affair as a whole?

August Stern

I realize that there is great opposition to a dole in this country. Some of this opposition has been voiced in Liberty. Nevertheless, the only way out is an unemployment dole, paid regularly to secure food for the many poor, and to help them to regain their homes.—*August Stern.*

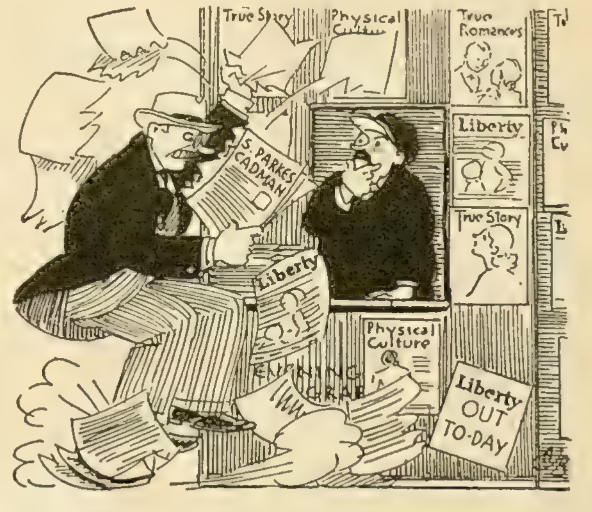
On a Tear

Washington, Iowa—Rupert Hughes, in his article, sure drove the nail in at every lick.

After reading it I counted the days, then the hours, and watched the clock for the minute that Liberty for December 19 would arrive at the news stand to get the answer written by the Rev. Dr. Parkes Cadman.

I knew he had thin ice for a foundation for his answer, but I also knew Dr. Cadman as a speaker. So I expected something equal to Mr. Hughes' article, if not better.

When the time arrived I grabbed the only nickel in the house and flew for a Liberty. In my hurry to find Dr. Cadman's article I tore the magazine to pieces. But what a disappointment! Like the garment known as a Mother Hubbard thirty years ago, Dr. Cadman covered everything but touched nothing.—*Dick Hayes.*



They Could Be Better

Creston, Iowa—There are two towns in Iowa, Pella and Correctionville, that positively do not have Liberty on sale!

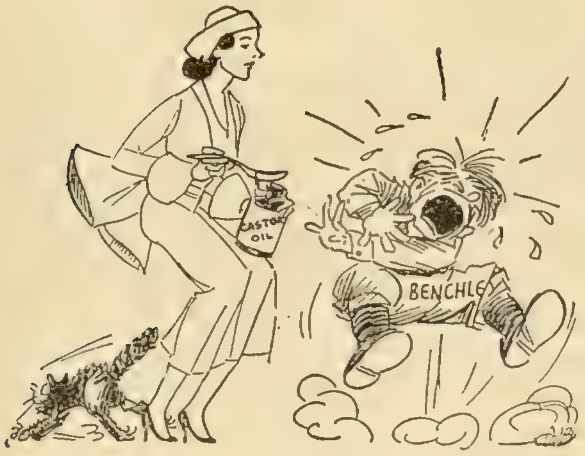
Well, they are good towns to live in, sez I.—*Ray W. Ullmark.*

Pop

Oil on Troubled Mr. Benchley

ABERDEEN, S. D.—Have just read Robert Benchley's "A Little Sermon on Success," and have tried to make some head or tail out of the "little sermon"!

Brother Benchley himself should be closely guarded in a well ordered nursery for offering such stuff as this for the general public to read. He says, for instance, he is just a simple man, grouses a great deal and sometimes lies on the floor and kicks and screams and refuses to eat his supper.



He follows with more nursery stuff.

Please, nurse, get the castor oil!

Everyone has heard that one about grasping time by the forelock. That is only one end. Tell Brother Benchley to grasp the devil by the tail very firmly—and hang on.—*G. A. Crampton.*

Call for More Maddoxes

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Hip, hip, hooray for Liberty and Robert W. Chambers! I can't seem to get enough f them. The combination is unbeatable! When I opened the pages of Liberty and read the familiar style of Chambers, in "Whistling Cat," and saw the excellent illustrations by Norman Price, I whooped for joy.

How about following this story with one on the offspring of Maddox, Jr.? Chambers could give us his adventures in the Spanish-American War—this to be followed, in turn, by another Maddox in the World War?

That would be something!—*R. F. Rittenger.*

Mr. Thrasher Is Asked to Do Something

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Of late it seems to me that Leslie Thrasher has not done right by our Lil—or is Sandy to blame? She seems to be suffering from a heart bowed down, and to have lost the assurance she had when first she vamped us.

All is not well with Sandy either. He looks wizened. Something must be working on that boy. Is it the depression, an unworthy bootlegger, or is he untrue to our Lil? Something must be done about this.—*G. C. W.*

Back to the Farm

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Does Liberty's back-to-the-land scheme solve anything? Darn' little! Let us suppose the unemployed got driven back to patches of a few acres—and then the factories started full blast again. Are we to suppose that the labor demands won't call for the farmers to go to the mills and mines again?

Yes, we may expect some such demand. Then the farmers flock to the factories, begin to buy homes on the installment plan, and in another ten years along comes another depression, and the homes are foreclosed on, the factories shut down, the bread lines started up—and someone starts another back-to-the-farm movement!—*John McDowell.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Of all the plans to relieve the unemployed, Liberty's back-to-the-farm plan seems to me the sanest. It's plain the cities can't take care of the needy for any long period, and equally plain that the farms can.

Keep hammering away at public indifference!—*F. Andrews.*

We Sometimes Wonder, Ourselves, How We Can Be So Good

CLOVIS, CALIF.—Two years ago I was introduced to Liberty. Can you guess how? Well, I found a stray copy on a park bench. It had been left there by somebody who didn't know how to hang on to a good thing.

Was I favorably impressed by your magazine? The answer is a big YES. It beats me how, for a nickel, you can afford to give so much information, so many laughs, and so many thrills. Oh, boy, what a big bargain!

E. M. Harwell

When Liberty comes to our home, if it had a hand we'd shake hands with it. That's how welcome it is.—*E. M. Harwell.*

Dry Rot

NORWOOD, OHIO—I'll tell you why the American public scrambles for Liberty and devours its contents.

Liberty is rotten. We Americans are rotten. We like everything that is rotten.

Our U. S. government is rotten. Our morals are rotten. Our prohibition agents are rotten. Our city officials are rotten. Our prison systems are rotten.

Our gangsters are rotten. The liquor they sell us is rotten. Our home brew is rotten. The hangovers it gives us are rotten. Ninety per cent of all magazines are rotten. Liberty is the most rotten. So give us lovers of rot more Libertys.—*A Rotter.*

Thoughts on Mrs. Grady's Thoughts on Russia

FALL RIVER, MASS.—Eve Garrette Grady's article, "Mrs. Babbitt Goes to Russia," was, to say the least, interesting. Also very amusing to a Russian.

Is it not a fact that Soviet Russia has put her best foot forward? Is not hers a dogged determination to pull out of the rut in which she has so long lain?

Tell me, you Mrs. Babbitts who go to Russia—why do you go? Why do you feel uncomfortable there? Because you are terrorized by your own bigoted prudery!

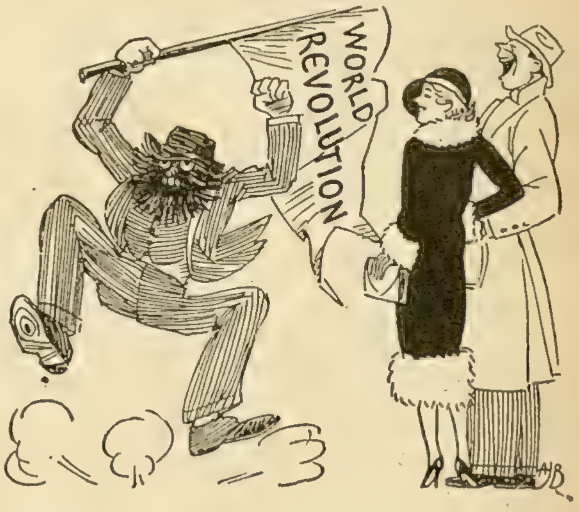
Your place is not in Russia.—*Miss Modern Russia.*

WYOMING, PA.—Mrs. Grady wrote interestingly and truthfully, no doubt, about conditions in the "most bewitched country in the world today," but what I should like to know is this:

Why did these same engineers with their wives go to that dark and wretched land to lend their efforts in the consummation of the Five-Year Plan which, if successful, will bring only further upheaval in the business world and more misery to even those suffering here at home?—*A Business Man.*

WORCESTER, MASS.—I've read a great many books and articles on Soviet Russia, and feel I know that topsy-turvy land pretty well. So I'm in a position to pass judgment on Eve Garrette Grady's article, "Mrs. Babbitt Goes to Russia."

It seems to me to contain some of the liveliest, most humorous stuff about the Soviet Union that I've ever come across.



Mrs. Grady has the right dope on how to treat Russia. She laughs at it. A lot of people in this country, who've been afraid of the Soviet bogy man, should follow her example. It would make them less afraid of the so-called Red Menace.

It's true that we should study Russia, and not remain blind to the many interesting experiments being worked out there, but we can afford to laugh at it, too.—*A Man Who Sees the Joke.*

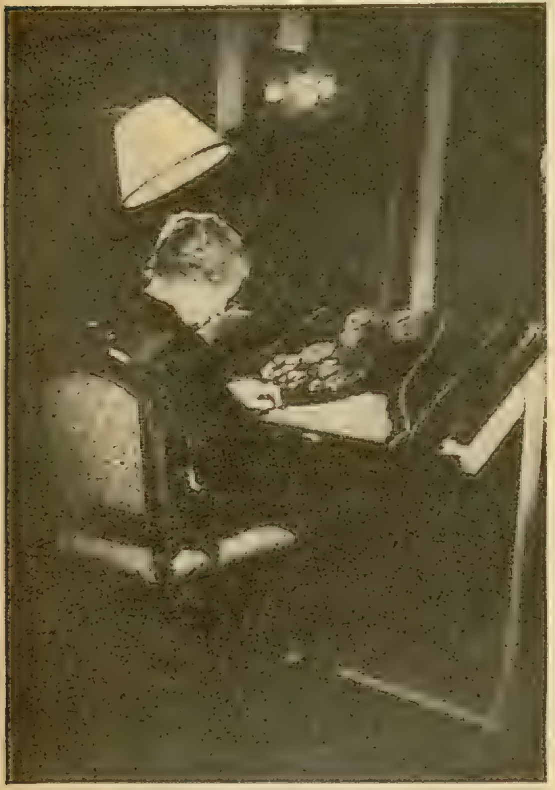
$5,000 IN CASH

for Home Life Snapshots

YOU CAN WIN!

THIS week Liberty offers you another opportunity to shoot your camera at a Home Life Snapshot cash prize. A snap of the shutter may win $100 cash for you, with the added possibility of snapping up the $1,000 cash Grand Prize later on. In addition, this week there are fifty other cash awards, any one of which you can win. A total of fifty-one cash money targets within easy range of your finder.

Elaborateness of background and ornate settings are not required to win the money. It's the spirit of home life caught by your lens that the judges will look for. No matter how humble or costly a place may be, if it's a real home it has possibilities for prize-winning snapshots. The spirit's the thing in this contest!



CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS:	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

ALSO IN THE MONEY!

Above—A home life snapshot entered by Louis McNutt of Brooklyn. *Right*—Jack Corbett entered this ridgepole picture from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Both are awarded $10 prizes this week.

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Certainly here the true spirit of home life is delightfully exemplified. The contest judges were unanimous in selecting this snapshot for the first prize in the contest closing December 19.

THESE PEOPLE WIN THIRD-WEEK PRIZES

Below are printed the names of the prize winners in the weekly Home Life Snapshot contest which closed December 19. If you entered and do not find your name listed, do not give up. You may win next week!

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. A. J. Wright, Vineland, N. J.

$10 SECOND PRIZES

Mrs. Helen Schwartz, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. William Carl Smith, Fayetteville, Ark.; Louis C. McNutt, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Adele Ducco, Torino, Italy; Mrs. G. Benson, New Britain, Conn.; J. M. Risse, San Francisco, Calif.; Richard G. Leitner, Los Angeles, Calif.; N. R. Seim, Wausau, Wis.; William B. Waters, Johnstown, Pa.; Jack Corbett, Edmonton, Alta., Can.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

Pearl Ballard, Corbin, Kan.; Ivan Barker, San Francisco, Calif.; W. B. Benson, Erie, Pa.; Mary Bruehl, High Cliff, Wis.; Henry M. Cady, Seattle, Wash.; Roy J. Chivens, Cameron, Miss.; Lynn Copeland, Chatham, N. J.; Mrs. L. D. Crain, Jr., Burlingame, Calif.; Edward A. Creswick, Toronto, Can.; J. P. Cruickshank, Huntington, W. Va.; Mrs. R. H. Currin, Nashville, Tenn.; Rudy Darregh, San Francisco, Calif.; George R. Eberly, Washington, D. C.; P. S. Fabi, Madera, Calif.; Florence Fenton, Vineland, N. J.; Glen A. Gunderson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. W. Harrington, Parkville, Mo.; J. O. Harshman, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Estelle M. Irving, Pocatello, Idaho.; Theo Kay, Reading, Pa.; Mrs. Elsie Keyser, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Frank Lignon, Fort Worth, Texas; Frank Lohmeyer, New York City; Adel J. Lunden, Minot, N. D.; G. McCormick, Longmire, Wash.; Mrs. Myra Miles, Becket, Mont.; Mrs. August Nelson, Winnebago, Ill.; Howard R. Porter, Palo Alto, Calif.; Bertha Price, Massawippi, P. Q., Can.; Charles E. Price, New Haven, Conn.; Mabel Nigh Ranum, Juneau, Alaska; Arthur F. Schmidt, Cincinnati, Ohio; Paul M. Steele, Lima, Ohio; Winifred Thomas, Tucson, Ariz.; Jesse M. Tompkins, Brush, Colo.; Trooper D. J. Tremper, Sloatsburg, N. Y.; Cable Wagner, Sidney, Ohio; Herbert H. Waterman, Georgetown, Ohio; R. H. Wentworth, Somerville, Mass.; Charles Willey, East Patchogue, N. Y.

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

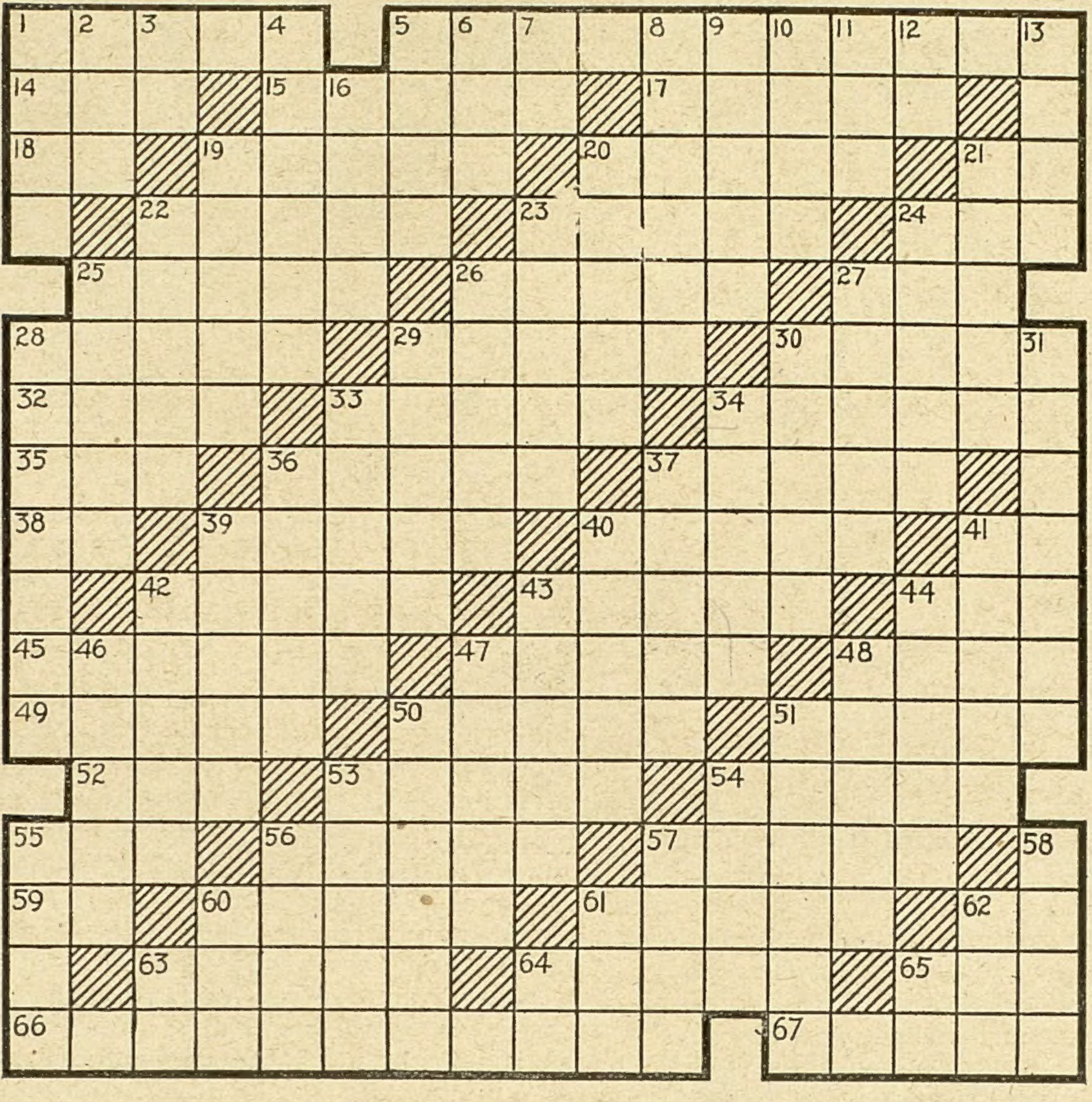
6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

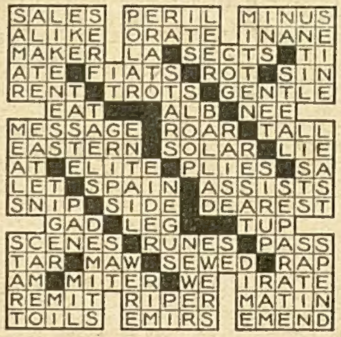
9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 A coin
5 Adorned with rich dress
14 An island
15 Expiate
17 Imbecile
18 A fish
19 Plait
20 Magnificent
21 Egyptian deity
22 Malignant spirit
23 Ponder
24 Witch
25 Equal; even
26 City in Nebraska
27 Recompense
28 Loose garments
29 Showery
30 American Indian
32 Bad
33 Measure of weight
34 Calm; placid
35 Joined
36 Wandered
37 Ceremonials
38 A conjunction
39 Gallops
40 Goes horseback
41 Pronoun
42 Small, mean house
43 Venomous snake
44 Japanese coin
45 Avoids by dexterity
47 Part of a skeleton (plural)
48 A young bivalve mollusk
49 Stream
50 Exercise sovereign power
51 Dens
52 The matter or thing
53 Hauls



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SALES PERIL MINUS
ALIKE ORATE INANE
MAKER LA■SECTS■TI
ATE■FIATS■ROT■SIN
RENT■TROTS■GENTLE
  EAT■■■ALB■NEE  
MESSAGE■ROAR■TALL
EASTERN■SOLAR■LIE
AT■ELITE■PLIES■SA
LET■SPAIN■ASSISTS
SNIP■SIDE■DEAREST
  GAD■LEG■■■TUP  
SCENES■RUNES■PASS
TAR■MAW■SEWED■RAP
AM■MITER■WE IRATE
REMIT RIPER MATIN
TOILS EMIRS EMEND
```

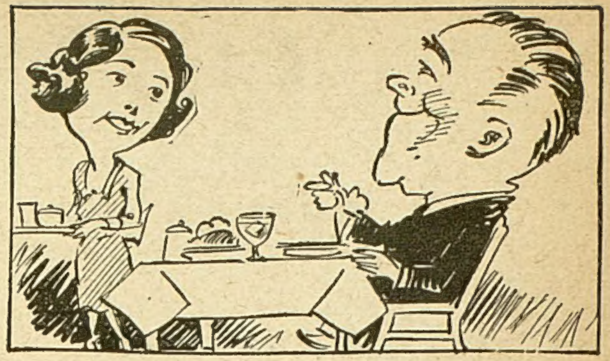
Answer to last week's puzzle

54 Stirs up
55 Grayish brown color
56 Woman's name
57 Regulates the tone of
59 Form of to be
60 Ascended
61 Chinese societies
62 Depart
63 Off the main way
64 Indian princess
65 Total
66 Stormy
67 River in Switzerland

VERTICAL

1 Make default
2 Cause to be quit of
3 By
4 Cuts up, as meat
5 Wind spirally
6 In addition
7 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
8 Something uncommon
9 Silly
10 Submerge
11 Ancient
12 An element (symbol)
13 Haul
16 Appendage
19 Slope the edge of
20 City in Belgium
21 A silklike fabric
22 Charge
23 Trinity
24 Hell
25 Sweetheart
26 Responsibilities
27 Minute openings
28 More distant
29 Become untwisted
30 Measure of length
31 Joins firmly
33 Pares the talons of a hawk
34 Faces of an object
36 Wanderer
37 Mature
39 Veins of ore
40 Circles
41 Gives attention to
42 Harbor
43 Thin dress material
44 Inspects secretly
46 Poison of an infectious disease
47 Give the lie to
48 Auctions
50 A kind of apple
51 Tarry
53 Works laboriously
54 Character in an old Teutonic alphabet
55 Dinge
56 City in Pennsylvania
57 Measures of weight
58 A volume
60 Viper
61 Greek letter
62 Weapon
63 Exist
64 Proposed international language
65 Thus

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



. . . WHAT FOODS Disagree with You?

Different foods disagree with different people. Some say that pork, bananas, hamburger, mince pie, salted nuts, cucumbers, cause that gassy fullness, burning sourness, belching nausea, upset stomach. Others report indigestion, heartburn and acidity from corned beef and cabbage, pastry, coffee, lobster, etc. But a delightful new antacid mint—TUMS—gives almost immediate relief. Simply eat three or four TUMS after meals—often one is enough. Delicious, sweeten the breath. At any drug store in handy rolls —only 10c.

"TUMS" for the Tummy
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS

TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25c
NR

CORNS

Instant Relief!

No waiting! In *one minute* the pain and cause of corns and sore toes are ended when you apply these thin, mildly medicated, soothing, healing pads. 100% safe.

SIZES FOR CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

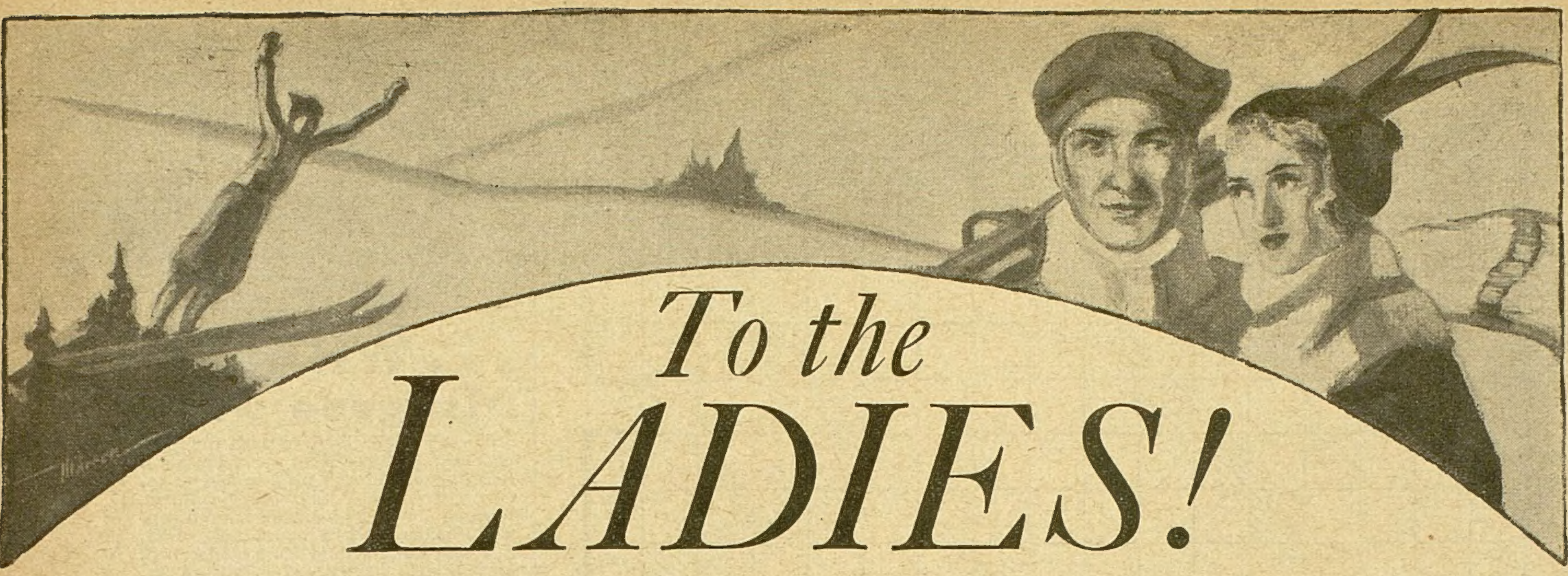
EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

WELDONA TABLETS

On sale at drug stores from coast to coast. 24 page fully illustrated book "History of Rheumatism" with chapter describing germs of rheumatism sent free upon request. Write to

WELDONA CORPORATION
Atlantic City, N.J. Dept. L-3, Montreal, Can.



To the LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 40 sec.)

"HAVE you ever imagined what it would feel like to really murder someone?" Across the luncheon table I put this question to Edward G. Robinson, star gangster and gunman of the stage and screen.

"Who hasn't?" said bad-man Robinson.

You all know Mr. Robinson from his bloodcurdling crime portrayals in The Racket, Little Cæsar, etc. You may be interested to learn that all the real-life crime lords go to see his pictures, then want to meet him personally. They try to give elaborate parties in his honor—to which he does not go.

Edward G. Robinson

Mr. Robinson has a box-office appreciation of criminals. Rating the "big shots" on their individual merits, he considers Al Capone superior to the now defunct Legs Diamond. More dramatic. More picturesque.

Bad-man Robinson did not realize the power of his own crime appeal until he wandered out to Hollywood. Then the movie directors saw him and grabbed him. They told him:

"You got *menace!*"

He said, "Uh-huh," and hurried off to find out what that meant. Before they discovered his *menace,* Mr. Robinson was an outstanding and versatile actor with the New York Theater Guild. He comes originally from Roumania, speaks five languages, and, in addition to resembling Al Capone, has often been said to look like other celebrities, including Napoleon and Beethoven. His personal tastes are far from rackety. He goes in for quiet family life, travel, reading, collecting fine lace, brocades, pipes.

"I'm nuts about good music," he told me.

BARE, pink, plump—two prize beauties were being exhibited for the enticement of men. And how the men gloated! How their bold eyes lingered!

Are you shocked? Don't be. The nude forms, in this case, were those of a pair of fine big geese—all stuffed and ready for the oven.

They were on show near the entrance of a famous old German restaurant—a restaurant where the fare is still served up with a heartiness dear to masculine taste. And as I watched man after man circle longingly around those buxom geese, I could see vistas of homes presided over by stylish wives—wives whose food ideas are much too modern to permit any such gross he-mannish eatables as roast stuffed goose.

DID you know that the song, Way Down upon the Suwanee River, was originally called Way Down upon the Peedee River? Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote it, decided he didn't like Peedee, so he looked up other Southern rivers on the map, and found Suwanee.

That's one of the things I've just learned during my first visit to the State of Indiana. I've been to Indianapolis, where Foster wrote Suwanee River, My Old Kentucky Home, etc. I like the way the Hoosier capital preserves its traditions. There in Indianapolis I went shopping in a store run by a man whose great-grandfather opened it as a trading post on that very spot ninety-one years ago. It gave me a thrill to hear how the present owner's grandfather, keeping pace with the growing refinements of the settlement, began importing foreign goods about eighty years ago. And at that shop today I found chinaware in the fine old conservative patterns seldom carried any more by metropolitan shops.

Taste and traditions go together. I love to see the warp and woof of a nation's past. I like to see it mellowing the cruder present, as it does in the smaller cities and towns.

Indianapolis is rich with real American lore. How I should have enjoyed hearing Stephen Foster's daughter—she's eighty-two—play and sing his songs, as I'm told she still does.

THE Coming of the Amazons, by Owen Johnson, is a lively prophetic novel describing what may happen when we women take full charge of this old world's affairs. An entertaining book (Longmans Green).

TO my horror, I've just learned that my own kitchen is a torture chamber—for scientists now say it is proved that green peas die in agony when we boil them, and that carrots writhe in pain when they're cut!

In other words, these research wizards claim they have found that vegetables have violent nerve reactions, just like animals and humans.

Many years ago my father took me to see the first public demonstration of experiments along this line. The famous Hindu botanist, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, was lecturing on his theory of plant sensitivity before the Royal Society in London. His ideas were a brand-new revelation at that time. Since then it has been definitely shown that certain plants do react very much like humans when exposed to alcohol, ether, or other drugs.

"FRENCH legs are really nothing to write home about."

That's the beginning of a clothes letter I have just received from a friend in Paris. She goes on to say:

"Legs are very much in evidence over here, just the same. Skirts worn before 5 P. M. are at least two or three inches shorter than we wear in America.

"The smartest thing around Paris right now is the black tailored suit with soft collar of ermine, softly draped, and with white gilet blouse, usually satin or very heavy georgette with eyelet embroidery or silver sequins."

This Panama Route ends STRAITS-OF-MAGELLAN VOYAGING to *magazine valuation*

DIRECT routes have been the prayer of every traveler since time began—travelers to facts as well as countries.

One fact to which there has never been a direct route in the past is amount of reader interest in any particular magazine. To arrive at reader interest advertising men have had to sail by way of such distant points as circulation volume, circulation methods, linage carried, editorial technique, personal taste.

Now an advertising canal has been cut, largely eliminating those long wanderings through uncharted seas of opinion. The Gallup-type investigation determines reader interest in an amazingly simple and direct way. *It shows exactly what has been seen and what has been read.*

Here's How It's Done

Trained investigators go from house to house, office to office, in every type of city and neighborhood, carrying current issues of the magazines to be investigated. They find possessors of these current issues. They record how many of those possessing a magazine have or have not opened it. Those who have opened it are conducted through, page by page. Careful records are kept of exactly what was seen, what read in part, what read in full.

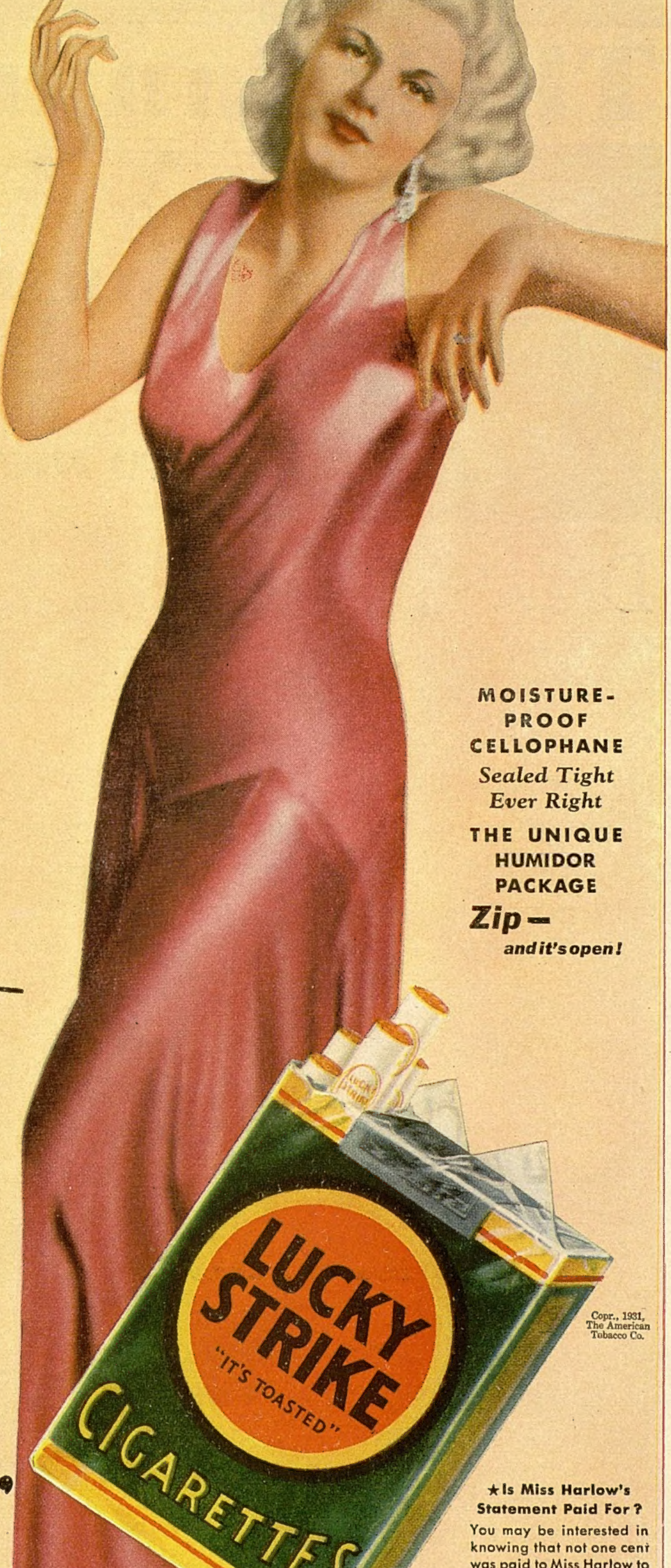
Newspapers had tested the reliability of this method in the past few years. So last summer, a first magazine test was made. Six surveys were conducted, in six different type cities, during six consecutive weeks.

Some of the findings are: Certain types of editorial features receive far more readership than the average. Editorial handling can change the reader-appeal of two articles on similar subjects. Certain types of advertising copy attract more attention in small units than other types in full page size. Attention value can be tripled—and more—by proper choice of magazines. One advertisement received as much attention in two-color in one magazine as it did in four-color in another weekly. And so on.

No wonder advertising men hail this new method. No wonder that fact-seeking executives are showing a growing eagerness to study these first facts of reader-interest comparison. Group meetings have been arranged. Individuals have written or phoned for further information.

If you are an executive in a firm doing national advertising or in an advertising agency you will want these facts yourself. A note on your letterhead will bring a Liberty representative fully capable of showing and explaining the study, and of answering all questions you may care to ask.

"None so good as LUCKIES"



"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. **It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick.**"

Jean Harlow

MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE
Sealed Tight
Ever Right
THE UNIQUE HUMIDOR PACKAGE
Zip—
and it's open!

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in **"Hell's Angels,"** the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her **"Goldie,"** a **Fox** film, and **Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."**

Copr., 1931, The American Tobacco Co.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

★Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.